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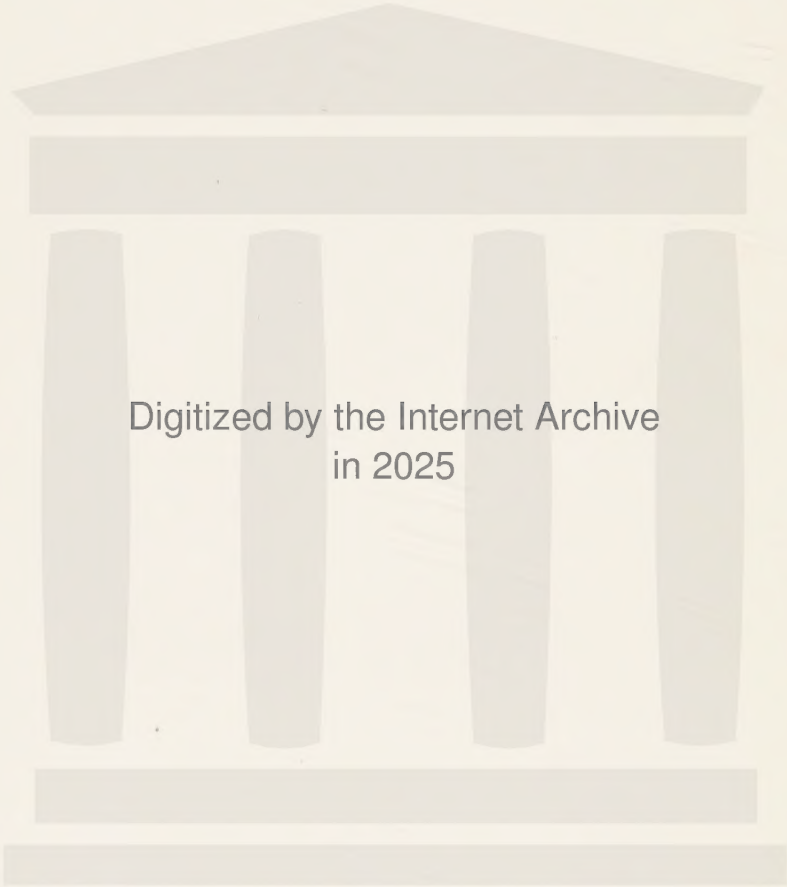
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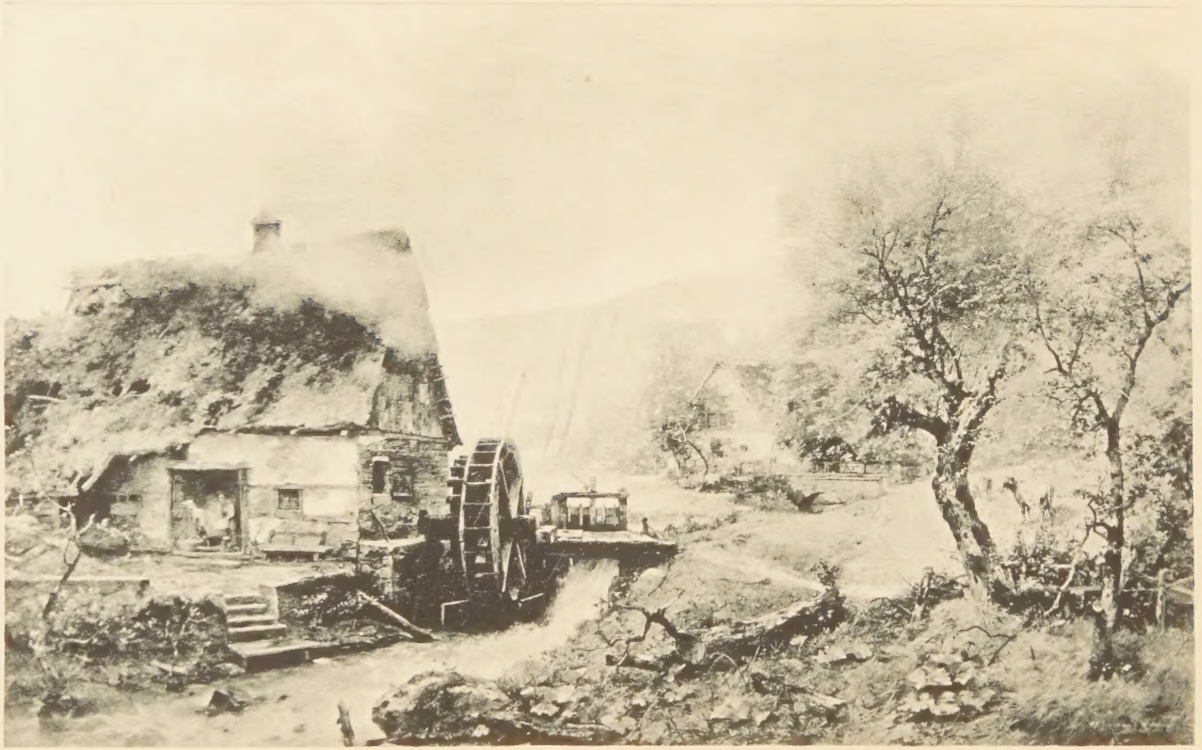

THE MOUNTAIN MILL

From a Painting by C. Schultze

"The mill never grinds with the water that is past."

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CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS.

Roberts, Charles George Douglas, a popular Canadian poet and novelist; born at Douglas, New Brunswick, January 10, 1860. He was educated at the University of New Brunswick, graduating thence in 1879. After being for a short time the editor of "The Week" at Toronto, he became Professor of Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in 1885, remaining in that position until 1894. Since the latter year he has lived in New York City. His writings in verse include "Orion, and Other Poems" (1880); "In Divers Tones" (1887); "The Book of the Native" (1896); "New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems" (1898). In prose he has written "A Canadian Guide Book" (1895); "Reube Dare's Shad Boat" (1895); "Raid from Beausejour" (1895); "Around the Camp Fire" (1896); "Earth's Enigmas" (1896); "A History of Canada" (1897); "The Forge in the Forest" (1897); "A Sister to Evangeline" (1898).

A Woman's Privilege.[1]

(From "A Sister to Evangeline.")

The events which I am now about to set down were not, as will be seen, matter of my own experience. I tell what I have inferred and what has been told me — but told me from such lips and in such fashion that I may indeed be said to have lived it all myself. It is more real to me than if my own eyes had followed it. It is sometimes true that we may see with the eyes of others — of one other — more vividly than with our own.

In the biggest house of that "Colony of Compromise" on the hill — the house nearest the chapel prison — a girl stood at a south window watching the flames in the village below. The flames, at least, she seemed to be watching. What she saw was the last little column of prisoners marching away from the chapel; and her teeth were set hard upon her under lip.

[1] By permission of Lamson, Wolffe, & Co.

She was not thinking; she was simply clarifying a confused resolve.

White and thin, and with deep purple hollows under her great eyes, she was nevertheless not less beautiful than when, a few months before, joyous mirth had flashed from her every look and gesture, as colored lights from a fire-opal. She still wore on her small feet moccasins of Indian work; but now, in winter, they were of heavy, soft, white caribou-skin, laced high upon the ankles, and ornamented with quaint pattern of red and green porcupine quills. Her skirt and bodice were of creamy woollen cloth; and over her shoulders, crossed upon her breast and caught in her girdle, was spread a scarf of dark-yellow silk. The little black lace shawl was flung back from her head, and her hands, twisted tightly in the ends of it, were for a wonder quite still — tensely still, with an air of final decision. Close beside her, flung upon the back of a high wooden settee, lay a long, heavy, hooded cloak of gray homespun, such as the peasant women of Acadie were wont to wear in winter as an over-garment.

A door behind her opened, but Yvonne did not turn her head. George Anderson came in. He came to the window, and tried to look into her eyes. His face was grave with anxiety, but touched, too, with a curious mixture of impatience and relief. He spoke at once, in a voice both tender and tolerant.

"There go the last of them, poor chaps!" he said. "Captain Grande went some hours ago — quite early. I pray, dear, that now he is gone — to exile indeed, but in safety — you will recover your peace of mind, and throw off this morbid mood, and be just a little bit kinder to — some people!" And he tried, with an awkward timidity, to take her hand.

She turned upon him a sombre, compassionate gaze, but far-off, almost as if she saw him in a dream.

"Don't touch me — just now," she said gently, removing her hand. "I must go out into the pastures for air, I think. All this stifles me! No, alone, *alone!*" she added more quickly, in answer to an entreaty in his eyes. "But, oh, I am sorry, so sorry beyond words, that I cannot seem kind to — some people! Good-by."

She left the room, and closed the door behind her. The door shut smartly. It sounded like a proclamation of her resolve. So — that was settled! In an instant her whole

demeanor changed. A fire came back into her eyes, and she stepped with her old, soft-swaying lightness. In the room which she now entered sat her father and mother. The withered little reminiscence of Versailles watched at a window-side, her black eyes bright with interest, her thin lips slightly curved with an acerb and cynical compassion. But Giles de Lamourie sat with his back to the window, his face heavy and gray.

"This is too awful!" he said, as Yvonne came up to him, and, bending over, kissed him on the forehead and the lips.

"It is like a nightmare!" she answered. "But, would you believe it, papa, the very shock is doing me good? The suspense — *that* kills! But I feel more like myself than I have for weeks. I must go out, breathe, and walk hard in the open."

De Lamourie's face ! ghtened.

"Thou *art* better, little one," said he. "But why go alone at such a time? Where 's George?"

But Yvonne was already at her mother's side, kissing her, and did not answer her father's question; which, indeed, needed no answer, as he had himself seen Anderson go into the inner room and not return.

"But where will you go, child?" queried her mother. "There are no longer any left of your sick and your poor and your husbandless to visit."

"But I will be my own sick, little mamma," she cried nervously, "and my own poor — and my own husbandless. I will visit myself. Don't be troubled for me, dearies!" she added, in a tender voice. "I am so much better already."

The next moment she was gone. The door shut loudly after her.

"Wilful!" said her mother.

"Yes, more like she used to be. Much better!" exclaimed Giles de Lamourie, rising and looking out at the fires in a moment of brief absent-mindedness. "Yes, much better, George," he added, as Anderson appeared from the inner room.

But the Englishman's face was full of discomfort. "I wish she would not go running out alone this way," said he.

"Curious that she should prefer to be alone, George," said Madame de Lamourie, with deliberate malice. She was begin-

ning to dislike this man who so palpably could not give her daughter happiness.

. . . . . .

Yvonne, meanwhile, was speeding across the open fields, in the teeth of the wind. The ground was hard as iron, but there was little snow — only a dry, powdery covering deep enough to keep the stubble from hurting her feet. She ran straight for the tiny cabin of Mother Pêche, trusting to find her not yet gone. None of the houses at the eastern end of the village were as yet on fire. That of Mother Pêche stood a little apart, in a bushy pasture-lot. Yvonne found the low door swinging wide, the house deserted; but there were red embers still on the hearth, whereby she knew the old woman had not been long away.

The empty house seemed to whisper of fear and grief from every corner. She turned away and ran toward the landing, her heart chilled with a sudden apprehension that she might be too late. Before she was clear of the bushes, however, she stopped with a cry. A man who seemed to have risen out of the ground stood right in her path. He was of a sturdy figure, somewhat short, and clad in dull-colored homespun of peasant fashion. At sight of her beauty and her alarm his woollen cap was snatched from his head and his cunning face took on the utmost deference.

"Have no fear of me, mademoiselle, — Mademoiselle de Lamourie, if I may hazard a guess from your beauty," said he smoothly. "It is I who am in peril, lest you should reveal me to my enemies."

"Who are you, monsieur?" she asked, recovering her self-possession and fretting to be gone.

"A spy," he whispered, "in the pay of the King of France, who must know, to avenge them later, the wrongs of his people here in Acadie. I have thrown myself on your mercy, that I might ask you if the families who have found favor with the English will remain here after this work is done, or be taken elsewhere. I pray you inform me."

"Believe me, I do not know their plans, monsieur," answered Yvonne. "And I beg you to let me pass, for my haste is desperate."

"Let me escort you to the edge of the bush, then, mademoiselle," said he courteously, stepping from the path. "And not to delay you, I will question you as we go, if you will permit. Is the Englishman, Monsieur George Anderson, still here?"

"He is, monsieur. But now leave me, I entreat you."

She was wild with fear lest the stranger's presence should frustrate her design.

The man smiled.

"I dare go no farther with you than the field edge, mademoiselle," said he regretfully. "To be caught would mean" — and he put his hand to his throat with ghastly suggestion.

Relieved from this anxiety, Yvonne paused when she reached the open.

"I must ask you a question in turn, monsieur," said she. "Have you chanced to learn on which of the two ships Captain de Mer and Captain Grande were placed?"

"I have been so fortunate," replied the stranger, and the triumph in his thought found no expression in his deferential tone or deep-set eyes. Here was the point he had been studying to approach. Here was a chance to worst a foe and win favor from the still powerful, though far-distant, Black Abbé.

He paused, and Yvonne had scarce breath to cry "Which?"

"They are in the ship this way," he said calmly. "The one still at anchor."

"Thank you, monsieur!" she cried, with a passion in the simple words; and was straightway off across the red-lit snow, her cloak streaming out behind her.

"The beauty!" said the man to himself, lurking in the bushes to follow her with his eyes. "Pity to lie to her. But she's leaving — and that stabs Anderson; and she's going on the wrong ship — and that stabs Grande. Both at a stroke. Not bad for a day like this."

And with a look of hearty satisfaction on his face Le Fûret (for Vaurin's worthy lieutenant it was) withdrew to safer covert.

Le Fûret smiled to himself; but Yvonne almost laughed aloud as she ran, deaf to the growing roar at the farther end of the village and heedless of the flaring crimson that made the air like blood. The wharf, when she reached it, was in a final spasm of confusion, and shouted orders, and sobbings. Now, she grew cautious. Drawing her cloak close about her face, she pushed through the crowd toward the boat.

Just then a firm hand was laid upon her arm, and a very low voice said in her ear, — with less surprise, to be sure, than on a former occasion by Gaspereau lower ford, —

"*You* here, Mademoiselle de Lamourie?"

Her heart stood still; and she turned upon him a look of such imploring, desperate dismay that Lieutenant Waldron without another word drew her to one side. Then she found voice.

"Oh, if you have any mercy, any pity, do not betray me," she whispered.

"But what does this mean? It is my duty to ask," he persisted, still puzzled.

"I am trying to save my life, my soul, everything, before it 's too late!" she said.

"Oh," said he, comprehending suddenly. "Well, I think you had better not tell me anything more. I think it is *not* my duty to say anything about this meeting. You may be doing right. I wish you good fortune and good-by, mademoiselle!" — and, to her wonder, he was off among the crowd.

Still trembling from the encounter, she hastened to the boat.

She found it already half laden; and in the stern, to her delight, she saw Mother Pêche's red mantle. She was on the point of calling to her, but checked herself just in time. The boat was twenty paces from the wharf-edge; and those twenty paces were deep ooze, intolerable beyond measure to white moccasins. Absorbed in her one purpose, which was to get on board the ship without delay, she had not looked to one side or the other, but had regarded women, children, soldiers, boatmen, as so many bushes to be pushed through. Now, however, letting her hood part a little from her face, she glanced hither and thither with her quick imperiousness, and then from her feet to that breadth of slime, as if demanding an instant bridge. The next thing she knew she was lifted by a pair of stout arms and carried swiftly through the mud to the boat-side.

After a moment's hot flush of indignation at the liberty, she realized that this was by far the best possible solution of the problem, as there was no bridge forthcoming. She looked up gratefully, and saw that her cavalier was a big red-coat, with a boyish, jolly face. As he gently set her down in the boat she gave him a radiant look which brought the very blood to his ears.

"Thank you very much indeed!" she said, in an undertone. "I don't know how I should have managed but for your kindness. But really it is very wrong of you to take such

trouble about *me;* for I see these other poor things have had to wade through the mud, and their skirts are terrible."

The big red-coat stood gazing at her in open-mouthed adoration, speechless; but a comrade, busy in the boat stowing baggage, answered for him.

"That 's all right, miss," said he. "Don't you worry about Eph. He 's been carryin' children all day long, an' some few women because they was sick. He 's arned the right to carry one woman jest fer her beauty."

In some confusion Yvonne turned away, very fearful of being recognized. She hurriedly squeezed herself down in the stern by Mother Pêche. The old dame's hand sought hers, furtively, under the cloak.

"I went to look for you, mother," she whispered into the red shawl.

"I knew you 'd come, poor heart, dear heart!" muttered the old woman, with a swift peering of her strange eyes into the shadow of the girl's hood.

"I waited for you till they *dragged* me away. But I knew you 'd come."

"How did you know that, mother?" whispered Yvonne, delighted to find that this momentous act of hers had seemed to some one just the expected and inevitable thing. "Why, I did n't know it myself till half an hour ago."

Mother Pèche looked wise and mysterious.

"I knew it," she reiterated. "Why, dear heart, I knew all along you loved him."

And at last, strange as it may appear, this seemed to Yvonne de Lamourie, penniless, going into exile with the companionship of misery, an all-sufficient and all-explicative answer.

The Ideal.

To Her, when life was little worth,
  When hope, a tide run low,
Between dim shores of emptiness
  Almost forgot to flow, —

Faint with the city's fume and stress
  I came at night to Her.
Her cool white fingers on my face —
  How wonderful they were!

More dear they were to fevered lids
Than lilies cooled in dew.
They touched my lips with tenderness,
Till life was born anew.

The city's clamor died in calm;
And once again I heard
The moon-white woodland stillnesses
Enchanted by a bird;

The wash of far, remembered waves
The sigh of lapsing streams;
And one old garden's lilac leaves
Conferring in their dreams.

A breath from childhood daisy fields
Came back to me again,
Here in the city's weary miles
Of city-wearied men.

In the Solitude of the City.

Night; and the sound of voices in the street.
Night; and the happy laughter where they meet,
The glad boy lover and the trysting girl.
But thou — but thou — I cannot find thee, Sweet!

Night; and far off the lighted pavements roar.
Night; and the dark of sorrow keeps my door.
I reach my hand out trembling in the dark.
Thy hand comes not with comfort any more.

O Silent, Unresponding! If these fears
Lie not, nor other wisdom come with years,
No day shall dawn for me without regret,
No night go uncompanioned by my tears.

In Darkness.

I have faced life with courage, — but not now!
O Infinite, in this darkness draw thou near.
Wisdom alone I asked of thee, but thou
Hast crushed me with the awful gift of fear.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

Robertson, William, a Scottish Presbyterian divine and historian; born at Borthwick, September 19, 1721; died at Grange House, near Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh in 1741, and in 1743 was presented to the living of Gladsmuir. In the General Assembly he was a leading advocate of lay patronage. In 1757 he defended John Home, who was censured for writing the tragedy of "Douglas." In 1761 he was made a Dean of the Chapel Royal; in 1762 Principal of the University of Edinburgh and minister of the Old Greyfriars. In 1764 he was appointed Historiographer of Scotland. The historical works of Robertson are "History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI." (1759); "History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V." (1769); "History of America" (1777); "An Historical Disquisition concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India" (1791).

The Discovery of America.

(From "History of America.")

Columbus continued to steer due west, nearly in the same latitude with the Canary Islands. In this course they came within the sphere of the trade wind, which blows invariably from east to west between the tropics and a few degrees beyond them. He advanced before this steady gale with such uniform rapidity that it was seldom necessary to shift a sail. When about four hundred leagues to the west of the Canaries, he found the sea so covered with weeds that it resembled a meadow of vast extent, and in some places they were so thick as to retard the motion of the vessels. This strange appearance occasioned new alarm and disquiet. The sailors imagined that they were now arrived at the utmost boundary of the navigable ocean; that those floating weeds would obstruct their farther progress, and concealed dangerous rocks, or some large tract of land which had sunk, they knew not how, in that

place. Columbus endeavored to persuade them that what had alarmed them ought rather to have encouraged them, and was to be considered as a sign of approaching land. At the same time a brisk gale arose, and carried them forward. Several birds were seen hovering about the ship, and directed their flight towards the west. The desponding crew resumed some degree of spirits, and began to entertain fresh hopes.

Upon the first day of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error, and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearance of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men, who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression, at first, upon the ignorant and timid, and, extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea; but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind which had

hitherto been so favorable to their course must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed with great uneasiness the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavored to work upon their ambition or avarice, by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions, he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign, if by their dastardly behavior they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they had meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west to that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional

force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost; the officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and to return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable. Nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the "Pinta" observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the "Nina" took up the branch of a tree with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch, lest

they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight the joyful sound of *land! land!* was heard from the "Pinta," which kept always ahead of the other ships. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled.

From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the "Pinta" instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed toward the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonish-

ment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the Crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not see the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were Children of the Sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those that flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated on their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper-color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well-shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear; but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transport received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions

The first Interview of Christopher Columbus with the Natives of America.

as they had, and some cotton yarn — the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Toward evening Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes; and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.

Francis I. and Charles V.

(From "The History of Charles V.")

During twenty-eight years an avowed rivalship subsisted between Francis I. and the Emperor Charles V., which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars that were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known at any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess toward gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favorable circumstance peculiar to the other.

The Emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact. Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address. The troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but, being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigor of pursuit, from impatience, and sometimes from levity. Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it.

REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

Roche, Regina Maria (Dalton), an Irish novelist; born about 1764 in the south of Ireland; died at Waterford, May 17, 1845. Her first novel, "The Vicar of Lansdowne" (1793), was followed by "The Maid of the Hamlet," and she soon after sprang into fame on the appearance of the novel "The Children of the Abbey" (1798), a story abounding in sentimentality, abductions, secret retreats, etc., — a cross between the "Mysteries of Udolpho" and domestic novels like "Clarissa Harlowe." From that time until her death she produced many books of the same character, including: "The Nocturnal Visit" (1800); "The Tradition of the Castle" (1824); "The Castle Chapel" (1825); "The Nun's Picture" (1834); and many others.

The Confession.

(From "The Children of the Abbey.")

To begin, as they say in a novel, without further preface, I was the only child of a country curate, in the southern part of England, who, like his wife, was of a good but reduced family. Contented dispositions and an agreeable neighborhood, ready on every occasion to oblige them, rendered them, in their humble situations, completely happy. I was the idol of both their hearts; every one told my mother I should grow up a beauty, and she, poor simple woman, believed the flattering tale. Naturally ambitious, and somewhat romantic, she expected nothing less than my attaining, by my charms, an elevated situation; to fit me to it, therefore, according to her idea, she gave me all the showy, instead of solid, advantages of education. My father, being a meek, or rather an indolent man, submitted entirely to her direction; thus, without knowing the grammatical part of my own language, I was taught to gabble bad French by myself; and, instead of mending or making my clothes, to flourish upon catgut and embroider satin. I was taught dancing by a man who kept a cheap school for that purpose in the

village; music I could not aspire to, my mother's finances being insufficient to purchase an instrument; she was therefore obliged to content herself with my knowing the vocal part of that delightful science, and instructed me in singing a few old-fashioned airs, with a thousand graces, in her opinion at least.

To make me excel by my dress, as well as my accomplishments, all the misses of the village, the remains of her finery were cut and altered into every form which art or ingenuity could suggest; and, Heaven forgive me, but my chief inducement in going to church on a Sunday was to exhibit my flounced silk petticoat and painted chip hat.

When I attained my sixteenth year, my mother thought me, and supposed every one else must do the same, the most perfect creature in the world. I was lively, thoughtless, vain, and ambitious to an extravagant degree; yet, truly innocent in my disposition, and often, forgetting the appearance I had been taught to assume, indulged the natural gayety of my heart, and in a game of hide-and-go-seek, amongst the haycocks in a meadow, by moonlight, enjoyed perfect felicity.

Once a week, accompanied by my mother, I attended the dancing-master's school, to practise country dances. One evening we had just concluded a set, and were resting ourselves, when an elegant youth, in a fasionable riding dress, entered the room. His appearance at once excited admiration and surprise; never shall I forget the palpitation of my heart at his approach; every girl experienced the same, every cheek was flushed, and every eye sparkled with hope and expectation. He walked round the room, with an easy, unembarrassed air, as if to take a survey of the company; he stopped by a very pretty girl, the miller's daughter — good heavens! what were my agonies! My mother, too, who sat beside me, turned pale, and would actually, I believe, have fainted, had he taken any farther notice of her; fortunately he did not, but advanced. My eyes caught his; he again paused, looked surprised and pleased, and after a moment, passed in seeming consideration, bowed with the utmost elegance, and requested the honor of my hand for the ensuing dance. My politeness had hitherto only been in theory; I arose, dropped him a profound curtsey, assured him the honor would be all on my side, and I was happy to grant his request. He smiled, I thought, a little archly, and coughed to avoid laughing; I blushed, and felt embarrassed; but he led me to the head of the room to call a dance, and my triumph over my

companions so exhilarated my spirits, that I immediately lost all confusion.

I had been engaged to a young farmer, and he was enraged, not only at my breaking my engagement without his permission, but at the superior graces of my partner, who threatened to be a formidable rival to him. "By jingo!" said Clod, coming up to me in a surly manner, "I think, Miss Fanny, you have not used me quite genteelly; I don't see why this here fine spark should take the lead of us all." "Creature!" cried I, with an ineffable look of contempt, which he could not bear, and retired grumbling. My partner could no longer refrain from laughing; the simplicity of my manners, notwithstanding the airs I endeavored to assume, highly delighted him. "No wonder," cried he, "the poor swain should be mortified at losing the hand of his charming Fanny."

The dancing over, we rejoined my mother, who was on thorns to begin a conversation with the stranger, that she might let him know we were not to be ranked with the present company. "I am sure, sir," said she, "a gentleman of your elegant appearance must feel rather awkward in the present party; it is so with us, as, indeed, it must be with every person of fashion; but, in an obscure little village like this, we must not be too nice in our society, except, like a hermit, we could do without any." The stranger assented to whatever she said, and accepted an invitation to sup with us; my mother instantly sent an intimation of her will to my father, to have, not the fatted calf, indeed, but the fatted duck prepared; and he and the maid used such expedition, that, by the time we returned, a neat, comfortable supper was ready to lay on the table. Mr. Marlowe, the stranger's name, as he informed me, was all animation and affability: it is unnecessary to say, that my mother, father, and myself, were all complaisance, delight, and attention. On departing, he asked, and obtained, permission, of course, to renew his visit the next day; and my mother immediately set him down as her future son-in-law

As everything is speedily communicated in such a small village as we resided in, we learned on the preceding evening he had stopped at the inn, and, hearing music, had inquired from whence it proceeded, and had gone out of curiosity to the dance. We also learned that his attendants reported him to be heir to a large fortune; this report, vain as I was, was almost enough of itself to engage my heart; judge, then,

whether it was not an easy conquest to a person who, besides the above-mentioned attraction, possessed those of a graceful figure and cultivated mind. He visited continually at our cottage; and I, uncultivated as I was, daily strengthened myself in his affections. In conversing with him, I forgot the precepts of vanity and affectation, and obeyed the dictates of nature and sensibility. He soon declared the motives of his visits to me — "to have immediately demanded my hand" he said, "would have gratified the tenderest wish of his soul; but, in his present situation, that was impossible — left, at an early age, destitute and distressed, by the death of his parents, an old whimsical uncle, married to a woman equally capricious, had adopted him as heir to their large possessions — he found it difficult," he said, "to submit to their ill-humor, and was confident, if he took any step against their inclinations, he should forever forfeit their favor; therefore, if my parents would allow a reciprocal promise to pass between us, binding each to each, the moment he became master of expected fortune, or obtained an independence, he would make me a partaker of it." They consented, and he enjoined us to the strictest secrecy, saying one of his attendants was placed about him as a kind of spy. He had hitherto deceived him with respect to us, declaring my father was an intimate friend, and that his uncle knew he intended visiting him. But my unfortunate vanity betrayed the secret it was so material for me to keep. I was bound indeed not to reveal it. One morning a young girl, who had been an intimate acquaintance of mine till I knew Marlowe, came to see me. "Why, Fanny," cried she, "you have given us all up for Mr. Marlowe; take care, my dear, he makes you amends for the loss of your other friends." "I shall take your advice," said I, with a smile and a conceited toss of my head. "Faith, for my part," continued she, "I think you were very foolish not to secure a good settlement for yourself with Clod." "With Clod!" repeated I, with the utmost haughtiness. "Lord, child, you forget who I am!" "Who are you?" exclaimed she, provoked at my insolence; "oh, yes, to be sure, I forget that you are the daughter of a poor country curate, with more pride in your head than money in your purse." "Neither do I forget," said I, "that your ignorance is equal to your impertinence; if I am the daughter of a poor country curate, I am the affianced wife of a rich man, and as much elevated by expectation, as spirit, above you."

Our conversation was repeated throughout the village, and reached the ears of Marlowe's attendant, who instantly developed the real motive which detained him so long in the village. He wrote to his uncle an account of the whole affair; the consequence of this was a letter to poor Marlowe, full of the bitterest reproaches, charging him, without delay, to return home. This was like a thunder-stroke to us all; but there was no alternative between obeying, or forfeiting his uncle's favor. "I fear, my dear Fanny," cried he, as he folded me to his bosom, a little before his departure, "it will be long ere we shall meet again; nay, I also fear I shall be obliged to promise not to write; if both these fears are realized, impute not either absence or silence to a want of the tenderest affection for you." He went, and with him all my happiness! My mother, shortly after his departure, was attacked by a nervous fever, which terminated her days; my father, naturally of weak spirits and delicate constitution, was so shocked by the sudden death of his beloved and faithful companion, that he sunk beneath his grief. The horrors of my mind I cannot describe; I seemed to stand alone in the world, without one friendly hand to prevent my sinking into the grave, which contained the dearest objects of my love. I did not know where Marlowe lived, and, even if I had, durst not venture an application, which might be the means of ruining him. The esteem of my neighbors I had forfeited by my conceit; they paid no attention but what common humanity dictated, merely to prevent my perishing; and that they made me sensibly feel. In this distress, I received an invitation from a school-fellow of mine, who had married a rich farmer about forty miles from our village, to take up my residence with her till I was sufficiently recovered to fix on some plan for subsistence. I gladly accepted the offer, and after paying a farewell visit to the grave of my regretted parents, I set off in the cheapest conveyance I could find to her habitation, with all my worldly treasure packed in a portmanteau.

With my friend I trusted I should enjoy a calm and happy asylum till Marlowe was able to fulfil his promise, and allow me to reward her kindness; but this idea she soon put to flight, by informing me, as my health returned, I must think of some method for supporting myself. I started, as at the utter annihilation of all my hopes; for, vain and ignorant of the world, I imagined Marlowe would never think of me if once disgraced by servitude. I told her I understood little of anything except

fancy work. She was particularly glad, she said, to hear I knew that, as it would, in all probability, gain me admittance to the service of a rich old lady in the neighborhood, who had long been seeking for a person who could read agreeably and do fancy works, with which she delighted to ornament her house. She was a little whimsical, to be sure, she added, but well-timed flattery might turn those whims to advantage; and, if I regarded my reputation, I should not reject so respectable a protection. There was no alternative; I inquired more particularly about her, but how great was my emotion, when I learned she was the aunt of Marlowe. My heart throbbed with exquisite delight at the idea of being in the same house with him; besides, the service of his aunt would not, I flattered myself, degrade me as much in his eyes as that of another person's; it was necessary, however, my name should be concealed, and I requested my friend to comply with my wish in that respect. She rallied me about my pride, which she supposed had suggested the request, but promised to comply with it; she had no doubt but her recommendation would be sufficient to procure me immediate admittance, and, accordingly, taking some of my work with me, I proceeded to the habitation of Marlowe. It was an antique mansion, surrounded with neat-clipped hedges, level lawns, and formal plantations. Two statues, cast in the same mould, and resembling nothing either in heaven, earth, or sea, stood grinning horribly upon the pillars of a massy gate, as if to guard the entrance from impertinent intrusion. On knocking, an old porter appeared. I gave him my message, but he, like the statues, seemed stationary, and would not, I believe, have stirred from his situation to deliver an embassy from the king. He called, however, to a domestic, who, happening to be a little deaf, was full half an hour before he heard him; at last, I was ushered upstairs into an apartment, from the heat of which one might have conjectured it was under the torrid zone. Though in the middle of July, a heavy hot fire burned in the grate; a thick carpet, representing birds, beasts, and flowers, was spread on the floor, and the windows, closely screwed down, were heavy with woodwork, and darkened with dust. The master and mistress of the mansion, like Darby and Joan, sat in arm-chairs on each side of the fire; three dogs, and as many cats, slumbered at their feet. He was leaning on a spider-table, poring over a voluminous book, and she was stitched a counterpane. Sickness and ill-nature were visible in each countenance,

"So!" said she, raising a huge pair of spectacles at my entrance, and examining me from head to foot, "you are come from Mrs. Wilson's; why, bless me, child, you are quite too young for any business; pray, what is your name, and where do you come from?" I was prepared for these questions, and told her the truth, only concealing my real name, and the place of my nativity. "Well, let me see those works of yours," cried she. I produced them, and the spectacles were again drawn down. "Why, they are neat enough, to be sure," said she, "but the design is bad — very bad, indeed: there is taste, there is execution!" directing me to some pictures, in heavy gilt frames, hung round the room. I told her, with sincerity, "I had never seen anything like them." "To be sure, child," exclaimed she, pleased at what she considered admiration in me, "it is running a great risk to take you; but if you think you can conform to the regulations of my house, I will, from compassion, and as you are recommended by Mrs. Wilson, venture to engage you; but, remember, I must have no gad-about, no fly-flapper, no chatterer, in my family. You must be decent in your dress and carriage, discreet in your words, industrious at your work, and satisfied with the indulgence of going to church on a Sunday." I saw I was about entering upon a painful servitude; but the idea of its being sweetened by the sympathy of Marlowe a little reconciled me to it.

On promising all she desired, everything was settled for my admission into her family, and she took care I should perform the promises I made her. I shall not recapitulate the various trials I underwent from her austerity and peevishness; suffice it to say, my patience, as well as taste, underwent a perfect martyrdom. I was continually seated at a frame, working pictures of her own invention, which were everything that was hideous in nature. I was never allowed to go out, except on a Sunday to church, or on a chance evening when it was too dark to distinguish colors.

Marlowe was absent on my entering the family, nor durst I ask when he was expected. My health and spirits gradually declined from my close confinement. When allowed, as I have before said, of a chance time to go out, instead of enjoying the fresh air, I have sat down to weep over scenes of former happiness. I dined constantly with the old housekeeper. She informed me, one day, that Mr. Marlowe, her master's young heir, who had been absent some time on a visit, was expected

home on the ensuing day. Fortunately, the good dame was too busily employed to notice my agitation. I retired as soon as possible from the table, in a state of indescribable pleasure. Never shall I forget my emotions, when I heard the trampling of his horse's feet, and saw him enter the house! Vainly I endeavored to resume my work; my hands trembled, and I sunk back on my chair, to indulge the delightful idea of an interview with him, which I believed to be inevitable. My severe task-mistress soon awakened me from my delightful dream; she came to tell me: "I must confine myself to my own and the housekeeper's room, which, to a virtuous, discreet maiden, such as I appeared to be, she supposed would be no hardship, while her nephew, who was a young, perhaps rather a wild young man, remained in the house: when he again left it, which would soon be the case, I should regain my liberty." My heart sunk within me at her words, but, when the first shock was over, I consoled myself by thinking I should be able to elude her vigilance. I was, however, mistaken; she and the housekeeper were perfect Arguses. To be in the same house with Marlowe, yet without his knowing it, drove me almost distracted.

I at last thought of an expedient, which, I hoped, would effect the discovery I wanted. I had just finished a piece of work, which my mistress was delighted with. It was an enormous flower-basket, mounted on the back of a cat, which held beneath its paw a trembling mouse. The raptures the old lady expressed at seeing her own design so ably executed encouraged me to ask permission to embroider a picture of my own designing, for which I had the silks lying by me. She complied, and I set about it with alacrity. I copied my face and figure as exactly as I could, and, in mourning drapery and a pensive attitude, placed the little image by a rustic grave, in the churchyard of my native village, at the head of which, half-embowered in trees, appeared the lovely cottage of my departed parents. These well-known objects, I thought, would revive, if indeed she was absent from it, the idea of poor Fanny in the mind of Marlowe. I presented the picture to my mistress, who was pleased with the present, and promised to have it framed. The next day while I sat at dinner, the door suddenly opened, and Marlowe entered the room. I thought I should have fainted. My companion dropped her knife and fork with great precipitation, and Marlowe told her he was very ill, and wanted a cordial

from her. She rose with a dissatisfied air, to comply with his request. He, taking this opportunity of approaching a little nearer, darted a glance of pity and tenderness, and softly whispered — "To-night, at eleven o'clock, meet me in the front parlor."

You may conceive how tardily the hours passed till the appointed time came, when, stealing to the parlor, I found Marlowe expecting me. He folded me to his heart, and his tears mingled with mine, as I related my melancholy tale. "You are now, my Fanny!" he cried, "entirely mine; deprived of the protection of your tender parents I shall endeavor to fulfil the sacred trust they reposed in my honor, by securing mine to you, as far as lies in my power. I was not mistaken," continued he, "in the idea I had formed of the treatment I should receive from my flinty-hearted relations on leaving you. Had I not promised to drop all correspondence with you, I must have relinquished all hopes of their favor. Bitter, indeed," cried he, while a tear started in his eye, "is the bread of dependence. Ill could my soul submit to the indignities I received; but I consoled myself throughout them, by the idea of future happiness with my Fanny. Had I known her situation (which, indeed, it was impossible I should, as my uncle's spy attended me wherever I went), no dictate of prudence would have prevented my flying to her aid!" "Thank Heaven, then, you were ignorant of it," said I. "My aunt," he proceeded, "showed me your work, lavishing the highest encomiums on it. I glanced my eye carelessly upon it, but, in a moment, how was that careless eye attracted by the well known objects presented to it! This, I said to my heart, can only be Fanny's work. I tried to discover from my aunt whether my conjectures were wrong, but without success. When I retired to dress, I asked my servant if there had been any addition to the family during my absence; he said a young woman was hired to do fine works, but she never appeared among the servants."

Marlowe proceeded to say, "he could not bear I should longer continue in servitude, and that without delay he was resolved to unite his fate to mine." I opposed this resolution a little; but soon, too self-interested, I fear, acquiesced in it. It was agreed I should inform his aunt my health would no longer permit my continuing in her family, and that I should retire to a village six miles off, where Marlowe undertook to bring a young clergyman, a particular friend of his, to perform

the ceremony. Our plan, as settled, was carried into execution, and I became the wife of Marlowe. I was now, you will suppose, elevated to the pinnacle of happiness; I was so, indeed, but my own folly precipitated me from it. The secrecy I was compelled to observe mortified me exceedingly, as I panted to emerge from the invidious cloud which had so long concealed my beauty and accomplishments from a world that I was confident, if seen, would pay them the homage they merited. The people with whom I lodged had been obliged by Marlowe, and, therefore, from interest and gratitute, obeyed the injunction he gave them, of keeping my residence at their house a secret; they believed, or affected to believe, I was an orphan committed to his care, whom his uncle would be displeased to know he had taken under his protection. Three or four times a week I received stolen visits from Marlowe, when, one day (after a month had elapsed in this manner) standing at the parlor window, I saw Mrs. Wilson walking down the village. I started back, but too late to escape her observation; she immediately bolted into the room with all the eagerness of curiosity. I bore her first interrogatories tolerably well, but when she upbraided me for leaving the excellent service she had procured for me for duplicity in saying I was going to another, and for my indiscretion in respect to Marlowe, I lost all command of my temper, and, remembering the inhumanity with which she had forced me into servitude, I resolved to mortify her completely, by assuming all the airs I had heretofore so ridiculously aspired to. Lolling in my chair, with an air of the most careless indifference, I bid her no longer petrify me with her discourse. This raised all the violence of rage, and she plainly told me, "from my conduct with Marlowe, I was unworthy her notice." "Therefore," cried I, forgetting every dictate of prudence, "his wife will neither desire nor receive it in future." "His wife!" she repeated, with a look of scorn and incredulity. I produced the certificate of my marriage; thus, from an impulse of vanity and resentment, putting myself in the power of a woman, a stranger to every liberal feeling, and whose mind was inflamed with envy towards me. The hint I forced myself at parting to give her, to keep the affair secret, only determined her more strongly to reveal it. The day after her visit, Marlowe entered my apartment — pale, agitated, and breathless, he sunk into a chair. A pang, like conscious guilt, smote my heart, and I trembled as I approached him. He repulsed me when I

attempted to touch his hand. "Cruel, inconsiderate woman!" he said, "to what dreadful lengths has your vanity hurried you; it has drawn destruction upon your own head as well as mine!" Shame and remorse tied my tongue: had I spoken, indeed, I could not have vindicated myself, and I turned aside and wept. Marlowe, mild, tender, and adoring, could not long retain resentment; he started from his chair, and clasped me to his bosom. "Oh, Fanny!" he cried, "though you have ruined me, you are still dear as ever to me."

This tenderness affected me even more than reproaches, and tears and sighs declared my penitence. His expectations relative to his uncle were finally destroyed, on being informed of our marriage, which Mrs. Wilson lost no time in telling him. He burned his will, and immediately made another in favor of a distant relation. On hearing this intelligence, I was almost distracted; I flung myself at my husband's feet, implored his pardon, yet declared I could never forgive myself. He grew more composed upon the increase of my agitation, as if purposely to soothe my spirits, assuring me, that, though his uncle's favor was lost, he had other friends on whom he greatly depended. We set off for London, and found his dependence was not ill-placed; for, soon after his arrival, he obtained a place of considerable emolument in one of the public offices. My husband delighted in gratifying me, though I was often both extravagant and whimsical, and almost ever on the wing for admiration and amusement. I was reckoned a pretty woman, and received with rapture the nonsense and adulation addressed to me. I became acquainted with a young widow, who concealed a depraved heart under a specious appearance of innocence and virtue, and by aiding the vices of others, procured the means of gratifying her own; yet so secret were all her transactions, that calumny had not yet attacked her, and her house was the rendezvous of the most fashionable people. My husband, who did not dislike her manner, encouraged our intimacy, and at her parties I was noticed by a young nobleman, then at the head of the *ton*. He declared I was one of the most charming objects he had ever beheld, and, for such a declaration, I thought him the most polite I had ever known. As Lord T. condescended to wear my chains, I must certainly, I thought, become quite the rage. My transports, however, were a little checked by the grave remonstrances of my husband, who assured me Lord T. was a famous, or rather an infamous libertine; and that,

if I did not avoid his lordship's particular attentions, he must insist on my relinquishing the widow's society. This I thought cruel, but I saw him resolute, and promised to act as he desired — a promise I never adhered to, except when he was present. . . . Soon after this I received a considerable shock, from hearing my noble admirer was gone to the Continent, owing to a trifling derangement in his affairs. The vain pursuits of pleasure and dissipation were still continued, and three years were passed in this manner. I have since often felt astonished at the cold indifference with which I regarded my Marlowe, and our lovely babe, on whom he doted with all the enthusiasm of tenderness. Alas! vanity had then absorbed my heart, and deadened every feeling of nature and sensibility; it is the parent of self-love and apathy, and degrades those who harbor it below humanity.

Lord T. now returned from the Continent; he swore my idea had never been absent from his mind, and that I was more charming than ever; while I thought him, if possible, more polite and engaging. Again my husband remonstrated. Sometimes I seemed to regard these remonstrances, sometimes protested I would not submit to such unnecessary control. I knew, indeed, that my intentions were innocent, and I believed I might safely indulge my vanity, without endangering either my reputation or peace. About this time Marlowe received a summons to attend a dying friend four miles from London. Our little girl was then in a slight fever, which had alarmed her father, and confined me most unwillingly, I must confess, to the house. Marlowe, on the point of departing, pressed me to his breast: "My heart, my beloved Fanny!" said he, "feels unusually heavy. I trust the feeling is no presentiment of approaching ill. Oh! my Fanny! on you and my babe I rest for happiness — take care of our little cherub, and above all (his meek eye encountering mine), take care of yourself, that, with my accustomed rapture, I may, on my return, receive you to my arms." There was something so solemn, and so tender, in this address, that my heart melted, and my tears mingled with those which trickled down his pale cheeks. For two days I attended my child assiduously, when the widow made her appearance. She assured me I should injure myself by such close confinement, and that my cheeks were already faded by it. She mentioned a delightful masquerade which was to be given that night, and for which Lord T. had presented her with tickets for me and herself; but she declared, except I would accompany her,

she would not go. I had often wished to go to a masquerade; I now, however, declined this opportunity of gratifying my inclination, but so faintly, as to prompt a renewal of her solicitations, to which I at last yielded; and committing my babe to the care of a servant, set off with the widow to a warehouse to choose dresses. Lord T. dined with us, and we were all in the highest spirits imaginable: about twelve we went in his chariot to the Haymarket, and I was absolutely intoxicated with his flattery, and the dazzling objects around me. At five we quitted this scene of gayety. The widow took a chair; I would have followed her example, but my Lord absolutely lifted me into his chariot, and there began talking in a strain which provoked my contempt, and excited my apprehensions. I expressed my displeasure in tears, which checked his boldness, and convinced him he had some difficulties yet to overcome ere he completed his designs. He made his apologies with so much humility, that I was soon appeased, and prevailed on to accept them. We arrived at the widow's house in as much harmony as we left it; the flags were wet, and Lord T. insisted on carrying me into the house. At the door I observed a man muffled up, but as no one noticed him, I thought no more about it. We sat down to supper in high spirits, and chatted for a considerable time about our past amusements. His lordship said: "After a little sleep we should recruit ourselves by a pleasant jaunt to Richmond, where he had a charming villa." We agreed to his proposal, and retired to rest. About noon, we arose; and, while I was dressing myself for the projected excursion, a letter was brought in to me. "Good Lord! Halcot!" exclaimed I, turning to the widow, "If Marlowe is returned, what will become of me?" "Oh! read, my dear creature!" cried she impatiently, "and then we can think of excuses." "I have the letter here," continued Mrs. Marlowe, laying her hand on her breast, and drawing it forth after a short pause, "I laid it to my heart to guard it against future folly."

THE LETTER.

The presages of my heart were but too true — we parted never to meet again. Oh! Fanny, beloved of my soul, how are you lost to yourself and Marlowe! The independence, splendor, riches, which I gave up for your sake, were mean sacrifices, in my estimation, to the felicity I fondly expected to have enjoyed with you through life. Your beauty charmed my mind, but it was your

simplicity captivated my heart. I took, as I thought, the perfect child of innocence and sincerity to my bosom; resolved, from duty, as well as from inclination, to shelter you in that bosom, to the utmost of my power, from every adverse storm. Whenever you were indisposed, what agonies did I endure! yet, what I then dreaded, could I have possibly foreseen, would have been comparative happiness to my present misery; for, oh! my Fanny far preferable would it have been to behold you in the arms of death than infamy.

I returned immediately after witnessing the last pangs of my friend — oppressed with the awful scene of death, yet cheering my spirits by an anticipation of the consolation I should receive from my Fanny's sympathy. Good God! what was my horror, when I found my little babe, instead of being restored to health by a mother's care, nearly expiring through her neglect! The angel lay gasping on her bed, deserted by the mercenary wretch to whose care she was consigned. I inquired, and the fatal truth rushed upon my soul; yet, when the first tumult of passion had subsided, I felt that without yet stronger proofs, I could not abandon you. Alas! too soon did I receive those proofs. I traced you, Fanny, through your giddy round, till I saw you borne in the arms of the vile Lord T. into the house of his vile paramour. You will wonder, perhaps, I did not tear you from his grasp. Could such a procedure have restored you to me, with all your unsullied innocence, I should not have hesitated; but that was impossible, and my eyes then gazed upon Fanny for the last time. I returned to my motherless babe, and, I am not ashamed to say, I wept over it with all the agonies of a fond and betrayed heart.

Ere I bid an irrevocable adieu, I would, if possible, endeavor to convince you that conscience cannot always be stifled — that illicit love is constantly attended by remorse and disappointment; for when familiarity or disease has diminished the charms which excited it, the frail fetters of admiration are broken by him who looks only to an exterior for delight; if, indeed, your conscience should not be awakened till this hour of desertion comes, when it does arrive, you may, perhaps, think of Marlowe. Yes, Fanny, when your cheeks are faded by care, when your wit is enfeebled by despondency, you may think of him whose tenderness would have outlived both time and change, and supported you, without abatement, through every stage of life.

To stop short in the career of vice is, they say, the noblest effort of virtue. May such an effort be yours; and may you yet give joy to the angels of heaven, who, we are taught to believe, rejoice over them that truly repent! That want should strew no thorns in the path of penitence, all that I could take from my babe I have assigned

to you. Oh! my dear culprit, remember the precepts of your early youth — of those who, sleeping in the dust, are spared the bitter tear of anguish, such as I now shed — and, ere too late, expiate your errors. In the solitude to which I am hastening, I shall continually pray for you; and when my child raises its spotless hands to Heaven, it shall implore its mercy for erring mortals; yet, think not it shall ever hear your story. Oh! never shall the blush of shame, for the frailties of one so dear, tinge its ingenuous countenance. May the sincerity of your repentance restore that peace and brightness to your life, which, at present, I think you must have forfeited, and support you with fortitude through its closing period! As a friend, once dear, you will ever exist in the memory of

MARLOWE.

As I concluded the letter, my spirits, which had been gradually receding, entirely forsook me, and I fell senseless on the floor. Mrs. Halcot and Lord T. took this opportunity of gratifying their curiosity by perusing the letter, and when I recovered, I found myself supported between them. "You see, my dear angel," cried Lord T., "your cruel husband has entirely abandoned you; but grieve not, for in my arms you shall find a kinder asylum than he ever afforded you." "True," said Mrs. Halcot; "for my part, I think she has reason to rejoice at his desertion."

I shall not attempt to repeat all I had said to them in the height of my distraction. Suffice it to say, I reproached them both as the authors of my shame and misery; and, while I spurned Lord T. indignantly from my feet, accused Mrs. Halcot of possessing neither delicacy nor feeling. Alas! accusation or reproach could not lighten the weight on my heart — I felt a dreadful consciousness of having occasioned my own misery. I seemed as if awaking from a disordered dream, which had confused my senses; and the more clearly my perception of what was right returned, the more bitterly I lamented my deviation from it. To be reinstated in the esteem and affection of my husband was all of felicity I could desire to possess. Full of the idea of being able to effect a reconciliation, I started up; but, ere I reached the door, sunk into an agony of tears: recollecting that ere this he was probably far distant from me. My base companions tried to assuage my grief, and make me in reality the wretch poor Marlowe supposed me to be. I heard them in silent contempt, unable to move, till a servant

informed me a gentleman below stairs desired to see me. The idea of a relenting husband instantly occurred, and I flew down; but how great was my disappointment only to see a particular friend of his! Our meeting was painful in the extreme. I asked him if he knew anything of Marlowe, and he solemnly assured me he did not. When my confusion and distress had a little subsided, he informed me that in the morning he had received a letter from him, with an account of our separation, and the fatal cause of it. The letter contained a deed of settlement on me of a small paternal estate, and a bill of fifty pounds, which Marlowe requested his friend to present himself to me. He also added my clothes were sent to his house, as our lodgings had been discharged. I did not find it difficult to convince this gentleman of my innocence, and putting myself under his protection, was immediately conveyed to lodgings in a retired part of the town. Here he consoled me with assurances of using every effort to discover the residence of my husband. All, alas! proved unsuccessful; and my health gradually declined. As time wore away, my hope yet left still undiminished my desire of seeing him. Change of air was at last deemed requisite to preserve my existence, and I went to Bristol. I had the good fortune to lodge in the house with an elderly Irish lady, whose sweet and benevolent manner soon gained my warmest esteem, and tempted me to divulge my melancholy tale, where so certain of obtaining pity. She had also suffered severely from the pressure of sorrow; but hers, as is proceeded not from imprudence, but the common vicissitudes of life, was borne without that degree of anguish mine occasioned. As the period approached for her to return to her native country, I felt the deepest regret at the prospect of our separation, which she, however, removed, by asking me to reside entirely with her. Eight years had elapsed since the loss of my husband, and no latent hope of his return remained in my heart sufficiently strong to tempt me to forego the advantages of such society. Ere I departed, however, I wrote to several of his friends, informing them of the step I intended taking, and if any tidings of Marlowe occurred, where I was to be found. Five years I passed with my valuable friend in retirement, and had the pleasure of thinking I contributed to the ease of her last moments. This cottage, with a few acres adjoining it, and four hundred pounds was all her wealth, and to me she bequeathed it, having no relations whose wants gave them any claim upon her.

FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Rochefoucauld, François de la, Duc de, a French moralist; born at Paris, December 15, 1613; died there, March 17, 1680. In youth he served with distinction in the army; took part with Anne of Austria, Queen of Louis XIII., in her contest with Cardinal Richelieu, and was banished by the Cardinal, but was recalled by Anne after his death. Subsequently he took part in the civil war of the Fronde. In his later years he withdrew from politics, and devoted himself to literature and literary society. He wrote "Memoirs of the Reign of Anne of Austria" (1662), and "Reflections and Maxims" (1665). The last work, by which he is almost entirely known, consists of about 550 detached pieces, many of them being of not more than a couple of lines, and few of more than as many pages.

Maxims.

Passion often makes the cleverest man a fool, and often renders the most foolish clever.

Those great and brilliant feats which dazzle our eyes are represented by politicians as the effects of great designs, whereas they are usually only the effects of temper and of passions. Thus the war between Augustus and Antony, which is ascribed to their ambition to make themselves masters of the world, was perhaps only an effect of jealousy.

The passions often beget their contraries. Avarice sometimes produces prodigality, and prodigality avarice; we are often firm from weakness, and daring from timidity.

Our self-love bears more impatiently the condemnation of our tastes than of our opinions.

The moderation of prosperous people comes from the calm which good fortune gives to their temper.

We have strength enough to bear the ills of others.

The steadfastness of sages is only the art of locking up their uneasiness in their hearts.

Philosophy triumphs easily over troubles passed and troubles to come; but present troubles triumph over it.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

When great men allow themselves to be cast down by continued misfortunes, they show that they bore them only through the strength of their ambition, and not through that of their soul; and that, great vanity apart, heroes are made like other men.

It requires greater virtue to bear good fortune than bad.

Neither sin nor death can be looked at steadily.

We often make a parade of passions, — even of the most criminal; but envy is a timid and shameful passion which we never dare to acknowledge.

Jealousy is in some measure just and reasonable, since it tends only to retain a good which belongs to us, or which we think belongs to us; whereas envy is a fury which cannot endure the good of others.

We have more strength than will; and it is often to excuse ourselves to ourselves that we imagine that things are impossible.

Pride has a greater share than goodness in our remonstrances with those who commit faults; and we reprove not so much to correct, as to persuade them that we ourselves are free from them.

We promise according to our hopes, and we perform according to our fears.

Interest speaks all sorts of languages, and plays all sorts of parts, — even that of disinterestedness.

Those who occupy themselves too much with small things usually become incapable of great.

Strength and weakness of mind are misnamed: they are in fact only the good or bad arrangement of the bodily organs.

The love or the indifference which the philosophers had for life was only a taste of their self-love; which we should no more argue about than about the taste of the tongue or the choice of colors.

Happiness is in relish, and not in things: it is by having what we like that we are happy, and not in having what others find likable.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

Nothing ought to lessen the satisfaction we have in ourselves so much as seeing that we disapprove at one time what we approved at another.

Contempt for riches was with the philosophers a hidden desire to avenge their worth for the injustice of fortune, by con-

tempt for the good things of which she deprived them: it was a secret to secure themselves from the degradation of poverty; it was a by way to gain that consolation which they could not have from wealth.

Sincerity is a frankness of heart. We find it in very few people, and what we usually see is only a delicate dissimulation to gain the confidence of others.

Grace is to the body what good sense is to the mind.

It is difficult to define love. What we may say of it is, that in the soul it is a ruling passion; in the mind it is a sympathy; and in the body it is a hidden and delicate desire to possess what we love, after much mystery.

There is no disguise which can hide love long where it is, or feign it where it is not.

There are few people who are not ashamed of having loved each other when they no longer love each other.

We may find women who have never had a gallantry, but it is rare to find any who have only had one.

Love, as well as fire, cannot exist without constant motion; and it ceases to live as soon as it ceases to hope or to fear.

It is of true love as of the apparition of spirits: all the world talks of it, but few people have seen it.

The love of justice is in most men only the fear of suffering injustice.

What makes us so fickle in our friendships is, that it is difficult to know the qualities of the soul and easy to know those of the mind.

We can love nothing but by its relation to ourselves; and we only follow our taste and our pleasure when we prefer our friends to ourselves. Nevertheless it is by this preference alone that friendship can be true and perfect.

Every one complains of his memory, and no one complains of his judgment.

To undeceive a man absorbed in his own merit is to do him as bad a turn as was done to that mad Athenian who believed that all the ships which entered the harbor belonged to himself.

Old men like to give good advice, to console themselves for being no longer able to give bad examples.

The sign of extraordinary merit is to see that those who envy it most are constrained to praise it.

We are mistaken when we think that the mind and the judgment are two different things. The judgment is only the great-

ness of the light of the mind: this light penetrates the depths of things; it notes there all that should be noted, and perceives those things which seem imperceptible. Thus we must admit that it is the extent of the light of the mind which causes all the effects which we attribute to judgment.

Refinement of mind consists in thinking on proper and delicate things.

The mind is ever the dupe of the heart.

All who know their mind do not know their heart.

The mind could not long play the part of the heart.

Youth changes its tastes from heat of blood, and age preserves its own from habit.

We give nothing so liberally as advice.

The more we love a lady-love, the nearer we are to hating her.

There are some good marriages, but no delightful ones.

We often do good to be able to do harm with impunity.

If we resist our passions, it is more from their weakness than from our strength.

The true way to be deceived is to think oneself sharper than others.

The least fault of women who give themselves up to love-making is making love.

One of the causes why we find so few people who appear reasonable and agreeable in conversation is, that there is scarcely any one who does not think more of what he wishes to say than of replying exactly to what is said to him. The cleverest and the most compliant think it enough to show an attentive air, while we see in their eyes and in their mind a wandering from what is said to them, and a hurry to return to what they wish to say; instead of considering that it is a bad way to please or to persuade others, to try so hard to please oneself, and that to listen well and answer well is one of the greatest accomplishments we can have in conversation.

We generally praise only to be praised.

Nature creates merit, and fortune sets it to work.

It is more easy to appear worthy of a calling not our own than of the one we follow.

There are two kinds of constancy in love: the one comes from constantly finding new things to love in the person we love, and the other comes from our making it a point of honor to be constant.

There are heroes in evil as well as in good.

We do not despise all who have vices, but we despise all who have not any virtue.

We may say that vices await us in the journey of life, as hosts with whom we must successively lodge; and I doubt whether experience would enable us to avoid them were we allowed to travel the same road again.

When vices leave us, we flatter ourselves by thinking that it is we who leave them.

Virtue would not go so far if vanity did not keep her company.

Whoever thinks he can do without the world deceives himself much; but whoever thinks the world cannot do without him deceives himself much more.

The virtue of women is often the love of their reputation and their repose.

The true gentleman is he who does not plume himself on anything.

Perfect valor is to do without a witness all that we could do before the whole world.

Hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue.

All those who discharge debts of gratitude cannot on that account flatter themselves that they are grateful.

Too great eagerness to requite an obligation is a kind of ingratitude.

Fortunate people seldom correct themselves: they always think they are right when fortune favors their bad conduct.

Pride will not owe, and self-love will not pay.

The good we have received from a man requires us to be tender of the evil he does us.

Nothing is so contagious as example; and we never do any great good or any great harm that does not produce its like. We copy good actions from emulation, and bad ones from the malignity of our nature, which shame kept a prisoner and example sets at liberty.

It is a great folly to wish to be wise all alone.

On Conversation.

The reason why so few people are agreeable in conversation is, that every one thinks more of what he wishes to say than of what others say. We should listen to those who speak, if we

would be listened to by them; we should allow them to make themselves understood, and even to say pointless things. Instead of contradicting or interrupting them, as we often do, we ought on the contrary to enter into their mind and into their taste, show that we understand them, praise what they say so far as it deserves to be praised, and make them see that it is rather from choice that we praise them than from courtesy. We should avoid disputing about indifferent things, seldom ask questions (which are almost always useless), never let them think that we pretend to more sense than others, and easily cede the advantage of deciding a question.

We ought to talk of things naturally, easily, and more or less seriously, according to the temper and inclination of the persons we entertain; never press them to approve what we say, nor even to reply to it. When we have thus complied with the duties of politeness, we may express our opinions, without prejudice or obstinacy, in making it appear that we seek to support them with the opinions of those who are listening.

We should avoid talking much of ourselves, and often giving ourselves as example. We cannot take too much pains to understand the bent and compass of those we are talking with, in order to link ourselves to the mind of him whose mind is the most highly endowed; and to add his thoughts to our own, while making him think as much as is possible that it is from him we take them. There is cleverness in not exhausting the subjects we treat, and in always leaving to others something to think of and say.

We ought never to talk with an air of authority, nor make use of words and expressions grander than the things. We may keep our opinions, if they are reasonable; but in keeping them, we should never wound the feelings of others, or appear to be shocked at what they have said. It is dangerous to wish to be always master of the conversation, and to talk of the same thing too often; we ought to enter indifferently on all agreeable subjects which offer, and never let it be seen that we wish to draw the conversation to a subject we wish to talk of.

It is necessary to observe that every kind of conversation, however polite or however intelligent it may be, is not equally proper for all kinds of well-bred persons; we should choose what is suited to each, and choose even the time for saying it: but if there be much art in knowing how to talk to the purpose, there is not less in knowing how to be silent. There is an

eloquent silence, — it serves sometimes to approve or to condemn; there is a mocking silence; there is a respectful silence. There are, in short, airs, tones, and manners in conversation which often make up what is agreeable or disagreeable, delicate or shocking: the secret for making good use of them is given to few persons — those even who make rules for them mistake them sometimes; the surest, in my opinion, is to have none that we cannot change, to let our conversation be careless rather than affected, to listen, to speak seldom, and never to force ourselves to talk.

On the Contempt of Death.

After having spoken of the falsity of so many apparent virtues, it is reasonable to say something of the falsity of the Contempt of Death: I mean that contempt of death which the Pagans boast of deriving from their own strength, without the hope of a better life.

There is a difference between enduring death with firmness, and despising it. The first is common enough; but the other, in my opinion, is never sincere. Everything, however, has been written which could by any possibility persuade us that death is not an evil, and the weakest men, as heroes, have given a thousand examples to support this opinion. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any man of good sense ever believed it; and the pains men take to persuade others and themselves of it lets us see that the task is by no means easy. We may have many causes of disgust with life, but we never have any reason for despising death. Even those who destroy their own lives do not think it such a little matter, and are as much alarmed at, and recoil as much from, it as others when it comes upon them in a different way from the one they have chosen. The inequality remarkable in the courage of a vast number of brave men arises from the fact of death presenting itself in a different shape to the imagination, and appearing more instant at one time than another. Thus it results that, after having despised what they know nothing of, they end by fearing what they do know.

If we would not believe that death is the greatest of all evils, we must avoid looking at it and all its circumstances in the face. The cleverest and bravest are those who take the most respectable pretexts to prevent themselves from reflecting on it, but any man who is able to view it in its reality finds it a horrible thing. The necessity of dying constituted all the firmness of the philosophers. They conceived they should go through

with a good grace what they could not avoid; and as they were unable to make themselves eternal, they had nothing left for it but to make their reputations eternal, and preserve all that could be secured from the shipwreck.

To put a good face on the matter, let us content ourselves with not discovering to ourselves all that we think of it; and let us hope more from our constitutions than from those feeble reasonings which would make us believe that we can approach death with indifference. The credit of dying with firmness; the hope of being regretted; the desire of leaving a fair reputation; the certainty of being freed from the miseries of life, and of no longer depending upon the caprices of fortune, are remedies which we should not reject. But at the same time we should not believe that they are infallible. They do as much to assure us as a simple hedge in war does to assure those who have to approach a place to the fire of which they are exposed. At a distance it appears capable of affording a shelter; but when near, it is found to be a feeble defence. It is flattering ourselves to believe that death appears to us, when near, what we fancied it at a distance; and that our sentiments — which are weakness itself — are of a temper so strong as not to suffer from that aspect of terror. It is but a poor acquaintance with the effects of self-love to think that it can aid us in treating lightly what must necessarily destroy itself; and reason, in which we think to find so many resources, is too weak in this encounter to persuade us of what we wish.

On the contrary, it is reason which most frequently betrays us; and, instead of inspiring us with the contempt of death, serves to reveal to us all that it has dreadful and terrible. All that reason can do for us is to advise us to turn away our eyes from death, to fix them on other objects. Cato and Brutus chose illustrious ones; a lackey a short time since amused himself with dancing upon the scaffold on which he was about to be executed. Thus, though motives may differ, they often produce the same effects. So that it is true that whatever disproportion there may be between great men and common people, both the one and the other have been a thousand times seen to meet death with the same countenance; but it has been with this difference, that in the contempt which great men show for death it is the love of glory which hides it from their view; and in the common people it is an effect of their want of intelligence, which prevents their being acquainted with the greatness of their loss and leaves them at liberty to think of other things.

ÉDOUARD ROD.

Rod, Édouard, a Swiss novelist and journalist; born at Nyon in 1857. He was educated at Berne and Berlin. Removing to Paris, he became in 1884 editor-in-chief of "La Revue Contemporaine." Upon returning to his native land, he was made, in 1887, Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Geneva. Besides his thesis on "Le Développement du Mythe d'Eschyle dans la Littérature," M. Rod has published several works, among which are "À Propos de l'Assommoir" (1879); "Les Allemands à Paris" (1880); "Wagner et l'Esthétique Allemande" (1886), and "Giacomo Leopardi," a study on the nineteenth century, in 1888. It is, however, largely as a novelist that he is known. He has written a series of novels with psychological analysis for a basis. These books are "Palmyre Veulard" (1881); "La Chute de Miss Topsy" (1882); "L'Autopsie du Docteur Z." (1884); "La Femme de Henri Vanneau" (1884); "La Course à la Mort" (1885); "Tatiana Leiloff" (1886); "Névrossée" (1886); "Le Sens de la Vie" (1889). Other works are "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite," "Lilith," "L'Eau et le Feu," "L'Idéal de M. Gendre" (1889); "Nouvelles Romances," "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent," "Dante," "Stendhal" (1891); "La Sacrifiée" (1892); "La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier" (1893); "La Seconde Vie de Michel Teissier" (1894); "Le Silence" (1894); "Les Roches Blanches" (1895).

Marriage.

(From "The Sense of Life.")

I should like to find a word to express a being who is tranquil, sweet, good, confiding; one whose presence alone gives repose; a being of grace and charm, breathing peace. . . . While I work she is there behind me, watchful not to disturb me; from time to time I am conscious of the noise of the worsted she draws through the canvas, or the page she turns, or of her light breathing. Sometimes I turn and no longer see her; she has silently disappeared: after a moment she returns

in the same way, without even a creak of the floor beneath her little slippers; and I feel her look resting on me as a continual caress, — the look of her great, deep, clear eyes, wherein there is only goodness, tenderness, and devotion. And always also I feel her thought following mine, and travelling side by side with it across the dreams, as across the cares of the day.

What mystery is there, then, in this sentiment of intimate union, which lessens disquietude and doubles joys? I suffered so much formerly in feeling myself alone! I passed nights wandering amid crowds to evade myself; forcing myself to the illusion that I was something to those others who were moving before my eyes. I have fled with horror from my home, so pitilessly filled with myself; where the smallest objects — the bibelots, books, paper on the wall, pictures, and easy-chairs — sent back to me like multiplied mirrors my odious image. It seemed to me that I might leave it behind me as I went in the streets — this *me;* or forget it in a café, or deposit it in a theatre; and I haunted theatres, cafés, and streets. Often I fastened myself on to trumpery friends, — friends met by chance, — and recounted to them my affairs, sharing with them fragments of my soul, without allowing myself to be rebuffed by their indifference. How many times has not my heart beat out to strange hearts, without hearing aught but its own palpitations beating in a vacancy? How many times after having forgotten myself for an hour or a night in gay company, — in salons, casinos, or taverns; after laughing from full lips, and talking boisterously; after having diffused myself in confidences to others, and received with a friendly air theirs in return, — have I not felt with tenfold bitterness on the morrow that I was still alone, irremediably alone; that the noises had vanished, leaving naught behind; that the fumes of alcohol, — all had exhaled into sadness, like the friendship or love of the day before.

Well, it seems to me now that my solitude is vanquished; certainly not because I see unceasingly near me the same known form, but because that form is loved.

Paternity.

(From "The Sense of Life.")

My wife has gravely propounded the question of baptism. Before, when I was an aggressive unbeliever, I loved to say in

a peremptory tone that my children should never be baptized. She would never reply, and her silence irritated me: I divined a menace; I understood that it announced a resistance, and that I should never be able to impose my opinion except by an act of tyranny. This perspective troubled me a little, although I was determined to remain firm. But time has progressed since that epoch, which already seems far away; I have just made an examination of conscience in order that I may answer in perfect sincerity my wife's question. I find I have no longer any temper against religion, — quite the contrary. When I had broken the chains that it had so firmly bound about me, I had a period of hatred and revolt, in which I dreamed of exciting the world to the great combat for Truth against Faith. . . .

Then this hatred changed into a profound indifference; the meaning of the word "truth" wavered in my mind; I no longer found either criterion or proof: I said to myself that my negation was a religion also, just as much so as affirmation; just as gross, no more certain, no better, worse probably. . . .

Then why trouble simple souls? Why prevent them from deceiving themselves holily? Why teach them that the source at which they quench their thirst is imaginary? Is their error greater than mine? In the ocean of uncertainty on which we float, is my plank any safer than theirs? I have therefore promised myself to remain neutral in the contest.

I had reached thus far, when I recognized that it was the free-thinkers who had disgusted me with free thought. . . .

It was at the time of the "disaffection" of the Pantheon. God was being chased out to give place to Victor Hugo: the adored of yesterday ceded place to the idol of to-day; the sweet Christ of the "Imitation" fled before the man of the "Chastisements;" the good Holy Virgin of so many tender miracles went down before Lucretia Borgia and Marion Delorme. And this was, they said, the progress of light, and the cause of truth gained in the exchange. Chance led me into the temple. They were all there: municipal counsellors, deputies, politicians of all kinds, as if they were at home; hats on heads, canes in hands; some had not even extinguished their cigars: and all were proud of driving out by their smoke the last vanishing trace of incense. Beneath the majesty of the dome they talked, laughed, gesticulated, and disputed, insolent and disrespectful. . .

In a corner, however, before an altar left standing for a moment, a poor old woman in black cap and blue apron, unmindful of their noise, faithful to the God they had chased out, fervently knelt and prayed. She had brought two candles, whose flames flickered in the draught, and which a brutal breath would blow out before they were half consumed. Of what sorrow had she laid there the burthen? of what remorse, perhaps? What confidences was she addressing silently to the One who understands, compassionates, pardons? And when the last altar shall have fallen, which of these political mountebanks will give her the means of appeasing her sufferings? Then I understood that she was in the right against them all: for a moment the light of her flickering candle seemed to me a sun of truth; and passing before the altar, I bent my knee, and made the sign of the Cross. Ah! poor old unknown woman! Thou hast enlightened me more than much reading. If thy prayer was lost in its flight through space, it at least resounded in my heart, and thou madest me feel the void in my own depths. Why should I prevent the baptism of my child? . . .

To-day is Marie's birthday, and she probably has but a few hours to live. Her condition is unaltered. The fever does not increase; if it had increased, all would now be ended; but it has not decreased. Her respiration is just as labored, her breathing uneven, the noise in her chest is like broken machinery, and the same hacking cough shakes and rends her. She is as languid as ever, as indifferent, as detached from all. . . .

What beginnings of ideas may not this unexplained and brutal illness start in her little brain through which fever gallops? Oh, that constant moan! And there is one thing more heartrending: it is when the wailing is suddenly interrupted for a moment, and the hoarse voice begins to coo as it used to do in her well days. No, I cannot imagine the little body stiffened in death! It would be too hideous to see it immovable and to know that it is so forever; that no voice can call her back; that she will never smile again; that she must be put into the earth, where soon she will be nothing: while the inanimate objects she has touched — her doll, her sheep — will remain here, surviving her in all their longevity as things. And then I think of the mother's grief. And then I imagine the material details which come after: the little coffin which they will nail; the mourning notes to be addressed, all the formalities that have been invented to make mourning more

painful. And again the slow procession winding its way, so far, to the cemetery of Passy; and on our return, the desolation, the immense desolation, of the apartment where she is no more! . . .

The danger is over; yesterday the fever fell almost at once, as if by enchantment. It already seems as if the illness were only a part of a bad dream. I am happy. Up to this time I have asked myself unceasingly whether I loved my child. Now I am enlightened: and my affection is so deep in this hour of deliverance that I forget to grieve that she will have to live a whole life; that she will have to become acquainted with the agonies we have passed through, and more still, — who knows what? — all the future sufferings from which death would have delivered her. And for the first time I saw that in all I had said and thought of life, there was a good part of it only words, phrases. And when one has felt death pass very near; when one has just missed seeing one of those existences which is one's very own disappear, then one understands probably that life — frightful, iniquitous, ferocious life — is perhaps better than nothingness.

Live then, little Marie, as thou hast not wished to die! Live, — that is, suffer, weep, despair; live to the end, as long as Destiny will drag thee on its hurdle. And knowest thou, since he can no longer wish thee unborn, since he has not the strength to wish thee to die young as those whom the gods love, — knowest thou what thy father wishes for thee? It is to see all, feel all, know all, understand all. I say "all," and I know the bitternesses the word contains; yet I do not wish to spare thee one: since if all be sorrow, chimera, falsehood, the summing-up of all these sorrows, chimeras, falsehoods, is nevertheless fine, like a landscape made up of abysms; and since there is a supreme satisfaction in feeling that we change with the years, that we ever reflect more images, even as a river grows larger in rolling towards the sea, and that we are, and we shall have been; and that nothing, neither human revolutions nor universal catastrophe, can ever cause to be taken away from us that part of eternity which we have had, which is human life.

EDWARD PAYSON ROE.

Roe, Edward Payson, an American novelist; born at New Windsor, N. Y., March 7, 1838; died at Cornwall, N. Y., July 19, 1888. He was educated at Williams College. He afterward studied theology at Auburn and at New York City. In 1862 he became chaplain in the volunteer army, and served throughout the Civil War. From 1865 to 1874 he was pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He then settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he gave his time to literature and to the cultivation of small fruits. His first book, "Barriers Burned Away," was first published as a serial in the New York "Evangelist," and met with enormous success when it was issued in book-form in 1872. His other works are "Play and Profit in My Garden" (1873); "What Can She Do?" (1873); "Opening of a Chestnut Burr" (1874); "From Jest to Earnest" (1875); "Near to Nature's Heart" (1876); "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century" (1877); "A Face Illumined" (1878); "A Day of Fate" (1880); "Success with Small Fruits" (1880); "Without a Home" (1880); "An Unexpected Result" (1883); "His Sombre Rivals" (1883); "A Young Girl's Wooing" (1884); "Nature's Serial Story" (1884); "An Original Belle" (1885); "Driven Back to Eden" (1885); "He Fell in Love with His Wife" (1886); "The Earth Trembled" (1887); "A Hornet's Nest" (1887); "Miss Lou" (1888); "The Home Acre" (1889); "Taken Alive" (1889).

"Promise or Die."[1]

(From "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr.")

While they were thus standing irresolute after the accident, suddenly a light glimmered upon them. It appeared to come from a house standing a little off from the road. "Shall I leave you here and go for assistance?" asked Walter.

"I think I would rather go with you. Dolly will stand, and I do not wish to be left alone."

They soon found a grassy path leading to a small house, from which the light shone but faintly through closely curtained

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windows. They met no one, nor were their footsteps heard till they knocked at the door. A gruff voice said, "Come in," and a huge bull-dog started up from near the fire with a savage growl.

They entered. A middle-aged man with his coat off sat at work with his back toward them. He rose hastily and stared at them with a strangely blended look of consternation and anger.

"Call off your dog," said Gregory, sharply.

"Down, Bull," said the man, harshly, and the dog slunk growling into a corner, but with a watchful, ugly gleam in his eyes.

The man's expression was quite as sinister and threatening.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked sternly.

"We want help," said Gregory, with a quickened and apprehensive glance around, which at once revealed to him why their visit was so unwelcome. The man had been counterfeiting money, and the evidences of his guilt were only too apparent. "We have lost our way, and our wagon is broken. I hope you have sufficient humanity to act the part of a neighbor."

"Humanity to the devil!" said the man, brutally, "I am neighbor to no one. You have come here to pry into what is none of your business."

"We have not," said Gregory, eagerly. "You will find our broken wagon in the road but a little way from here."

The man's eye was cold, hard, and now had a snake-like glitter as he looked at them askance with a gloomy scowl. He seemed thinking over the situation in which he found himself.

Gregory, in his weak, exhausted state, and shaken somewhat by his fall, was nervous and apprehensive. Annie, though pale, stood firmly and quietly by.

Slowly and hesitatingly, as if deliberating as to the best course, the man reached up to the shelf and took down a revolver, saying, with an evil-boding look at them, "If I thought you had come as detectives, you would have no chance to use your knowledge. You, sir, I do not know, but I think this lady is Squire Walton's daughter. As it is, you must both solemnly promise me before God that you will never reveal what you have seen here. Otherwise I have but one method of self-protection," and he cocked his pistol. "Let me tell you," he added, in a blood-curdling tone, "you are not the first ones I have silenced. And mark this — if you go away and break this promise, I have confederates who will take vengeance on you and yours."

"No need of any further threats," said Gregory with a shrug. "I promise. As you say, it is none of my business how much of the 'queer' you make."

Though naturally not a coward, Gregory, in his habit of self-pleasing and of shunning all sources of annoyance, would not have gone out of his way under any circumstances to bring a criminal to justice, and the thought of risking anything in this case did not occur to him. Why should they peril their lives for the good of the commonwealth? If he had been alone and escaped without further trouble, he would have thought of the matter afterward as of a crime recorded in the morning paper, with which he had no concern, except perhaps to scrutinize more sharply the currency he received.

But with conscientious Annie it was very different. Her father was a magistrate of the right kind, who sincerely sought to do justice and protect the people in their rights. From almost daily conversation her mind had been impressed with the sacredness of the law. When she was inclined to induce her father to give a lighter sentence than he believed right, he had explained how the well-being and indeed the very existence of society depended upon the righteous enforcement of the law, and how true mercy lay in such enforcement. She had been made to feel that the responsibility for good order and morals rested on every one, and that to conceal a known crime was to share deeply in the guilt. She also was not skilled in that casuistry which would enable her to promise anything with mental reservations. The shock of their savage and threatening reception had been severe, but she was not at all inclined to be hysterical; and though her heart seemed to stand still with a chill of dread which deepened every moment as she realized what would be exacted of her, she seemed more self-possessed than Gregory. Indeed, in the sudden and awful emergencies of life, woman's fortitude is often superior to man's, and Annie's faith was no decorous and conventional profession for Sabbath uses, but a constant and living reality. She was like the maidens of martyr days, who tremblingly but unhesitatingly died for conscience' sake. While there was no wavering of purpose, there was an agony of fear and sorrow, as, after the momentary confusion of mind caused by the suddenness of the occurrence, the terrible nature of the ordeal before her became evident.

Through her father she had heard a vague rumor of this man before. Though he lived so secluded and was so reticent, his

somewhat mysterious movements had awakened suspicion. But his fierce dog and his own manner had kept all obtrusive curiosity at a distance. Now she saw her father's worst fears and surmises realized.

But the counterfeiter at first gave all his attention to her companion, thinking that he would have little trouble with a timid girl; and after Gregory's ready promise, looked searchingly at him for a moment, and then said, with a coarse, scornful laugh, "No fear of you. You will keep your skin whole. You are a city chap, and know enough of me and my tribe to be sure I can strike you there as well as here. I can trust to your fears, and don't wish to shed blood when it is unnecessary. And now this girl must make the same promise. Her father is a magistrate, and I intend to have no posse of men up here after me to-morrow."

"I can make no such promise," said Annie, in a low tone.

"What?" exclaimed the man, harshly, and a savage growl from the dog made a kindred echo to his tone.

Deathly pale, but with firm bearing, Annie said, "I cannot promise to shield crime by silence. I should be a partaker in your guilty secrets."

"Oh, for God's sake, promise!" cried Gregory, in an agony of fear, but in justice it must be said that it was more for her than for himself.

"For God's sake I cannot promise."

The man stepped menacingly toward her, and the great dog also advanced unchecked out of his corner. "Young woman," he hissed in her ear, "you must promise or die. I have sworn never to go to prison again if I wade knee-deep in blood."

There came a rush of tears to Annie's eyes. Her bosom heaved convulsively a moment, and then she said, in a tone of agony, "It is dreadful to die in such a way, but I cannot make the promise you ask. It would burden my conscience and blight my life. I will trust to God's mercy and do right. But think twice before you shed my innocent blood."

Gregory covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

The man hesitated. He had evidently hoped by his threats to frighten her into compliance, and her unexpected refusal, while it half frenzied him with fear and anger, made his course difficult to determine upon. He was not quite hardened enough to slay the defenceless girl as she stood so bravely before him, and the killing of her would also involve the putting of Gregory

out of the way, making a double murder that would be hard to conceal. He looked at the dog, and the thought occurred that by turning them out of doors and leaving them to the brute's tender mercies their silence might be effectually secured.

It is hard to say what he would have done, left to his own fears and evil passions; but a moment after Annie had spoken, the door opened and a woman entered with a pail of water, which she had just brought from a spring at some little distance from the house.

"What does this mean?" she asked, with a quick, startled glance around.

"It means mischief to all concerned," said the man, sullenly.

"This is Miss Walton," said the woman, advancing.

"Yes," exclaimed Annie, and she rushed forward and sobbed out, "save me from your husband; he threatened to take my life."

"'My husband!'" said the woman, with intense bitterness turning toward the man. "Do you hear that, Vight? Quiet your fears, young lady. Do you remember the sick, weary woman that you found one hot day last summer by the roadside? I was faint, and it seemed to me that I was dying. I often wish to, but when it comes to the point and I look over into the black gulf, I'm afraid—"

"But, woman—" interrupted the man harshly.

"Be still," she said, imperiously waving her hand. "Don't rouse a devil you can't control." Then turning to Annie, she continued, "I was afraid then; I was in an agony of terror. I was so weak that I could scarcely do more than look appealingly to you and stretch out my hands. Most ladies would have said, 'She's drunk,' and passed contemptuously on. But you got out of your wagon and took my cold hand. I whispered, 'I'm sick; for God's sake help me.' And you believed me and said, 'I will help you, for God's sake and your own.' Then you went to the carriage, and got some cordial which you said was for another sick person, and gave me some; and when I revived, you half carried me and half lifted me into your nice covered little wagon, that kept the burning sun off my head, and you took me miles out of your way to a little house which I falsely told you was my home. I heard that you afterward came to see me. You spoke kindly. When I could speak I said that I was not fit for you to touch, and you answered that Jesus Christ was glad to help and touch any human creature, and that you were not better than He!

Then you told me a little about Him, but I was too sick to listen much. God knows I 've got down about as low as any woman can. I dare not pray for myself, but since that day I 've prayed for you. And mark what I say, Vight," she added, her sad, weird manner changing to sudden fierceness, "not a hair of this lady's head shall be hurt."

"But these two will go and blab on us," said the man, angrily. "At least the girl will. She won't promise to keep our secret. I have no fears for the man; I can keep him quiet."

"Why won't you promise?" asked the woman, gently but with surprise.

"Because I cannot," said Annie, earnestly, though her voice was still broken by sobs. "When we hide crime, we take part in it."

"And would you rather die than do what you thought wrong?"

"It were better," said Annie.

"Oh that I had had such a spirit in the fatal past!" groaned the woman.

"But won't you protect me still?" exclaimed Annie, seizing her hand. "It would kill my poor old father too, if I should die. I cannot burden my soul with your secrets, but save me — oh, save me, from so dreadful a death!"

"I have said it, Miss Walton. Not a hair of your head shall be hurt."

"What do you advise then, madam?" asked the man, satirically. "Shall we invite Mr. Walton and the sheriff up to-morrow to take a look at the room as it now stands?"

"I advise nothing," said the woman, harshly, "I only say, in a way you understand, not a hair of this girl's head shall be hurt."

"Thank God, oh, thank God," murmured Annie, with a feeling of confidence and inexpressible relief, for there was that in the woman's bearing and tone which gave evidence of unusual power over her associate in crime.

Then Annie added, still clinging to a hand unsanctified by the significant plain ring, "I hope you will keep my companion safe from harm also."

During this scene between Annie and her strange protector, who was evidently a sad wreck of a beautiful and gifted woman, Gregory had sunk into a chair through weakness and shame, and covered his face with his hands.

The woman turned toward him with instinctive antipathy, and asked, "How is it, sir, you have left a young girl to meet this danger alone?"

Gregory's white, drawn face turned scarlet as he answered, "Because I am like you and this man here, and not like Miss Walton, who is an angel of truth and goodness."

"'Like *us*,' indeed!" said she, disdainfully. "I don't know that you have proved us *cowards* yet. And could you be bad and mean enough to see this brave maiden slain before your eyes, and go away in silence to save your own miserable self?"

"For aught I know I could," answered he, savagely. "I would like to see what mean, horrible, loathsome thing, this hateful, hated thing I call myself could not do."

Gregory showed, in a way fearful to witness, what intense hostility and loathing a spirit naturally noble can feel toward itself when action and conscience are at war.

"Ah," said the woman, bitterly, "now you speak a language I know well. Why should I fear the judgment-day?" she added, with a gloomy light in her eyes, as if communing with herself. "Nothing worse can be said of me than I will say now. But," she sneered, turning sharply to Gregory, "I do not think I have fallen so low as you."

"Probably not," he replied, with a grim laugh, and a significant shrug which he had learned abroad. "I will not dispute my bad pre-eminence. Come, Vight, or whatever your name is," he continued; rising, "make up your mind quickly what you are going to do. I am a weak man, morally and physically. If you intend to shoot me, or let your dog make a meal of me, let us have it over as soon as possible. Since Miss Walton is safe, I am as well prepared now as I ever shall be."

"I entreat you," pleaded Annie, still clinging to the woman, "don't let any harm come to him."

"What is the use of touching him?" said the man, gruffly. Then turning to Gregory he asked, "Do you still promise not to use your knowledge against me? You might do me more harm in New York than here."

"I have promised once, and that is enough," said Gregory, irritably. "I keep my word for good or evil, though you can't know that, and are fools for trusting me."

"I'll trust neither of you," said the man, with an oath. "Here, Dencie, I must talk with you alone. I'm willing to do anything that's reasonable, but I'm not going to prison

again alive, mark that" (with a still more fearful imprecation). "Don't leave this room or I won't answer for the consequences," he said sternly to Gregory and Annie, at the same time looking significantly at the dog.

Then he and the woman went into the back room, and there was an earnest and somewhat angry consultation.

Gregory sat down and leaned his head on the table in a manner that showed he had passed beyond despondency and fear into despairing indifference as to what became of him. He felt that henceforth he must be simply odious to Miss Walton, that she would only tolerate his presence as long as it was necessary, veiling her contempt by mere politeness. In his shame and weakness he would almost rather die than meet her true, honest eyes again.

Annie had the courage of principles and firm resolve, rather than that which is natural and physical. The thought of sudden and violent death appalled her. If her impulsive nature were excited, like that of a soldier in battle, she could forget danger. If in her bed at home she were wasting with disease, she would soon submit to the Divine will with child-like trust. But her whole being shrunk inexpressibly from violent and unnatural death. Never before did life seem so sweet. Never before was there so much to live for. She could have been a martyr in any age and in any horrible form for conscience' sake, but she would have met her fate tremblingly, shrinkingly, and with intense longings for life. And yet with all this instinctive dread, her trust in God and His promises would not fail. But instead of standing calmly erect on her faith, and confronting destiny, it was her nature, in such terrible emergencies, to cling in loving and utter dependence, and obey.

She therefore in no respect shared Gregory's indifference, but was keenly alive to the situation.

At first, with her hand upon her heart to still its wild throbbings, she listened intently, and tried to catch the drift of the fateful conference within. This being vain, her eyes wandered hurriedly around the room. Standing thus, she unconsciously completed a strange picture in that incongruous place, with her dejected companion on one side, and the great dog, eyeing her savagely, on the other. Gregory's despairing attitude impressed her deeply. In a sudden rush of pity she felt that he was not as cowardly as he had seemed. A woman with difficulty forgives this sin. His harsh condemnation and

evident detestation of himself impelled her generous nature instinctively to take the part of his weak and wronged spirit. She had early been taught to pity rather than to condemn those whom evil is destroying. In all his depravity he did not repel her, for, though proud, he had no petty, shallow vanity; and the evident fact that he suffered so deeply disarmed her.

Moreover, companionship in trouble which she felt was partly her fault, drew her toward him, and, stepping to his side, she laid her hand on his shoulder and said, gently, "Cheer up, my friend; I understand you better than you do yourself. God will bring us safely through."

He shrunk from her hand, and said, drearily, "With better reason than yonder woman I can say, 'I am not fit for you to touch.' As for God, He has nothing to do with me."

She answered, kindly, "I do not think that either of those things is true. But, Mr. Gregory, what will they do with us? They will not dare —"

She was interrupted by the entrance of the strangely assorted couple into whose crime-stained hands they had so unexpectedly fallen. Both felt that but little trust could be placed in such perverted and passion-swept natures, — that they would be guided by their fears, impulses, and interests. Annie's main hope was in the hold she had on the woman's sympathies; but the latter, as she entered, wore a sullen and disappointed look, as if she had not been given her own way. Annie at once stepped to her side and again took her hand, as if she were her best hope of safety. It was evident that her confidence and unshrinking touching affected the poor creature deeply, and her hand closed over Annie's in a way that was reassuring.

"I suppose you would scarcely like to trust yourselves to me or my dog," said the man, with a grim laugh. "What's more, I've no time to bother with you. Since my companion here feels she owes you something, Miss Walton, she can now repay you a hundred fold. But follow her directions closely, as you value your lives;" and he left the house with the dog. Soon after they heard in the forest what seemed the note of the whip-poorwill repeated three times, but it was so near and importunate that Annie was startled, and the woman's manner indicated that she was not listening to a bird. After a few moments she said, gloomily: "Miss Walton, I promised you should receive no harm, and I will keep my word. I hoped I could send you directly home to-night, but that's impossible. I can do much

with Vight, but not everything. He has sworn never to go to prison again alive, and none of our lives would be worth much if they stood in the way of his escape. We meant to leave this region before many months, for troublesome stories are getting around, and now we must go at once. I will take you to a place of safety, from which you can return home to-morrow. Come."

"But father will be wild with anxiety," cried Annie, wringing her hands.

"It is the best I can do," said the woman, sadly. "Come, we have no time to lose."

She put on a woollen hood, and taking a long, slender staff, led the way out into the darkness.

They felt that there was nothing to do but follow, which they did in silence. They did not go back toward their broken wagon, but continued down the wheel-track whereon their accident had occurred. Suddenly the woman left this, taking a path through the woods, and after proceeding with difficulty some distance, stopped, and lighted a small lantern she had carried under her shawl. Even with the aid of this their progress was painful and precarious in the steeply descending rocky path, which had so many intricate windings that both Annie and Gregory felt that they were indeed being led into a *terra incognita*. Annie was consumed with anxiety as to the issue of their strange adventure, but believed confidence in her guide to be the wisest course. Gregory was too weary and indifferent to care for himself, and stumbled on mechanically.

At last he said, sullenly, "Madam, I can go no farther. I may as well die here as anywhere."

"You *must* go," she said sharply; "for my sake and Miss Walton's, if not for your own. Besides, it's not much farther. What I do to-night must be done rightly."

"Well, then, while there is breath left, Miss Walton shall have the benefit of it."

"May we not rest a few minutes?" asked Annie. "I too am very tired."

"Yes, before long at the place where you must pass the night."

The path soon came out in another wheel-track, which seemed to lead down a deep ravine. Descending this a little way, they reached an opening in which was the dusky outline of a small house.

"Here we part," said their guide, taking Annie's hand, while

Gregory sank exhausted on a rock near. "The old woman and her son who live in that house will give you shelter, and to-morrow you must find your best way home. This seems poor return for your kindness, but it's in keeping with my miserable life, which is as dark and wild as the unknown flinty path we came. After all, things have turned out far better than they might have done. Vight was expecting some one, and so had the dog within doors. He would have torn you to pieces had he been without, as usual."

"Lead this life no longer. Stay with us, and I will help you to better things," said Annie, earnestly.

The look of intense longing on the woman's face as the light of the flickering lantern fell on it would haunt Annie to her dying day.

"Oh that I might!" she groaned. "Oh that I might! A more fearful bondage never cursed a human soul!"

"And why can you not?" pleaded Annie, putting her hand on the trembling woman's shoulder. "You have seen better days. You were meant for a good and noble life. You can't sin unfeelingly. Then why sin at all? Break these chains, and by and by peace in this life and heaven in the life to come will reward you."

The woman sat down by the roadside, and for a moment her whole frame seemed convulsed with sobs. At last she said, brokenly, "You plead as my good angel did before it left me — but it's no use — it's too late. I have indeed seen better days, pure, happy days; and so has he. We once stood high in the respect of all. But he fell, and I fell in ways I can't explain. You cannot understand, that as love binds with silken cords, so crime may bind with iron chains. No more — say no more. You only torment me," she broke in harshly, as Annie was about to speak again. "You cannot understand. How could you? We love, hate, and fear each other at the same time, and death only can part us. But that may soon — that may soon;" and she clenched her hands with a dark look.

"But enough of this. I have too much to do to tire myself this way. You must go to that house; I cannot. Old Mrs. Tompkins and her son will give you shelter. I don't wish them to get into trouble. There will be a close investigation into all this. I know what your father's disposition is. And now farewell. The only good thing about me is, I shall still pray for you, the only one who has ever treated me like a woman since —

since — since I fell into hell," she said in a low, hoarse tone, and printing a passionate kiss on Annie's hand, she blew out her light, and vanished in the darkness.

It seemed to swallow her up and become a type of the mystery and fate that enshrouded the forlorn creature. Beyond the bare fact that she took the train the following morning with the man she called "Vight," Annie never heard of her again. Still there was hope for the wretched wanderer. However dark and hidden her paths, the eyes of a merciful God ever followed her, and to that God Annie prayed often in her behalf.

SAMUEL ROGERS

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Rogers, Samuel, an English poet, born at Stoke Newington, July 30, 1763; died at London, December 18, 1855. His father was an eminent banker, who, dying in 1793, left an ample fortune to his son. Ten years afterward Rogers established his residence in London, and his "breakfasts" were for half a century frequented by all men noted in literature and art who could obtain an invitation to them. Rogers commenced writing in the "Gentleman's Magazine" at the age of eighteen. His principal poems are "The Pleasures of Memory" (1792); "Jacqueline," published in the same volume with Byron's "Lara" (1814); "Human Life" (1819); "Italy" (Part I., 1821; Part II., 1834). His last, longest, and most interesting work is "Italy." He also, from time to time, put forth small volumes of Poems.

Ginevra.

(From "Italy.")

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames such as in old romance,
And lovers such as in heroic song, —
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight
That in the springtime, as alone they sate,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. — A summer sun
Sets ere one-half is seen; but ere thou go,

Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
And look a while upon a picture there.
'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of an illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart, —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way, — it may be true or false, —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave, —
That precious gift, — what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life;
Still as she grew, forever in his sight:
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, —
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was — all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'T is but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger:
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! — Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long was to be seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day — a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery, —
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'T was done as soon as said: but on the way
It burst, it fell; and, lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." — There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there
Fastened her down forever!

From the "Pleasures of Memory."

Opening Lines.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,

When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm, —
Thee would the Muse invoke! to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek landscape steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play, —
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn.
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

Closing Lines.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature opened to their view!
Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees
A smiling circle emulous to please, —
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they loved in life so well.
O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;
With whom, alas, I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happiness below; —
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views and elevate my soul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed, —
When thy last look ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed, —
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemished Youth,
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures must we feel, when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away!

But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest!

Venice.

(From "Italy.")

There is a glorious City in the Sea;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of man, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to a floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome,
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some — though time had shattered them —
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

Regeneration for Italy.

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep — for thou art lying, alas!
Low in the dust; and they who come admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift — the gift of beauty.
Would thou had less, or went as once thou wast,
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
But why despair? Twice thou hast lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven: and shalt again. The hour shall come
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle lowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess

Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon were Themselves,
Since men invoked "By Those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead —
They of that sacred shore — have heard the call,
And through the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were; instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

Naples.

(From "Italy.")

This region, surely, is not of the earth.
Was it not dropt from heaven? Not a grove,
Citron or pine or cedar, not a grot
Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
On the clear wave some image of delight,
Some cabin-roof glowing with crimson flowers,
Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
To muse on as the bark is gliding by.
And be it mine to muse there, mine to glide,
From daybreak, when the mountain pales his fire
Yet more and more, and from the mountain-top,
Till then invisible, a smoke ascends,
Solemn and slow, as erst from Ararat,
When he, the Patriarch, who escaped the Flood,
Was with his household sacrificing there —
From daybreak to that hour, the last and best,
When, one by one, the fishing-boats come forth,
Each with its glimmering lantern at the prow,
And, when the nets are thrown, the evening hymn
Steals o'er the trembling waters.
Everywhere
Fable and Truth have shed, in rivalry,
Each her peculiar influence. Fable came,
And laughed and sung, arraying Truth in flowers,
Like a young child her grandam. Fable came;

Earth, sea, and sky reflecting, as she flew,
A thousand, thousand colors, not their own:
And at her bidding, lo! a dark descent
To Tartarus, and those thrice happy fields,
Those fields with ether pure and purple light
Ever invested, scenes by him described
Who here was wont to wander and record
What they revealed, and on the western shore
Sleeps in a silent grove, o'erlooking thee,
Beloved Parthenope.
Yet here, methinks,
Truth wants no ornament, in her own shape
Filling the mind by turns with awe and love,
By turns inclining to blind ecstasy
And soberest meditation.

Marriage.

(From "Human Life.")

Then before All they stand — the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters — there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft her eyes read his! her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject — ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts — touch them but lightly — pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

ANNA KATHARINE ROHLFS.

Rohlfs, Anna Katharine (Green), an American novelist; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 11, 1846. After graduating at Ripley College, Poultney, Vermont, in 1867, she lived in Buffalo. In 1884 she was married to Charles Rohlfs of Brooklyn. She has published several detective stories, including "The Leavenworth Case" (1878); "A Strange Disappearance" (1879); "The Sword of Damocles" (1881); "X. Y. Z." (1883); "Hand and Ring" (1883); "The Mill Mystery" (1886); "7 to 12" (1887); "Behind Closed Doors" (1888); "A Matter of Millions" and "The Forsaken Inn" (1890); "The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock" (1895); "Dr. Izard" (1895). Mrs. Rohlfs is also the author of the "Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems" (1882), and "Risifi's Daughter," a dramatic poem (1886).

The Confession of Trueman Harwell.[1]

(From "The Leavenworth Case.")

I am not a bad man; I am only an intense one. Ambition, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge — transitory emotions with some — are terrific passions with me. To be sure they are quiet and concealed ones, coiled serpents that make no stir till aroused, but then, deadly in their spring and relentless in their action. Those who have known me best have not known this. My own mother was ignorant of it. Often and often have I heard her say, "If Trueman only had more sensibility! If Trueman were not so indifferent to everything! In short, if Trueman had more power in him!"

It was the same at school. No one understood me. They thought me meek; called me Dough-face. For three years they called me this, then I turned upon them. Choosing out their ringleader, I felled him to the ground, laid him on his back and stamped upon him. He was handsome before my foot came down; afterwards — Well, it is enough he never

[1] Copyright by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

called me Dough-face again. In the store I entered soon after, I met with even less appreciation. Regular at my work and exact in my performance of it, they thought me a good machine and nothing more. What heart, soul, and feeling could a man have who never sported, never smoked, and never laughed? I could reckon up figures correctly, but one scarcely needed heart or soul for that. I could even write day by day and month by month without showing a flaw in my copy, but that only argued I was no more than they intimated, a regular automaton. I let them think so, with the certainty before me that they would one day change their minds as others had done. The fact was, I loved nobody well enough, not even myself, to care for any man's opinion. Life was well-nigh a blank to me; a dead level plain that had to be traversed whether I would or not. And such it might have continued to this day if I had never met Mary Leavenworth. But when, some nine months since, I left my desk in the counting house for a seat in Mr. Leavenworth's library, a blazing torch fell into my soul whose flame has never gone out and never will, till the doom before me is accomplished.

She was so beautiful! When on that first evening I followed my new employer into the parlor, and saw this woman standing up before me in her half alluring, half appalling charm, I knew as by a lightning flash what my future would be if I remained in that house. She was in one of her haughty moods and bestowed upon me little more than a passing glance. But her indifference made slight impression upon me then. It was enough that I was allowed to stand in her presence and look unrebuked upon her loveliness. To be sure it was like gazing into the flower-wreathed crater of an awakening volcano. Fear and fascination were in each moment I lingered there; but fear and fascination made the moment what it was, and I could not have withdrawn if I would.

And so it was always. Unspeakable pain as well as pleasure was in the emotion with which I regarded her. Yet for all that I did not cease to study her hour by hour and day by day; her smiles, her movement, her way of turning her head or lifting her eyelids. I had a purpose in this; I wished to knit her beauty so firmly into the warp and woof of my being that nothing should ever serve to tear it away. For I saw then as plainly as now, that coquette though she was, she would never stoop to me. No; I might lie down at her feet and let her

trample over me, she would not even turn to see what it was she had stepped upon. I might spend days, months, years, learning the alphabet of her wishes, she would not thank me for my pains or even raise the lashes from her cheek to look at me as I passed. I was nothing to her, could not be any thing unless — as this thought came slowly — I could in some way become her master.

Meantime I wrote at Mr. Leavenworth's dictation and pleased him. My methodical ways were just to his taste. As for the other member of the family, Miss Eleanore Leavenworth — she treated me just as one of her proud but sympathetic nature might be expected to do. Not familiarly, but kindly; not as a friend, but as a member of the household whom she met every day at table, and who, as she or any one else could see, was none too happy or hopeful.

Six months went by; I had learned two things: first, that Mary Leavenworth loved her position as prospective heiress to a large fortune above every other earthly consideration; and secondly, that she was in the possession of a secret which endangered that position. What this was, I had for some time no means of knowing. But when later I became convinced it was one of love, I grew hopeful, strange as it may seem. For by this time I had learned Mr. Leavenworth's disposition almost as perfectly as that of his niece, and knew that in a matter of this kind he would be uncompromising; and that in the clashing of these two wills something might occur which would give me a hold upon her. The only thing that troubled me was the fact that I did not know the name of the man in whom she was interested. But chance soon favored me here. One day — a month ago now — I sat down to open Mr. Leavenworth's mail as usual. One letter — shall I ever forget it? — ran thus: —

HOFFMAN HOUSE,
March 1st, 1876.

MR. HORATIO LEAVENWORTH:

DEAR SIR, — You have a niece whom you love and trust, one too who seems worthy of all the love and trust that you or any other man can give her; so beautiful, so charming, so tender is she in face, form, manner, and conversation. But, dear sir, every rose has its thorn and your rose is no exception to this rule. Lovely as she is, charming as she is, tender as she is, she is not only capable of trampling on the rights of one who trusted her, but of bruising the heart and breaking the spirit of him to whom she owes all duty, honor, and observance.

If you don't believe this, ask her to her cruel, bewitching face, who and what is her humble servant and yours,

HENRY RITCHIE CLAVERING.

If a bombshell had exploded at my feet, or the evil one himself appeared at my call, I should not have been more astounded. Not only was the name signed to these remarkable words unknown to me, but the epistle itself was that of one who felt himself to be her master, a position which, as you know, I was myself aspiring to occupy. For a few minutes, then, I stood a prey to feelings of the bitterest wrath and despair; then I grew calm, realizing that with his letter in my possession, I was virtually the arbitrator of her destiny. Some men would have sought her there and then, and by threatening to place it in her uncle's hand, won from her a look of entreaty if no more; but I — well, my plans went deeper than that. I knew that she must be in extremity before I could hope to win her. She must feel herself slipping over the edge of the precipice before she would clutch at the first thing offering succor. I decided to allow the letter to pass into my employer's hands. But it had been opened! How could I manage to give it to him in this condition without exciting his suspicion. I knew of but one way; to let him see me open it for what he would consider the first time. So waiting till he came into the room, I approached him with the letter, tearing off the end of the envelope as I came. Opening it, I gave a cursory glance at its contents and tossed it down on the table before him.

"That appears to be of a private character," said I, "though there is no sign to that effect on the envelope."

He took it up while I stood there. At the first word he started, looked at me, seemed satisfied from my expression that I had not read far enough to realize its nature, and whirling slowly around in his chair devoured the remainder in silence. I waited a moment, then withdrew to my own desk. One minute, two minutes passed in silence; he was evidently rereading the letter, then he hurriedly rose and left the room. As he passed me I caught a glimpse of his face in the mirror. The expression I saw there did not tend to lessen the hope that was rising in my breast.

By following him almost immediately up stairs I ascertained that he went direct to Mary's room, and when in a few hours later the family collected around the dinner table, I perceived,

almost without looking up, that a great and insurmountable barrier had been raised between him and his favorite niece.

Two days passed; days that were for me one long and unrelieved suspense. Had Mr. Leavenworth answered that letter? Would it all end as it had begun without the appearance of the mysterious Clavering on the scene? I could not tell.

Meanwhile my monotonous work went on, grinding my heart beneath its relentless wheel. I wrote and wrote and wrote till it seemed as if my life blood went from me with every drop of ink I used. Always alert and listening, I dared not lift my head or turn my eyes at any unusual sound lest I should seem to be watching. The third night I had a dream; I have already told Mr. Raymond what it was and hence will not repeat it here. One correction, however, I wish to make in regard to it. In my statement I declared that the face of the man whom I saw lift his hand against my employer was that of Mr. Clavering. I lied when I said this. The face seen by me in my dream was my own. It was that fact which made it so horrible to me. In the crouching figure stealing warily down stairs, I saw as in a glass the vision of my own form. Otherwise my account of the matter was true.

This vision had a tremendous effect upon me. Was it a premonition? a forewarning of the way in which I was to win this coveted creature for my own? Was the death of her uncle the bridge that was to span the impassible gulf between us? I began to think it might be; to consider the possibilities which could make this the only path to my elysium; even went so far as to picture her loving face bending gratefully towards me through the glare of a sudden release from some emergency in which she stood. One thing was sure: if that was the way I must go, I had at least been taught how to tread it; and all through the dizzy, blurred day that followed, I saw, as I sat at my work, repeated visions of that stealthy, purposeful figure stealing down the stairs and entering with uplifted pistol into the unconscious presence of my employer. I even found myself a dozen times that day turning my eyes upon the door through which it was to come, wondering how long it would be before my actual form would pause there. That the moment was at hand I did not imagine. Even when I left him that night after drinking with him the glass of sherry mentioned at the inquest I had no idea the hour of action was so near. But when, not three minutes after going up stairs, I caught the

sound of a lady's dress rustling through the hall, and listening, heard Mary Leavenworth pass my door on her way to the library, I realized that the fatal hour was come; that something was going to be said or done in that room which would make this deed necessary. What? I determined to ascertain. Casting about in my mind for the means of doing so, I remembered that the ventilator running up through the house opened first into the passage-way connecting Mr. Leavenworth's bedroom and library, and, secondly, into the closet of the large spare room adjoining mine. Hastily unlocking the door of the communication between the rooms, I took my position in the closet. Instantly the sound of voices reached my ears; all was open below, and standing there, I was as much an auditor of what went on between Mary and her uncle as if I were in the library itself. And what did I hear? Enough to assure me my suspicions were correct; that it was a moment of vital interest to her; that Mr. Leavenworth, in pursuance of a threat evidently made some time since, was in the act of taking steps to change his will, and that she had come to make an appeal to be forgiven her fault and restored to his favor. What that fault was, I did not learn. No mention was made of Mr. Clavering as her husband. I only heard her declare that her action had been the result of impulse rather than love, that she regretted it and desired nothing more than to be free from all obligations to one she would fain forget, and be again to her uncle what she was before she ever saw this man. I thought, fool that I was, it was a mere engagement she was alluding to, and took the insanest hope from these words, and when in a moment later I heard her uncle reply in his sternest tone, that she had irreparably forfeited her claims to his regard and favor, I did not need her short and bitter cry of shame and disappointment, or that low moan for some one to help her, to sound his death knell in my heart. Creeping back to my own room I waited till I heard her reascend, then I stole forth. Calm as I had ever been in my life, I went down the stairs just as I had seen myself do in my dream, and knocking lightly at the library door, went in. Mr. Leavenworth was sitting in his usual place writing.

"Excuse me," said I as he looked up, "I have lost my memorandum book and think it possible I may have dropped it in the passage-way when I went for the wine." He bowed and I hurried past him into the closet. Once there, I proceeded rapidly

into the room beyond, procured the pistol, returned, and almost before I realized what I was doing, had taken up my position behind him, aimed and fired. The result was what you know. Without a groan his head fell forward on his hands, and Mary Leavenworth was the virtual possessor of the thousands she coveted.

My first thought was to procure the letter he was writing. Approaching the table, I tore it out from under his hands, looked at it, saw that it was, as I expected, a summons to his lawyer, and thrust it into my pocket together with the letter from Mr. Clavering which I perceived lying spattered with blood on the table before me. Not till this was done did I think of myself or remember the echo which that low, sharp report must have made in the house. Dropping the pistol at the side of the murdered man, I stood ready to shriek to any one who entered, that Mr. Leavenworth had killed himself. But I was saved from committing such folly. The report had not been heard, or, if so, had evidently failed to create an alarm. No one came, and I was left to contemplate my work undisturbed and decide upon the best course to be taken to avoid detection. A moment's study of the wound made in his head by the bullet convinced me of the impossibility of passing the affair off as a suicide, or even the work of a burglar. To any one versed in such matters it was manifestly a murder, and a most deliberate one. My one hope, then, lay in making it as mysterious as it was deliberate, by destroying all clue to the motive and manner of the deed. Picking up the pistol, I carried it into the other room with the intention of cleaning it, but finding nothing there to do it with, came back for the handkerchief which I remembered having seen lying on the floor at Mr. Leavenworth's feet. It was Miss Eleanore's, but I did not know it till I had used it to clean the barrel; then the sight of her initials in one corner so shocked me, I forgot to clean the cylinder, and only thought of how I could do away with this evidence of her handkerchief having been employed for a purpose so suspicious. Not daring to carry it from the room, I sought for means to destroy it, but finding none, compromised the matter by thrusting it deep down behind the cushion of one of the chairs in the hope of being able to recover it some time next day, when an opportunity would be given to burn it. This done, I reloaded the pistol, locked it up and prepared to leave the room. But here the horror which usually follows such deeds struck me like a thunderbolt and made me for the first time uncertain in my action. I locked the door on going out,

something I should never have done if I had been in the full possession of my faculties. Not till I reached the top of the stairs did I realize what I had done, and then it was too late, for there before me, candle in hand, and surprise written on every feature of her face, stood Hannah, one of the servants, looking at me.

"Lor, sir," she cried, but strange to say, in a low tone, "where have you been? You look as if you had seen a ghost." And her eyes turned suspiciously to the key which I held in my hand.

I felt as if some one had clutched me round the throat. Thrusting the key into my pocket, I took a step towards her. "I will tell you what I have seen if you will come down stairs," I whispered, "the ladies will be disturbed if we talk here," and smoothing my brow as best I could, I put out my hand and drew her towards me. What my motive was I hardly knew; the action was probably instinctive, but when I saw the look which came into her face as I touched her, and the alacrity with which she prepared to follow me, I took courage, remembering the one or two previous tokens I had had of this girl's unreasonable susceptibility to my influence; a susceptibility which I now felt could be utilized and made to serve my purpose.

Taking her down to the parlor floor, I drew her into the depths of the great drawing-room and there told her in the least alarming way possible what had happened to Mr. Leavenworth. She was of course intensely agitated, but she did not scream, — the novelty of her position evidently awing her as much as it bewildered — and greatly relieved I went on to say that I did not know who committed the deed but that folks would declare it was I if they knew I had been seen by her on the stairs with the library key in my hand. "But I won't tell," she whispered, trembling violently in her fright and eagerness. "I will keep it to myself. I will say I did n't see anybody." But I soon convinced her that she could never keep her secret if the police once began to question her, and following up my argument with a little cajolery, succeeded after a long while in winning her consent to leave the house till the storm should be blown over. But that given, it was some little time before I could make her comprehend that she must depart at once and without going back after her things. Not till I brightened up her wits by a promise to marry her some day, if she only obeyed me now, did she begin to look the thing in the face and show any evidence of the

real mother wit she evidently possessed. "Mrs. Belden would take me in," said she, "if I could only get to R——. She takes everybody in who asks her; and she would keep me, too, if I told her Miss Mary sent me. But I can't get there to-night."

I immediately set to work to convince her that she could. The midnight train did not leave the city for a half hour yet, and the distance to the depot could be easily walked by her in fifteen minutes. — But she had no money! I easily supplied that. — And she was afraid she could n't find her way! I entered into minutest directions. She still hesitated, but at length consented to go, and with some further understanding of the method I was to employ in communicating with her, we went down stairs. There we found a hat and shawl of the cook's which I put on her, and in another moment we were in the carriage-yard. "Remember, you are to say nothing of what has occurred, no matter what happens;" I whispered in parting injunction as she turned to leave me. "Remember you are to come and marry me some day," she murmured in reply, throwing her arms about my neck. The movement was sudden and it was probably at this time she dropped the candle she had held unconsciously clenched in her hand till now. I promised her and she glided out of the gate.

Of the dreadful agitation that followed the disappearance of this girl, I can give no better idea than by saying I not only committed the additional error of locking up the house on my re-entrance, but omitted to dispose of the key then in my pocket, by flinging it into the street or dropping it in the hall as I went up. The fact is, I was so absorbed by the thought of the danger I stood in from this girl, I forgot everything else. Hannah's pale face, Hannah's look of terror as she turned from my side and flitted down the street, were continually before me. I could not escape them; the form of the dead man lying below was less vivid. It was as though I were tied in fancy to this woman of the white face fluttering down the midnight streets. That she would fail in something — come back or be brought back — that I should find her standing white and horror-stricken on the front steps when I went down in the morning, was like a nightmare to me. I began to think it must be so, that she never would or could win her way unchallenged to that little cottage in a distant village; that I had but sent a trailing flag of danger out into the world with this wretched girl; danger that would come back to me with the first burst of morning light!

But even these thoughts faded after awhile before the realization of the peril I was in as long as the key and papers remained in my possession. How to get rid of them! I dared not leave my room again, or open my window. Some one might see me and remember it. Indeed I was afraid to move about in my room. Mr. Leavenworth might hear me. Yes, my morbid terror had reach that point — I was fearful of one whose ears I myself had forever closed, imagined him in his bed beneath and wakeful to the least sound.

But the necessity of doing something with these evidences of guilt finally overcame this morbid anxiety, and drawing the two letters from my pocket — I had not yet undressed — chose out the most dangerous of the two, that written by Mr. Leavenworth himself, and chewing it till it was mere pulp, threw it into a corner; but the other had blood on it, and nothing, not even the hope of safety, could induce me to put it to my lips. I was forced to lie with it clenched in my hand, and the flitting image of Hannah before my eyes till the slow morning broke. I have heard it said that a year in heaven seems like a day; I can easily believe it; I know that an hour in hell seems an eternity!

But with daylight came hope. Whether it was the sunshine glancing on the wall made me think of Mary and all I was ready to do for her sake, or whether it was the mere return of my natural stoicism in the presence of actual necessity, I cannot say. I only know that I arose calm and master of myself. The problem of the letter and key had solved itself also. Hide them? I would not try to! Instead of that I would put them in plain sight trusting to that very fact for their being overlooked. Making the letter up into lighters I carried them into the spare room and placed them in a vase; then, taking the key in my hand, went down stairs, intending to insert it in the lock of the library door as I went by. But Miss Eleanore, descending almost immediately behind me, made this impossible. I succeeded, however, in thrusting it, without her knowledge, among the filagree work of the gas fixture in the second hall, and thus relieved, went down into the breakfast room as self-possessed a man as ever crossed its threshold. Mary was there, looking exceedingly pale and disheartened, and as I met her eye, which for a wonder turned upon me as I entered, I could almost have laughed, thinking of the deliverance that had come to her, and of the time when I should proclaim myself to be the man who had accomplished it.

Of the alarm that speedily followed, and my action at that time and afterwards, I need not speak in detail. I behaved just as I would have done if I had had no hand in the murder. Indeed, I tried to forget I had. Even forbore to touch the key or go to the spare room or make any movement which I was not willing all the world should see. For as things stood, there was not a shadow of evidence against me in the house, neither was I, a hard-working, uncomplaining secretary, whose passion for one of his employer's nieces was not even mistrusted by the lady herself, a person to be suspected of the crime which threw him out of a fair situation. So I performed all the duties of my position, summoning the police, and going for Mr. Veeley, just as I would have done if those hours between my leaving Mr. Leavenworth for the first time and going down to breakfast in the morning had been blotted from my consciousness.

And this was the principle upon which I based my action at the inquest. Leaving that half hour and its occurrences out of the question, I resolved to answer all queries put me, as truthfully as I could; the great fault with men situated as I was, usually being that they lied too much, committing themselves on unessential matters. But alas! in thus planning for my own safety, I forgot one thing, and that was the dangerous position in which I should thus place Mary Leavenworth as the one benefited by the crime. Not till the inference was drawn by a juror, from the amount of wine found in Mr. Leavenworth's glass in the morning, that he had come to his death shortly after my leaving him, did I realize what an opening I had made for suspicion in her direction by admitting, that I had heard a rustle on the stair, a few minutes after going up. That all present believed it to have been made by Eleanore, did not reassure me. She was so completely disconnected with the crime I could not imagine suspicion holding to her for an instant. But Mary — If a curtain had been let down before me, pictured with the future as it has since developed, I could not have seen more plainly what her position would be, if attention were once directed towards her. So in the vain endeavor to cover up my blunder, I began to lie. Forced to admit that a shadow of disagreement had been lately visible between Mr. Leavenworth and one of his nieces, I threw the burden of it upon Eleanore, as the one best able to bear it, adding to this, denial of the fact that any letter had been received by Mr. Leavenworth which could in any way tend to explain the crime. The consequences were

more serious than I anticipated. Direction had been given to suspicion which every additional evidence that now came up seemed by some strange fatality to strengthen. Not only was it proved that Mr. Leavenworth's own pistol had been used in the assassination, and that too by a person then in the house, but I myself was brought to acknowledge that Eleanore had learned from me, only a little while before, how to load, aim, and fire this very pistol; — a coincidence mischievous enough to have been of the devil's own making.

Seeing all this, my fear of what the ladies would admit when questioned became very great. Let them in their innocence acknowledge that upon my ascent, Mary had gone to her uncle's room for the purpose of persuading him not to carry into effect the action he contemplated, and what consequences might not ensue! I was in a torment of apprehension. But events of which I had at that time no knowledge had occurred to influence them. Eleanore, with some show of reason, as it seems, not only suspected her cousin of the crime, but had informed her of the fact, and Mary, overcome with terror at finding there was more or less circumstantial evidence supporting the suspicion, decided to deny whatever told against herself, trusting to Eleanore's generosity not to be contradicted. Nor was her confidence misplaced. Though, by the course she thus took, Eleanore was forced to deepen the prejudice already rife against herself, she not only forebore to contradict her cousin, but when a true answer would have injured her, actually refused to return any, a lie being something she could not utter, even to save one especially endeared to her.

This conduct of hers had one effect upon me. It aroused my admiration and made me feel that here was a woman worth helping if assistance could be given without danger to myself. Yet I doubt if much would have come of my sympathy, if I had not perceived by the stress laid upon certain well-known matters, that actual danger hovered about us all, while the letter and key remained in the house. Even before the handkerchief was produced, I had made up my mind to attempt their destruction, but when that was brought out and shown, I became so alarmed I immediately rose and making my way under some pretence or other to the floors above, snatched the key from the gas fixture, the lighters from the vase, and hastening with them down the hall to Mary Leavenworth's room, went in under the expectation of there finding a fire in which to destroy them.

But to my heavy disappointment there were only a few smouldering ashes in the grate, and thwarted in my design, I stood hesitating what to do, when I heard some one coming upstairs. Alive to the consequences of being found in that room at that time, I cast the lighters into the grate and started for the door. But in the quick move I made, the key flew from my hand and slid under a chair. Aghast at the mischance, I paused, but the sound of approaching steps increasing, I lost all control over myself and fled from the room. And indeed I had no time to lose; I had barely reached my own door when Eleanore Leavenworth, followed by two servants, appeared at the top of the staircase and proceeded towards the room I had just left. The sight reassured me; she would see the key and take some means of disposing of it; and indeed I always supposed that she did, for no further word of key or letter ever came to my ears.

This may explain why the questionable position in which Eleanore soon found herself awakened in me no greater anxiety. I thought the suspicions of the police rested upon nothing more tangible than the peculiarity of her manner at the inquest, and the discovery of her handkerchief on the scene of the tragedy. I did not know they possessed what they might call absolute proof of her connection with the crime. But if I had, I doubt if I should have pursued a much different course. Mary's peril was the one thing capable of turning me, and she did not appear to be in peril. On the contrary, every one by common consent seemed to ignore all appearance of guilt on her part. If Mr. Gryce, whom I soon learned to fear, had given one sign of suspicion, or Mr. Raymond, whom I speedily recognized as my most persistent though unconscious foe, had betrayed the least distrust of her, I should have taken warning. But they did not, and lulled into a false security by their manner, I let the days go by without suffering any fears on her account. But not without many anxieties for myself. Hannah's existence precluded all sense of personal security. Knowing the determination of the police to find her, I trod the verge of an awful suspense continually.

Meantime the wretched certainty was forcing itself upon me that I had lost, instead of gained, a hold on Mary Leavenworth. Not only did she evince the utmost horror of the deed which had made her the mistress of her uncle's wealth, but, owing as I believed to the influence of Mr. Raymond, soon gave evidence that she was losing to a certain extent the characteristics of

mind and heart which had made me hopeful of winning her regard by my action. This revelation drove me almost insane. Under the terrible restraint forced upon me, I walked my weary round in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Many and many a time have I stopped in my work, wiped my pen and laid it down with the idea that I could not repress myself another moment, but I have always taken it up again and gone on with my task. Mr. Raymond has sometimes shown his wonder at my sitting in my dead employer's chair. Great heaven! it was my only safeguard. By keeping the murder constantly before my mind, I was enabled to restrain my disappointment at its failure to bring me the reward I anticipated.

At last there came a time when my agony could be no longer suppressed. Going down the stairs one evening with Mr. Raymond, I saw a strange gentlemen standing in the reception-room, looking at Mary Leavenworth in a way that would have made my blood boil, even if I had not heard him whisper these words, — "But you are my wife and know it, whatever you may say or do!"

It was the lightning-stroke of my life. After what I had done to make her mine, to hear another claim her as already his own, was stunning, maddening. It forced a demonstration from me. I had either to yell in my fury or deal the man beneath some tremendous blow in my hatred. I did not dare to shriek, so I struck the blow. Demanding his name from Mr. Raymond, and hearing that it was, as I expected, Clavering, I flung caution, reason, common sense, all to the winds, and in a moment of fury denounced him as the murderer of Mr. Leavenworth.

The next instant I would have given worlds to recall my words. What had I done but drawn attention to myself in thus accusing a man against whom nothing could of course be proved! But recall now was impossible. So after a night of thought I did the next best thing, gave a superstitious reason for my action, and so restored myself to my former position without eradicating from the mind of Mr. Raymond that vague doubt of the man, which my own safety demanded. But I had no intention of going any further, nor should I have done so if I had not observed that for some reason Mr. Raymond was willing to suspect Mr. Clavering. But that once seen, revenge took possession of me, and I asked myself if the burden of this crime could be thrown on this man. Still I do not believe that any

results would have followed if I had not overheard a whispered conversation between two of the servants, in which I learned that Mr. Clavering had been seen to enter the house on the night of the murder, but was not seen to leave it. That determined me. With a fact like this for a starting-point, what might I not hope to accomplish? Hannah alone stood in my way. While she remained alive I saw nothing but ruin before me. I made up my mind to destroy her and satisfy my hatred of Mr. Clavering at one blow. But how? By what means could I reach her without deserting my post, or make away with her without exciting fresh suspicion? The problem seemed insolvable; but Trueman Harwell had not played the part of a machine so long without result. Before I had studied the question a day, light broke upon it, and I saw that the only way to accomplish my plans was to inveigle her into destroying herself.

No sooner had the thought matured than I hastened to act upon it. Knowing the tremendous risk I ran, I took every precaution. Locking myself up in my room, I wrote her a letter in printed characters — she having distinctly told me she could not read writing — in which I played upon her ignorance, foolish fondness and Irish superstition, by telling her I dreamed of her every night and wondered if she did of me, was afraid she didn't, so enclosed her a little charm which if she would use according to directions (which were that she should first destroy my letter by burning it, next take in her hand the packet I was careful to enclose, swallow the powder accompanying it, and go to bed) would give her the most beautiful visions. — The powder was a deadly dose of poison and the packet was as you know a forged confession falsely criminating Henry Clavering. Enclosing all these in an envelope in the corner of which I had marked a cross, I directed it, according to agreement, to Mrs. Belden and sent it.

Then followed the greatest period of suspense I had yet endured. Though I had purposely refrained from putting my name to the letter, I felt that the chances of detection were very great. The least departure from the course I had marked out for her would prove fatal. If she opened the enclosed packet, or mistrusted the powder, or took Mrs. Belden into her confidence, or even failed to burn my letter, all would be lost. I could not be sure of her or know the result of my scheme except through the newspapers. Do you think I kept watch of the countenances about me? devoured the telegraphic news, or started when the

bell rang? And when a few days since I read that short paragraph in the paper which assured me that my efforts had at least produced the death of the woman I feared, do you think I experienced any sense of relief?

But of that why speak? In six hours had come the summons from Mr. Gryce, and — Let these prison walls, this confession itself, tell the rest. I am no longer capable of speech or action.

CHARLES ROLLIN.

Rollin, Charles, an eminent French historian and professor of belles-lettres; born at Paris, January 30, 1661; died September 14, 1741. He became Professor of Rhetoric in the College of Plessis in 1687; Professor of Eloquence in the Royal College of France in 1688; Principal of the University of Paris in 1694. He revived the study of Greek and made reforms in the system of education. His chief works are "On the Study of Belles-Lettres" (1726); "Ancient History" (12 vols., 1730–1738); "History of Rome" (1738).

The Carthaginians.

(From the "Ancient History.")

CARTHAGE FORMED AFTER THE MODEL OF TYRE, OF WHICH THAT CITY WAS A COLONY.

The Carthaginians were indebted to the Tyrians, not only for their origin, but their manners, language, customs, laws, religion, and the great application to commerce, as will appear from every part of the sequel. They spoke the same language with the Tyrians, and these the same with the Canaanites and Israelites, that is the Hebrew tongue, or at least a language which was entirely derived from it. Their names had commonly some particular meaning: thus Hanno signified *gracious, bountiful;* Dido, *amiable,* or *well beloved;* Sophonisba, *one who keeps faithfully her husband's secrets.* From a spirit of religion, they likewise joined the name of God to their own, conformably to the genius of the Hebrews. Hannibal, which answers to Ananias, signifies *Baal* (or *the Lord*) *has been gracious to me.* Asdrubal, answering to Azarias, implies *the Lord will be our succor.* It is the same with other names, Adherbal, Maharbal, Mastanabal, etc. The word Pœni, from which Punic is derived, is the same with Phœni or Phœnicians, because they came originally from Phœnicia. In the Pœnulus of Plautus is

a scene written in the Punic tongue, which has very much exercised the learned.

But the strict union which always subsisted between the Phœnicians and Carthaginians is still more remarkable.

When Cambyses had resolved to make war upon the latter, the Phœnicians, who formed the chief strength of his fleet, told him plainly, that they could not serve him against their countrymen; and this declaration obliged that prince to lay aside his design. The Carthaginians, on their side, were never forgetful of the country from whence they came, and to which they owed their origin. They sent regularly every year to Tyre a ship freighted with presents, as a quit-rent or acknowledgment paid to their ancient country; and its tutelar gods had an annual sacrifice offered to them by the Carthaginians, who considered them as their protectors. They never failed to send thither the first fruits of their revenues, nor the tithe of the spoils taken from their enemies, as offerings to Hercules, one of the principal gods of Tyre and Carthage. The Tyrians, to secure from Alexander, who was then besieging their city, what they valued above all things, I mean their wives and children, sent them to Carthage, where, at a time that the inhabitants of the latter were involved in a furious war, they were received and entertained with such a kindness and generosity as might be expected from the most tender and opulent parents. Such uninterrupted testimonies of a warm and sincere gratitude do a nation more honor than the greatest conquests and the most glorious victories.

THE RELIGION OF THE CARTHAGINIANS.

It appears from several passages of the history of Carthage, that its generals looked upon it as an indispensable duty to begin and end all their enterprises with the worship of the gods. Hamilcar, father of the great Hannibal, before he entered Spain in a hostile manner, offered up a sacrifice to the gods. And his son, treading in his steps, before he left Spain, and marched against Rome, went to Cadiz in order to pay the vows he made to Hercules, and to offer up new ones, in case that god should be propitious to him. After the battle of Cannæ, when he acquainted the Carthaginians with the joyful news, he recommended to them, above all things, the offering up a solemn thanksgiving to the immortal gods, for the several victories he had obtained.

DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE

From a Painting by J. M. W. Turner

Nor was this religious honoring of the deity on all occasions the ambition of particular persons only, but it was the genius and disposition of the whole nation.

Polybius has transmitted to us a treaty of peace concluded between Philip, son of Demetrius, king of Macedon, and the Carthaginians, in which the great respect and veneration of the latter for the deity, and their inherent persuasion that the gods assist and preside over human affairs, and particularly over the solemn treaties made in their name and presence, are strongly displayed. Mention is therein made of five or six different orders of deities; and this enumeration appears very extraordinary in a public instrument, such as a treaty of peace concluded between two nations. I will here present my readers with the very words of the historian, as it will give some idea of the Carthaginian theology. *This treaty was concluded in the presence of Jupiter, Juno, and Apollo; in the presence of the demon or genius of the Carthaginians, of Hercules and Iolaus; in the presence of Mars, Triton, and Neptune; in the presence of all the confederate gods of the Carthaginians, and of the sun, the moon, and the earth; in the presence of the rivers, meads, and waters; in the presence of all those gods who possess Carthage.* What would we now say to an instrument of this kind, in which the tutelar angels and saints of a kingdom should be introduced!

The Carthaginians had two deities, to whom they paid a more particular worship, and who deserve to have some mention made of them in this place.

The first was the goddess Cœlestis, called likewise Urania, or the moon, who was invoked in great calamities, and particularly in droughts, in order to obtain rain: that very virgin Cœlestis, says Tertullian, the promiser of rain, — *Isto ipsa virgo Cœlestis, pluviarum pollicitatrix.* Tertullian, speaking of this goddess, and of Æsculapius, gives the heathens of that age a challenge, which is bold indeed, but at the same time very glorious to the cause of Christianity: and declares, that any Christian, who first comes, shall oblige these false gods to confess publicly that they are but devils; and consents that this Christian shall be immediately killed, if he does not extort such a confession from the mouth of these gods. *Nisi se dæmones confessi fuerint Christiano mentiri non audentes, ibidem illius Christiani procacissimi sanguinem fundite.* St. Austin likewise makes frequent mention of this deity. *What is now,*

says he, *become of Cœlestis, whose empire was once so great in Carthage?* This *was doubtless the same deity whom* Jeremiah calls *the queen of heaven;* and who was held in so much reverence by the Jewish women, that they addressed their vows, burnt incense, poured out drink-offerings, and made cakes for her with their own hands, *ut faciant placentas reginæ cœli:* and from whom they boasted their having received all manner of blessings, while they paid her a regular worship; whereas, since they had failed in it, they had been oppressed with misfortunes of every kind.

The second deity particularly adored by the Carthaginians, and in whose honor human sacrifices were offered, was Saturn, known in Scripture by the name of Moloch; and this worship passed from Tyre to Carthage. Philo quotes a passage from Sanchoniathon, which shows that the kings of Tyre, in great dangers, used to sacrifice their sons to appease the anger of the gods; and that one of them, by this action, procured himself divine honors, and was worshipped as a god, under the name of the planet Saturn: to this doubtless was owing the fable of Saturn devouring his own children. Private persons, when they were desirous of averting any great calamity, took the same method; and, in imitation of their princes, were so very superstitious, that such as had no children purchased those of the poor, in order that they might not be deprived of the merit of such a sacrifice. This custom prevailed long among the Phœnicians and Canaanites, from whom the Israelites borrowed it, though forbidden expressly by Heaven. At first children were inhumanly burned, either in a fiery furnace, like those in the valley of Hinnom, so often mentioned in Scripture, or enclosed in a flaming statue of Saturn. The cries of these unhappy victims were drowned by the uninterrupted noise of drums and trumpets. Mothers made it a merit, and a part of their religion, to view this barbarous spectacle with dry eyes, and without so much as a groan; and if a tear or a sigh stole from them, the sacrifice was less acceptable to the deity, and all the effects of it were entirely lost. This strength of mind, or rather savage barbarity, was carried to such excess, that even mothers would endeavor, with embraces and kisses, to hush the cries of their children; lest, had the victim been offered with an unbecoming grace, and in the midst of tears, it should anger the god; *blanditiis et osculis comprimebant vagitum, ne flebilis hostia immolaretur.* They afterwards contented them-

selves with making their children pass through the fire, in which they frequently perished, as appears from several passages of Scripture.

The Carthaginians retained the barbarous custom of offering human sacrifices to their gods, till the ruin of their city: an action which ought to have been called a sacrilege rather than a sacrifice, — *Sacrilegium verius quam sacrum.* It was suspended only for some years, from the fear they were under of drawing upon themselves the indignation and arms of Darius I., king of Persia, who forbade them the offering up of human sacrifices, and the eating the flesh of dogs; but they soon resumed this horrid practice, since, in the reign of Xerxes, the successor to Darius, Gelon, the tyrant of Syracuse, having gained a considerable victory over the Carthaginians in Sicily, ordered, among other conditions of peace, *That no more human sacrifices should be offered to Saturn.* And, doubtless, the practice of the Carthaginians, on this very occasion, made Gelon use this precaution. For during the whole engagement, which lasted from morning till night, Hamilcar, the son of Hanno, their general, was perpetually offering up to the gods sacrifices of living men, who were thrown in great numbers on a flaming pile; and seeing his troops routed and put to flight, he himself rushed into it, in order that he might not survive his own disgrace; and to extinguish, says St. Ambrose, speaking of this action, with his own blood, this sacrilegious fire, when he found that it had not proved of service to him.

In times of pestilence they used to sacrifice a great number of children to their gods, unmoved with pity for a tender age, which excites compassion in the most cruel enemies; thus seeking a remedy for their evils in guilt itself, and endeavoring to appease the gods by the most shocking barbarity.

Diodorus relates an instance of this cruelty, which strikes the reader with horror. At the time that Agathocles was just going to besiege Carthage, its inhabitants, seeing the extremity to which they were reduced, imputed all their misfortunes to the just anger of Saturn, because that, instead of offering up children nobly born, who were usually sacrificed to him, he had been fraudulently put off with the children of slaves and foreigners. To atone for this crime, two hundred children of the best families in Carthage were sacrificed to Saturn; besides which, upwards of three hundred citizens, from a sense of their guilt of this pretended crime, voluntarily sacrificed themselves,

Diodorus adds, that there was a brazen statue of Saturn, the hands of which were turned downwards, so that, when a child was laid on them, it dropped immediately into a hollow, where was a fiery furnace.

Can this, says Plutarch, be called worshipping the gods? Can we be said to entertain an honorable idea of them, if we supposed that they are pleased with slaughter, thirsty of human blood, and capable of requiring or accepting such offerings? Religion, says this judicious author, is placed between two rocks, that are equally dangerous to man and injurious to the Deity, I mean impiety and superstition. The one, from an affectation of free-thinking, believes nothing; and the other, from a blind weakness, believes all things. Impiety, to rid itself of a terror which galls it, denies the very existence of the gods; while superstition, to calm its fears, capriciously forges gods, which it makes not only the friends, but protectors and models of crimes. Had it not been better, says he farther, for the Carthaginians to have had a Critias, a Diagoras, and such like open and undisguised atheists for their lawgivers, than to have established so frantic and wicked a religion? Could the Typhons and the giants (the avowed enemies of the gods), had they gained a victory over them, have established more abominable sacrifices?

Such were the sentiments which a heathen entertained of this part of the Carthaginian worship. But one would hardly believe that mankind were capable of such madness and frenzy. Men do not generally entertain ideas so destructive of all those things which nature considers as most sacred, as to sacrifice, to murder their children with their own hands, and to throw them in cool blood into fiery furnaces! Sentiments, so unnatural and barbarous and yet adopted by whole nations, and even by the most civilized, as the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Gauls, Scythians, and even the Greeks and Romans, and consecrated by custom during a long series of ages, can have been inspired by him only, who was a murderer from the beginning, and who delights in nothing but the humiliation, misery, and perdition of man.

TRADE OF CARTHAGE, THE FIRST SOURCE OF ITS WEALTH AND POWER.

Commerce, strictly speaking, was the occupation of Carthage, the particular object of its industry, and its peculiar and

predominant characteristic. It formed the greatest strength and the chief support of that commonwealth. In a word, we may affirm that the power, the conquests, the credit, and the glory of the Carthaginians, all flowed from their commerce. Situated in the centre of the Mediterranean, and stretching out their arms eastward and westward, the extent of their commerce took in all the known world; and wafted it to the coast of Spain, of Mauritania, of Gaul, and beyond the strait and pillars of Hercules. They sailed to all countries, in order to buy, at a cheap rate, the superfluities of every nation, which, by the wants of others, became necessaries; and these they sold to them at the dearest rate. From Egypt the Carthaginians brought fine flax, paper, corn, sails, and cables for ships; from the coast of the Red Sea, spices, frankincense, perfumes, gold, pearl, and precious stones; from Tyre and Phœnicia, purple and scarlet, rich stuffs, tapestry, costly furniture, and divers curious and exquisite works of art; in a word, they brought from various countries all things that can supply the necessities, or are capable of contributing to the comfort, luxury, and the delights of life. They brought back from the western parts of the world, in return for the commodities carried thither, iron, tin, lead, and copper; by the sale of which articles they enriched themselves at the expense of all nations; and put them under a kind of contribution, which was so much the surer, as it was spontaneous.

In thus becoming the factors and agents of all nations, they had made themselves lords of the sea; the band which held the east, the west, and south together, and the necessary channel of their communication; so that Carthage rose to be the common city, and the centre of the trade of all those nations which the sea separated from one another.

The most considerable personages of the city were not ashamed of engaging in trade. They applied themselves to it as industriously as the meanest citizens; and their great wealth did not make them less in love with the diligence, patience, and labor, which are necessary for the acquisition of it. To this they owed their empire of the sea; the splendor of their republic; their being able to dispute for superiority with Rome itself; and their elevation of power, which forced the Romans to carry on a bloody and doubtful war for upwards of forty years, in order to humble and subdue this haughty rival. In short, Rome, even in its triumphant state, thought Carthage

was not to be entirely reduced any other way than by depriving that city of the benefits of its commerce, by which it had been so long enabled to resist the whole strength of that mighty republic.

However, it is no wonder that, as Carthage came in a manner out of the greatest school of traffic in the world, I mean Tyre, she should have been crowned with such rapid and uninterrupted success. The very vessels in which its founders had been conveyed into Africa, were afterwards employed by them in their trade. They began to make settlements upon the coasts of Spain, in those ports where they unloaded their goods. The ease with which they had founded these settlements, and the conveniences they met with, inspired them with the design of conquering those vast regions; and some time after, *Nova Carthago*, or New Carthage, gave the Carthaginians an empire in that country, almost equal to that which they enjoyed in Africa.

THE MINES OF SPAIN, THE SECOND SOURCE OF THE RICHES AND POWER OF CARTHAGE.

Diodorus justly remarks that the gold and silver mines found by the Carthaginians in Spain were an inexhaustible fund of wealth, that enabled them to sustain such long wars against the Romans. The natives had long been ignorant of these treasures that lay concealed in the bowels of the earth, at least of their use and value. The Phœnicians took advantage of this ignorance, and by bartering some wares of little value for this precious metal, which the natives suffered them to dig up, they amassed infinite wealth. When the Carthaginians had made themselves masters of the country, they dug much deeper into the earth than the old inhabitants of Spain had done, who probably were content with what they could collect on the surface; and the Romans, when they had dispossessed the Carthaginians of Spain, profited by their example, and drew an immense revenue from these mines of gold and silver.

The labor employed to come at these mines, and to dig the gold and silver out of them, was incredible, for the veins of these metals rarely appeared on the surface; they were to be sought for and traced through frightful depths, where very often floods of water stopped the miners, and seemed to defeat all future pursuits. But avarice is as patient in undergoing

fatigues, as ingenious in finding expedients. By pumps, which Archimedes had invented when in Egypt, the Romans afterwards threw up the water out of these pits, and quite drained them. Numberless multitudes of slaves perished in these mines, which were dug to enrich their masters, who treated them with the utmost barbarity, forced them by heavy stripes to labor, and gave them no respite either day or night. Polybius, as quoted by Strabo, says, that in his time, upwards of forty thousand men were employed in the mines near *Nova Carthago*, and furnished the Romans every day with twenty-five thousand drachms, or three thousand eight hundred and fifteen dollars and sixty-three cents.

We must not be surprised to see the Carthaginians, soon after the greatest defeats, sending fresh and numerous armies again into the field; fitting out mighty fleets, and supporting, at a great expense, for many years, wars carried on by them in far distant countries. But it must surprise us to hear of the Romans doing the same; they whose revenues were very inconsiderable before those great conquests, which subjected to them the most powerful nations; and who had no resources, either from trade, to which they were absolute strangers, or from gold or silver mines, which were very rarely found in Italy, in case there were any; and consequently, the expenses of which must have swallowed up all the profit. The Romans, in the frugal and simple life they led, in their zeal for the public welfare and love for their country, possessed funds which were not less ready or secure than those of Carthage, but at the same time were far more honorable to their nation.

THE FOUNDATION OF CARTHAGE, AND ITS PROGRESS TILL THE TIME OF THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

Carthage, in Africa, was a colony from Tyre, the most renowned city at that time for commerce in the world. Tyre had long before transplanted another colony into that country, which built Utica, made famous by the death of the second Cato, who for this reason is generally called Cato Uticensis.

Authors disagree very much with regard to the era of the foundation of Carthage. It is a difficult matter, and not very material, to reconcile them; at least agreeably to the plan laid down by me, it is sufficient to know, within a few years, the time in which that city was built.

Carthage existed a little above seven hundred years. It was destroyed under the consulate of Cn. Lentulus and L. Mummius, the 603d year of Rome, 3859th of the world, and 145 before Christ. The foundation of it may therefore be fixed at the year of the world 3158, when Joash was king of Judah, 98 years before the building of Rome, and 846 before our Saviour.

The foundation of Carthage is ascribed to Elisa, a Tyrian princess, better known by the name of Dido. Ithobal, king of Tyre, and father of the famous Jezebel, called in Scripture Ethbaal, was her great-grandfather. She married her near relation Acerbas, called otherwise Sicharbas and Sichæus, an extremely rich prince, and Pygmalion, king of Tyre, was her brother. This prince having put Sichæus to death, in order that he might have an opportunity of seizing his immense treasures, Dido eluded the cruel avarice of her brother, by withdrawing secretly with all her dead husband's possessions. After having long wandered, she at last landed on the coast of the Mediterranean, in the gulf where Utica stood, and in the country of Africa, properly so called, distant almost fifteen miles from Tunis, so famous, at this time, for its corsairs; and there settled with her few followers, after having purchased some lands from the inhabitants of the country.[1]

Many of the neighboring people, invited by the prospect of lucre, repaired thither to sell to these foreigners the necessaries of life, and shortly after incorporated themselves with them. These inhabitants, who had been thus gathered from different places, soon grew very numerous. The citizens of Utica, considering them as their countrymen, and as descended from the same common stock, deputed envoys with very considerable presents, and exhorted them to build a city in the place where they had first settled. The natives of the country, from the esteem and respect frequently shown to strangers, made them the like offers. Thus all things conspiring with Dido's views, she built her city, which was appointed to pay an annual tribute

[1] Some authors say, that Dido put a trick on the natives, by desiring to purchase of them, for her intended settlement, only so much land as an ox's hide would encompass. The request was thought too moderate to be denied. She then cut the hide into the smallest thongs; and with them encompassed a large tract of ground, on which she built a citadel, called Byrsa, from the hide. But this tale of the hide is generally exploded by the learned; who observe, that the Hebrew word Bosra, which signifies a fortification, gave rise to the Greek word Byrsa, which is the name of the citadel of Carthage.

to the Africans for the ground it stood upon, and called it Carthada, or Carthage, a name that in the Phœnician and Hebrew tongues, which have a great affinity, signifies the New City. It is said that, when the foundations were dug, a horse's head was found, which was thought a good omen, and a presage of the future warlike genius of that people.

This princess was afterwards courted by Iarbas, king of Getulia, and threatened with a war in case of refusal. Dido, who had bound herself by an oath not to consent to a second marriage, being incapable of violating the faith she had sworn to Sichæus, desired time for deliberation, and for appeasing the manes of her first husband by sacrifice. Having, therefore, ordered a pile to be raised, she ascended it; and drawing out a dagger she had concealed under her robe, stabbed herself with it.

Virgil has made a great alteration in this history, by supposing that Æneas, his hero, was contemporary with Dido, though there was an interval of near three centuries between the one and the other: the era of the building of Carthage being fixed three hundred years later than the destruction of Troy. This liberty is very excusable in a poet, who is not tied to the scrupulous accuracy of a historian; we admire, with great reason, the judgment he has shown in his plan, when, to interest the Romans for whom he wrote, he has the art of introducing the implacable hatred which subsisted between Carthage and Rome, and ingeniously deduces the original of it from the very remote foundation of those two rival cities.

Carthage, whose beginnings, as we have observed, were very weak, grew larger by insensible degrees, in the country where it was founded. But its dominion was not long confined to Africa. The inhabitants of this ambitious city extended their conquests into Europe, by invading Sardinia, seizing a great part of Sicily, and reducing almost all Spain; and having sent powerful colonies everywhere, they enjoyed the empire of the seas for more than six hundred years; and formed a state which was able to dispute pre-eminence with the greatest empires of the world, by their wealth, their commerce, their numerous armies, their formidable fleets, and above all, by the courage and ability of their captains.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

Ronsard, Pierre de, a noted French poet; born near Couture, in the province of Vendômois, September 11, 1524; died at the priory of Saint-Côme, Touraine, December 27, 1585. On the marriage of Marie of Lorraine to James V. of Scotland, he accompanied the bride to Scotland, and remained for more than three years in Great Britain. He then returned to France, re-entered the service of the Duke of Orleans, and was sent on courtly errands to Flanders and elsewhere. His career was checked by a serious illness. Ronsard quitted Court, and for several years applied himself to study at the Collège de Coqueret, Paris. In 1550 appeared Ronsard's "Amours" and "Quatre Livres d'Odes." Ronsard was appl uded as the "prince of poets." He published two volumes of "Hymnes" (1555–56), and in 1572 four books of an epic entitled "La Franciade." He did not complete the epic, which was to have consisted of twenty-four books. In 1584 he published his works collectively, in one volume.

Sonnet.

To Angelette.

Here through this wood my saintly Angelette
  Goes, making springtime blither with her song;
  Here lost in smiling thought she strays along,
While on these flowers her little feet are set.
Here is the meadow and the gentle stream
  That laughs in ripples by her hand caressed,
  As loitering still, she gathers to her breast
The enamelled flowers that o'er its wavelets dream.
  Here, singing I behold her, there, in tears;
  And here she smiles, and there my fancy hears
Her sweet discourse, with boundless blessings rife.
  Here sits she down, and there I see her dance;
  So with the shuttle of a vague romance,
Love weaves the warp and woof of all my life.

His Lady's Tomb.

As in the gardens, all through May, the rose.
  Lovely and young and rich apparellèd,
  Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;

Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
  The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
  Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
The languid flower, and the loose leaves unclose:

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
When heaven and earth were vocal of her praise,
  The fates have slain, and her sweet soul reposes
And tears I bring, and sighs, and on her tomb
Pour milk, and scatter buds of many a bloom,
  That, dead as living, Rose may be with roses.

Roses.

I send you here a wreath of blossoms blown,
  And woven flowers at sunset gatherèd.
  Another dawn had seen them ruined, and shed
Loose leaves upon the grass at random strown.
By this, their sure example, be it known
  That all your beauties, now in perfect flower,
  Shall fade as these, and wither in an hour,
Flower-like, and brief of days, as the flower sown.

Ah, time is flying, lady — time is flying;
  Nay, 't is not time that flies but we that go,
Who in short space shall be in churchyard lying,
  And of our loving parley none shall know,
Nor any man consider what we were:
Be therefore kind, my love, whilst thou art fair.

To Cassandra.

"Darling! look if that blushing rose,
  That but this morning did unclose
    Her crimson vestments to the sun,
  Hath not quite lost in evening's air
  The fine folds of that vestment rare,
    And that bright tinting like your own.

"Alas! even in this little space,
  Dearest, we see o'er all the place
    Her scattered beauties strown!
  O stepdame Nature! stern and hard,
  That could not such a flower have spared
    From morn till eve along!

"Then, darling, hear me while I sing!
Enjoy the verdure of your spring,
The sweets of youth's short hour;
Gather the blossoms while ye may,
For youth is gone like yesterday,
And beauty like that flower!"

Song.

To Marie.

The spring hath not so many flowers;
The autumn, grapes within its bowers;
The summer, heats that make men pale;
The winter, stores of icy hail;
Nor fishes hath the boundless sea,
Nor harvests in fair Beau there be;
Nor Brittany, unnumbered sands,
Nor fountains have Auvergne's broad lands;
Nor hath so many stars the night,
Nor the wide woodland branches light, —
As hath my heart of heavy pains,
Born of my mistress's disdains.

A Madrigal.

To Astræa.

Why those engraven agates dost thou wear,
Rich rubies, and the flash of diamonds bright?
Thy beauty is enough to make thee fair, —
Beauty that love endows with its own light.
Then hide that pearl, born of the Orient sea:
Thy grace alone should ornament thy hand;
Thy gems but serve to make us understand
They take their splendor and their worth from thee.
'Tis thy bright eyes that make thy diamonds shine,
And not the gems that make thee more divine.
Thou work'st thy miracles, my lady fair,
With or without thy jewels; all the same,
I own thy sovranty: now ice, now flame, —
As love and hatred drive me to despair, —
I die with rapture, or I writhe in shame,
Faint with my grief, or seem to tread on air.

Good Counsel.

Not to rejoice too much at Fortune's smile
Nor at her frown despair, —
This makes man happy, and he lives meanwhile
Without or fear or care.

Like Time himself, borne by his sweeping wings,
All things else pass away;
And fifty sudden summers and sweet springs
Flit by us like a day.

Cities and forts and kingdoms perish all
Before Time's mighty breath;
And new ones spring to life, like them to fall,
And crumble into death.

Therefore let no man cherish the vain thought
Of an immortal name,
Seeing how Time itself doth come to naught,
And he shall fare the same.

Arm thyself then with proud philosophy
Against the blows of fate;
And with a soul courageous, firm, and free
The storms of life await.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Roosevelt, Theodore, an American author, statesman, and soldier; born in New York city, October 27, 1858. He early allied himself with the civil-service reform movement, and with other reforms in the government of his native city. He was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1897, which office he resigned to take the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Rough Riders" regiment in the Spanish-American war. Returning after the war he was elected Governor of the state of New York. He has written "The Naval War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Life of Thomas Hart Benton" (1887); "Gouverneur Morris" (1888); "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Winning of the West" (1889); "History of New York City" (1891); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1893); "American Ideals, and other Essays" (1897).

The Backwoodsmen of the Alleghanies.[1]

(From "The Winning of the West.")

The backwoodsmen as a class neither built towns nor loved to dwell therein. They were to be seen at their best in the vast, interminable forests that formed their chosen home. They won and kept their lands by force, and ever lived either at war or in dread of war. Hence they settled always in groups of several families each, all banded together for mutual protection. Their red foes were strong and terrible, cunning in council, dreadful in battle, merciless beyond belief in victory. The men of the border did not overcome and dispossess cowards and weaklings; they marched forth to spoil the stout-hearted and to take for a prey the possessions of the men of might. Every acre, every rood of ground which they claimed had to be cleared by the axe and held with the rifle. Not only was the chopping down of the forest the first preliminary to cultivation, but it was also the surest means of subduing the In

[1] Copyright, 1889, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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dians, to whom the unending stretches of choked woodland were an impenetrable cover behind which to move unseen, a shield in making assaults, and a strong tower of defence in repelling counter-attacks. In the conquest of the west the backwoods axe, shapely, well-poised, with long haft and light head, was a servant hardly standing second even to the rifle; the two were the national weapons of the American backwoodsman, and in their use he has never been excelled.

When a group of families moved out into the wilderness they built themselves a station or stockade fort; a square palisade of upright logs, loop-holed, with strong blockhouses as bastions at the corners. One side at least was generally formed by the backs of the cabins themselves, all standing in a row; and there was a great door or gate, that could be strongly barred in case of need. Often no iron whatever was employed in any of the buildings. The square inside contained the provision sheds and frequently a strong central blockhouse as well. These forts, of course, could not stand against cannon, and they were always in danger when attacked with fire; but save for this risk of burning they were very effectual defences against men without artillery, and were rarely taken, whether by whites or Indians, except by surprise. Few other buildings have played so important a part in our history as the rough stockade fort of the backwoods.

The families only lived in the fort when there was war with the Indians, and even then not in the winter. At other times they all separated out to their own farms, universally called clearings, as they were always made by first cutting off the timber. The stumps were left to dot the fields of grain and Indian corn. The corn in especial was the stand-by and invariable resource of the western settler; it was the crop on which he relied to feed his family, and when hunting or on a war trail the parched grains were carried in his leather wallet to serve often as his only food. But he planted orchards and raised melons, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables as well; and he had usually a horse or two, cows, and perhaps hogs and sheep, if the wolves and bears did not interfere. If he was poor his cabin was made of unhewn logs, and held but a single room; if well-to-do, the logs were neatly hewed, and besides the large living and eating room with its huge stone fireplace, there was also a small bedroom and a kitchen, while a ladder led to the loft above, in which the boys slept. The

floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed carefully out, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house, to serve instead of a wardrobe; and buck antlers, thrust into joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs; there were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses old-fashioned rocking-chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bear-skins, and deer-hides.

These clearings lay far apart from one another in the wilderness. Up to the door-sills of the log-huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues on leagues of shadowy, wolf-haunted woodland. The great trees towered aloft till their separate heads were lost in the mass of foliage above, and the rank underbrush choked the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks and ridge-crests of the mountains there were straggling birches and pines, hemlocks and balsam firs; elsewhere, oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and great tulip trees grew side by side with many other kinds. The sunlight could not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves; through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of midday gloaming. Those who had lived in the open plains felt when they came to the backwoods as if their heads were hooded. Save on the border of a lake, from a cliff top, or on a bald knob — that is, a bare hill-shoulder, — they could not anywhere look out for any distance.

All the land was shrouded in one vast forest. It covered the mountains from crest to river-bed, filled the plains, and stretched in sombre and melancholy wastes towards the Mississippi. All that it contained, all that lay hid within it and beyond it, none could tell; men only knew that their boldest hunters, however deeply they had penetrated, had not yet gone through it, that it was the home of the game they followed and the wild beasts that preyed on their flocks, and that deep in its tangled depths lurked their red foes, hawk-eyed and wolf-hearted.

Backwoods society was simple, and the duties and rights of each member of the family were plain and clear. The man was the armed protector and provider, the bread-winner; the woman was the housewife and child-bearer. They married young and their families were large, for they were strong and

healthy, and their success in life depended on their own stout arms and willing hearts. There was everywhere great equality of conditions. Land was plenty and all else scarce; so courage, thrift, and industry were sure of their reward. All had small farms, with the few stock necessary to cultivate them; the farms being generally placed in the hollows, the division lines between them, if they were close together, being the tops of the ridges and the water-courses, especially the former. The buildings of each farm were usually at its lowest point, as if in the centre of an amphitheatre. Each was on an average of about 400 acres, but sometimes more. Tracts of low, swampy grounds, possibly some miles from the cabin, were cleared for meadows, the fodder being stacked, and hauled home in winter.

Each backwoodsman was not only a small farmer but also a hunter; for his wife and children depended for their meat upon the venison and bear's flesh procured by his rifle. The people were restless and always on the move. After being a little while in a place, some of the men would settle down permanently, while others would again drift off, farming and hunting alternately to support their families. The backwoodsman's dress was in great part borrowed from his Indian foes. He wore a fur cap or felt hat, moccasins, and either loose, thin trousers, or else simply leggings of buckskin or elk-hide, and the Indian breech-clout. He was always clad in the fringed hunting-shirt, of homespun or buckskin, the most picturesque and distinctively national dress ever worn in America. It was a loose smock or tunic, reaching nearly to the knees, and held in at the waist by a broad belt, from which hung the tomahawk and scalping-knife. His weapon was the long, small-bore, flint-lock rifle, clumsy and ill-balanced, but exceedingly accurate. It was very heavy, and when upright, reached to the chin of a tall man; for the barrel of thick, soft iron, was four feet in length, while the stock was short, and the butt scooped out. Sometimes it was plain, sometimes ornamented. It was generally bored out — or, as the expression then was, "sawed out" — to carry a ball of seventy, more rarely of thirty or forty, to the pound; and was usually of backwoods manufacture. The marksman almost always fired from a rest, and rarely at a very long range; and the shooting was marvellously accurate.

In the backwoods there was very little money; barter was

the common form of exchange, and peltries were often used as a circulating medium, a beaver, otter, fisher, dressed buckskin or large bearskin being reckoned as equal to two foxes or wildcats, four coons, or eight minks. A young man inherited nothing from his father but his strong frame and eager heart; but before him lay a whole continent wherein to pitch his farm, and he felt ready to marry as soon as he became of age, even though he had nothing but his clothes, his horses, his axe, and his rifle. If a girl was well off, and had been careful and industrious, she might herself bring a dowry, of a cow and a calf, a brood mare, a bed well stocked with blankets, and a chest containing her clothes — the latter not very elaborate, for a woman's dress consisted of a hat or poke bonnet, a "bed gown," perhaps a jacket, and a linsey petticoat, while her feet were thrust into coarse shoepacks or moccasins. Fine clothes were rare; a suit of such cost more than 200 acres of good land.

The first lesson the backwoodsmen learnt was the necessity of self-help; the next, that such a community could only thrive if all joined in helping one another. Log-rollings, house-raisings, house-warmings, corn-shuckings, quiltings, and the like were occasions when all the neighbors came together to do what the family itself could hardly accomplish alone. Every such meeting was the occasion of a frolic and dance for the young people, whisky and rum being plentiful, and the host exerting his utmost power to spread the table with backwoods delicacies — bear-meat and venison, vegetables from the "truck patch," where squashes, melons, beans, and the like were grown, wild fruits, bowls of milk, and apple pies, which were the acknowledged standard of luxury. At the better houses there was metheglin or small beer, cider, cheese, and biscuits. Tea was so little known that many of the backwoods people were not aware it was a beverage and at first attempted to eat the leaves with salt or butter.

The young men prided themselves on their bodily strength, and were always eager to contend against one another in athletic games, such as wrestling, racing, jumping, and lifting flour-barrels; and they also sought distinction in vieing with one another at their work. Sometimes they strove against one another singly, sometimes they divided into parties, each bending all its energies to be first in shucking a given heap of corn or cutting (with sickles) an allotted patch of wheat.

Among the men the bravos or bullies often were dandies also in the backwoods fashions, wearing their hair long and delighting in the rude finery of hunting-shirts embroidered with porcupine quills; they were loud, boastful, and profane, given to coarsely bantering one another. Brutally savage fights were frequent; the combatants, who were surrounded by rings of interested spectators, striking, kicking, biting, and gouging. The fall of one of them did not stop the fight, for the man who was down was maltreated without mercy until he called "enough." The victor always bragged savagely of his prowess, often leaping on a stump, crowing and flapping his arms. This last was a thoroughly American touch; but otherwise one of these contests was less a boxing match than a kind of backwoods *pankrátion*, no less revolting than its ancient prototype of Olympic fame. Yet, if the uncouth borderers were as brutal as the highly polished Greeks, they were more manly; defeat was not necessarily considered disgrace, a man often fighting when he was certain to be beaten, while the onlookers neither hooted nor pelted the conquered. We first hear of the noted scout and Indian fighter, Simon Kenton, as leaving a rival for dead after one of these ferocious duels, and fleeing from his home in terror of the punishment that might follow the deed. Such fights were specially frequent when the backwoodsmen went into the little frontier towns to see horse races or fairs.

A wedding was always a time of festival. If there was a church anywhere near, the bride rode thither on horseback behind her father, and after the service her pillion was shifted to the bridegroom's steed. If, as generally happened, there was no church, the groom and his friends, all armed, rode to the house of the bride's father, plenty of whisky being drunk, and the men racing recklessly along the narrow bridle-paths, for there were few roads or wheeled vehicles in the backwoods. At the bride's house the ceremony was performed, and then a huge dinner was eaten; after which the fiddling and dancing began, and were continued all the afternoon, and most of the night as well. A party of girls stole off the bride and put her to bed in the loft above; and a party of young men then performed the like service for the groom. The fun was hearty and coarse, and the toasts always included one to the young couple, with the wish that they might have many big children; for as long as they could remember the backwoodsmen had lived at war, while looking ahead they saw no chance of its ever stop-

ping, and so each son was regarded as a future warrior, a help to the whole community. The neighbors all joined again in chopping and rolling the logs for the young couple's future house, then in raising the house itself, and finally in feasting and dancing at the house-warming.

Funerals were simple, the dead body being carried to the grave in a coffin slung on poles and borne by four men.

There was not much schooling, and few boys or girls learnt much more than reading, writing, and ciphering up to the rule of three. Where the school-houses existed they were only dark, mean log-huts, and if in the southern colonies, were generally placed in the so-called "old fields," or abandoned farms grown up with pines. The schoolmaster boarded about with the families; his learning was rarely great, nor was his discipline good, in spite of the frequency and severity of the canings. The price for such tuition was at the rate of twenty shillings a year, in Pennsylvania currency.

Each family did everything that could be done for itself. The father and sons worked with axe, hoe, and sickle. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver. Linsey-woolsey, made from flax grown near the cabin, and of wool from the backs of the few sheep, was the warmest and most substantial cloth; and when the flax crop failed and the flocks were destroyed by wolves, the children had but scanty covering to hide their nakedness. The man tanned the buckskin, the woman was tailor and shoemaker, and made the deer-skin sifters to be used instead of bolting-cloths. There were a few pewter spoons in use; but the table furniture consisted mainly of hand-made trenchers, platters, noggins, and bowls. The cradle was of peeled hickory bark. Ploughshares had to be imported, but harrows and sleds were made without difficulty; and the cooper work was well done. Chaff beds were thrown on the floor of the loft, if the house-owner was well off. Each cabin had a hand-mill and a hominy block; the last was borrowed from the Indians, and was only a large block of wood, with a hole burned in the top, as a mortar, where the pestle was worked. If there were any sugar maples accessible, they were tapped every year.

But some articles, especially salt and iron, could not be produced in the backwoods. In order to get them each family collected during the year all the furs possible, these being valuable and yet easily carried on pack-horses, the sole means

of transport. Then, after seeding time, in the fall, the people of a neighborhood ordinarily joined in sending down a train of peltry-laden pack-horses to some large sea-coast or tidal-river trading town, where their burdens were bartered for the needed iron and salt. The unshod horses all had bells hung round their necks; the clappers were stopped during the day, but when the train was halted for the night, and the horses were hobbled and turned loose, the bells were once more unstopped. Several men accompanied each little caravan, and sometimes they drove with them steers and hogs to sell on the sea-coast. A bushel of alum salt was worth a good cow and calf, and as each of the poorly fed, undersized pack animals could carry but two bushels, the mountaineers prized it greatly, and instead of salting or pickling their venison, they jerked it, by drying it in the sun or smoking it over a fire.

The life of the backwoodsmen was one long struggle. The forest had to be felled, droughts, deep snows, freshets, cloud-bursts, forest fires, and all the other dangers of a wilderness life faced. Swarms of deer-flies, mosquitoes, and midges rendered life a torment in the weeks of hot weather. Rattle-snakes and copperheads were very plentiful, and, the former especially, constant sources of danger and death. Wolves and bears were incessant and inveterate foes of the live stock, and the cougar or panther occasionally attacked man as well. More terrible still, the wolves sometimes went mad, and the men who then encountered them were almost certain to be bitten and to die of hydrophobia.

Every true backwoodsman was a hunter. Wild turkeys were plentiful. The pigeons at times filled the woods with clouds that hid the sun and broke down the branches on their roosting grounds as if a whirlwind had passed. The black and gray squirrels swarmed, devastating the corn-fields, and at times gathering in immense companies and migrating across mountain and river. The hunter's ordinary game was the deer, and after that the bear; the elk was already growing uncommon. No form of labor is harder than the chase, and none is so fascinating nor so excellent as a training-school for war. The successful still-hunter of necessity possessed skill in hiding and in creeping noiselessly upon the wary quarry, as well as in imitating the notes and calls of the different beasts and birds; skill in the use of the rifle and in throwing the tomahawk he already had; and he perforce acquired keenness of eye, thorough

acquaintance with woodcraft, and the power of standing the severest strains of fatigue, hardship, and exposure. He lived out in the woods for many months with no food but meat, and no shelter whatever, unless he made a lean-to of brush or crawled into a hollow sycamore.

Such training stood the frontier folk in good stead when they were pitted against the Indians; without it they could not even have held their own, and the white advance would have been absolutely checked. Our frontiers were pushed westward by the warlike skill and adventurous personal prowess of the individual settlers; regular armies by themselves could have done little. For one square mile the regular armies added to our domain, the settlers added ten, — a hundred would probably be nearer the truth. A race of peaceful, unwarlike farmers would have been helpless before such foes as the red Indians, and no auxiliary military force could have protected them or enabled them to move westward. Colonists fresh from the old world, no matter how thrifty, steady-going, and industrious, could not hold their own on the frontier; they had to settle where they were protected from the Indians by a living barrier of bold and self-reliant American borderers. The west would never have been settled save for the fierce courage and the eager desire to brave danger so characteristic of the stalwart backwoodsmen.

These armed hunters, woodchoppers, and farmers were their own soldiers. They built and manned their own forts; they did their own fighting under their own commanders. There were no regiments of regular troops along the frontier. In the event of an Indian inroad each borderer had to defend himself until there was time for them all to gather together to repel or avenge it. Every man was accustomed to the use of arms from his childhood; when a boy was twelve years old he was given a rifle and made a fort-soldier, with a loophole where he was to stand if the station was attacked. The war was never-ending, for even the times of so-called peace were broken by forays and murders; a man might grow from babyhood to middle age on the border, and yet never remember a year in which some one of his neighbors did not fall a victim to the Indians.

There was everywhere a rude military organization, which included all the able-bodied men of the community. Every settlement had its colonels and captains; but these officers, both in their training and in the authority they exercised, corresponded much more nearly to Indian chiefs than to the regular

army men whose titles they bore. They had no means whatever of enforcing their orders, and their tumultuous and disorderly levies of sinewy riflemen were hardly as well disciplined as the Indians themselves. The superior officer could advise, entreat, lead, and influence his men, but he could not command them, or, if he did, the men obeyed him only just so far as it suited them. If an officer planned a scout or campaign, those who thought proper accompanied him, and the others stayed at home, and even those who went out came back if the fit seized them, or perchance followed the lead of an insubordinate junior officer whom they liked better than they did his superior. There was no compulsion to perform military duties beyond dread of being disgraced in the eyes of the neighbors, and there was no pecuniary reward for performing them; nevertheless the moral sentiment of a backwoods community was too robust to tolerate habitual remissness in military affairs, and the coward and laggard were treated with utter scorn, and were generally in the end either laughed out, or "hated out," of the neighborhood, or else got rid of in a still more summary manner. Among a people naturally brave and reckless, this public opinion acted fairly effectively, and there was generally but little shrinking from military service.

A backwoods levy was formidable because of the high average courage and prowess of the individuals composing it; it was on its own ground much more effective than a like force of regular soldiers, but of course it could not be trusted on a long campaign. The backswoodsmen used their rifles better than the Indians, and also stood punishment better, but they never matched them in surprises nor in skill in taking advantage of cover, and very rarely equalled their discipline in the battle itself. After all, the pioneer was primarily a husbandman; the time spent in chopping trees and tilling the soil his foe spent in preparing for or practising forest warfare, and so the former, thanks to the exercise of the very qualities which in the end gave him the possession of the soil, could not, as a rule, hope to rival his antagonist in the actual conflict itself. When large bodies of the red men and white borderers were pitted against each other, the former were if anything the more likely to have the advantage. But the whites soon copied from the Indians their system of individual and private warfare, and they probably caused their foes far more damage and loss in this way than in the large expeditions. Many noted border scouts and Indian fighters, — such men as Boone, Kenton, Wetzel, Brady, McCul-

loch, Mansker, — grew to overmatch their Indian foes at their own game, and held themselves above the most renowned warriors. But these men carried the spirit of defiant self-reliance to such an extreme that their best work was always done when they were alone or in small parties of but four or five. They made long forays after scalps and horses, going a wonderful distance, enduring extreme hardship, risking the most terrible of deaths, and harrying the hostile tribes into a madness of terror and revengeful hatred.

As it was in military matters, so it was with the administration of justice by the frontiersmen; they had few courts, and knew but little law, and yet they contrived to preserve order and morality with rough effectiveness, by combining to frown down on the grosser misdeeds, and to punish the more flagrant misdoers. Perhaps the spirit in which they acted can be best shown by the recital of an incident in the career of the three McAfee brothers, who were among the pioneer hunters of Kentucky. Previous to trying to move their families out to the new country, they made a cache of clothing, implements, and provisions, which in their absence was broken into and plundered. They caught the thief, "a little, diminutive, red-headed white man," a runaway convict servant from one of the tide-water counties of Virginia. In the first impulse of anger at finding that he was the criminal, one of the McAfees rushed at him to kill him with his tomahawk; but the weapon turned, the man was only knocked down, and his assailant's gusty anger subsided as quickly as it had risen, giving way to a desire to do stern but fair justice. So the three captors formed themselves into a court, examined into the case, heard the man in his own defence, and after due consultation decided that "according to their opinion of the laws he had forfeited his life, and ought to be hung;" but none of them were willing to execute the sentence in cold blood, and they ended by taking their prisoner back to his master.

The incident was characteristic in more than one way. The prompt desire of the backwoodsman to avenge his own wrong; his momentary furious anger, speedily quelled and replaced by a dogged determination to be fair but to exact full retribution; the acting entirely without regard to legal forms or legal officials, but yet in a spirit which spoke well for the doer's determination to uphold the essentials that make honest men law-abiding; together with the good faith of the whole proceed-

ing, and the amusing ignorance that it would have been in the least unlawful to execute their own rather harsh sentence, — all these were typical frontier traits. Some of the same traits appear in the treatment commonly adopted in the backwoods to meet the case — of painfully frequent occurrence in the times of Indian wars — where a man taken prisoner by the savages, and supposed to be murdered, returned after two or three years' captivity, only to find his wife married again. In the wilderness a husband was almost a necessity to a woman; her surroundings made the loss of the protector and provider an appalling calamity; and the widow, no matter how sincere her sorrow, soon remarried, — for there were many suitors where women were not over-plenty. If in such a case the one thought dead returned, the neighbors and the parties interested seem frequently to have held a sort of informal court, and to have decided that the woman should choose either of the two men she wished to be her husband, the other being pledged to submit to the decision and leave the settlement. Evidently no one had the least idea that there was any legal irregularity in such proceedings.

The McAfees themselves and the escaped convict servant whom they captured typify the two prominent classes of the backwoods people. The frontier, in spite of the outward uniformity of means and manners, is preëminently the place of sharp contrasts. The two extremes of society, the strongest, best, and most adventurous, and the weakest, most shiftless, and vicious, are those which seem naturally to drift to the border. Most of the men who came to the backwoods to hew out homes and rear families were stern, manly, and honest; but there was also a large influx of people drawn from the worst immigrants that perhaps ever were brought to America — the mass of convict servants, redemptioners, and the like, who formed such an excessively undesirable substratum to the otherwise excellent population of the tidewater regions in Virginia and the Carolinas. Many of the southern crackers or poor whites spring from this class, which also in the backwoods gave birth to generations of violent and hardened criminals, and to an even greater number of shiftless, lazy, cowardly cumberers of the earth's surface. They had in many places a permanently bad effect upon the tone of the whole community.

Moreover, the influence of heredity was no more plainly perceptible than was the extent of individual variation. If a

member of a bad family wished to reform, he had every opportunity to do so; if a member of a good family had vicious propensities, there was nothing to check them. All qualities, good and bad, are intensified and accentuated in the life of the wilderness. The man who in civilization is merely sullen and bad-tempered becomes a murderous, treacherous ruffian when transplanted to the wilds; while, on the other hand, his cheery, quiet neighbor develops into a hero, ready uncomplainingly to lay down his life for his friend. One who in an eastern city is merely a backbiter and slanderer, in the western woods lies in wait for his foe with a rifle; sharp practice in the east becomes highway robbery in the west; but at the same time negative good-nature becomes active self-sacrifice, and a general belief in virtue is translated into a prompt and determined war upon vice. The ne'er-do-well of a family who in one place has his debts paid a couple of times and is then forced to resign from his clubs and lead a cloudy but innocuous existence on a small pension, in the other abruptly finishes his career by being hung for horse-stealing.

In the backwoods the lawless led lives of abandoned wickedness; they hated good for good's sake, and did their utmost to destroy it. Where the bad element was large, gangs of horse thieves, highwaymen, and other criminals often united with the uncontrollable young men of vicious tastes who were given to gambling, fighting, and the like. They then formed half-secret organizations, often of great extent and with wide ramifications; and if they could control a community they established a reign of terror, driving out both ministers and magistrates, and killing without scruple those who interfered with them. The good men in such a case banded themselves together as regulators and put down the wicked with ruthless severity, by the exercise of lynch law, shooting and hanging the worst off-hand.

Jails were scarce in the wilderness, and often were entirely wanting in a district, which, indeed, was quite likely to lack legal officers also. If punishment was inflicted at all it was apt to be severe, and took the form of death or whipping. An impromptu jury of neighbors decided with a rough and ready sense of fair play and justice what punishment the crime demanded, and then saw to the execution of their own decree. Whipping was the usual reward of theft. Occasionally torture was resorted to, but not often; and to their honor be it said,

the backwoodsmen were horrified at the treatment accorded both to black slaves and to white convict servants in the lowlands.

They were superstitious, of course, believing in witchcraft, and signs and omens; and it may be noted that their superstition showed a singular mixture of old-world survivals and of practices borrowed from the savages or evolved by the very force of their strange surroundings. At the bottom they were deeply religious in their tendencies; and although ministers and meeting-houses were rare, yet the backwoods cabins often contained Bibles, and the mothers used to instil into the minds of their children reverence for Sunday, while many even of the hunters refused to hunt on that day. Those of them who knew the right honestly tried to live up to it, in spite of the manifold temptations to backsliding offered by their lives of hard and fierce contention. But Calvinism, though more congenial to them than Episcopacy, and infinitely more so than Catholicism, was too cold for the fiery hearts of the borderers; they were not stirred to the depths of their natures till other creeds, and, above all, Methodism, worked their way to the wilderness.

Thus the backwoodsmen lived on the clearings they had hewed out of the everlasting forest; a grim, stern people, strong and simple, powerful for good and evil, swayed by gusts of stormy passion, the love of freedom rooted in their very heart's core. Their lives were harsh and narrow; they gained their bread by their blood and sweat, in the unending struggle with the wild ruggedness of nature. They suffered terrible injuries at the hands of the red men, and on their foes they waged a terrible warfare in return. They were relentless, revengeful, suspicious, knowing neither ruth nor pity; they were also upright, resolute, and fearless, loyal to their friends, and devoted to their country. In spite of their many failings, they were of all men the best fitted to conquer the wilderness and hold it against all comers.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina, an English poet, sister of Dante Gabriel, was born at London, December 5, 1830; died there, December 30, 1894. She wrote many charming verses, chiefly lyrical, together with some of a grave and simple devotional order. Her volumes include "Goblin Market," her highest effort (1862); "The Prince's Progress" (1866); "Commonplace, and Other Short Stories" (in prose; 1870); "Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book" (1872); "Annus Domini: A Prayer for Each Day in the Year" (1874); "Speaking Likenesses" (1874); "Seek and Find" (1879); "Called to be Saints" (1881); "A Pageant, and Other Poems" (1881); "Letter and Spirit" (1883); "Time Flies" (1885); "The Face of the Deep" (1892); "Verses" (1893); "New Poems" (1896). Her life has been written by Ellen A. Proctor (1896) and by Mr. Mackenzie Bell (1898).

Up-hill.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

Consider.

Consider
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief: —
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider
The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount, —
He guards us too.

Consider
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair: —
What profits all this care
And all this coil?

Consider
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food: —
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.

De Profundis.

Oh, why is heaven built so far,
Oh, why is earth set so remote?
I cannot reach the nearest star
That hangs afloat.

I would not care to reach the moon,
One round monotonous of change;
Yet even she repeats her tune
Beyond my range.

I never watch the scattered fire
Of stars, or sun's far-trailing train,
But all my heart is one desire,
And all in vain:

For I am bound with fleshly bands,
Joy, beauty, lie beyond my scope;
I strain my heart, I stretch my hands,
And catch at hope.

The Milking-Maid.

The year stood at its equinox,
And bluff the North was blowing,
A bleat of lambs came from the flocks,
Green, hardy things were growing;
I met a maid with shining locks
Where milky kine were lowing.

She wore a kerchief on her neck,
Her bare arm showed its dimple,
Her apron spread without a speck,
Her air was frank and simple.

She milked into a wooden pail,
And sang a country ditty,
An innocent, fond lover's tale,
That was not wise nor witty,
Pathetically rustical,
Too pointless for the city.

She kept in time without a beat,
As true as church-bell ringers,
Unless she tapped time with her feet,
Or squeezed it with her fingers;
Her clear, unstudied notes were sweet
As many a practised singer's.

I stood a minute out of sight,
Stood silent for a minute,
To eye the pail, and creamy white
The frothing milk within it —
To eye the comely milking-maid,
Herself so fresh and creamy.
"Good-day to you!" at last I said;
She turned her head to see me.
"Good-day!" she said, with lifted head;
Her eyes looked soft and dreamy.

And all the while she milked and milked
The grave cow heavy-laden:
I've seen grand ladies, plumed and silked,
But not a sweeter maiden.

But not a sweeter, fresher maid
Than this in homely cotton,
Whose pleasant face and silky braid
I have not yet forgotten.

Seven springs have passed since then, as I
Count with a sober sorrow;
Seven springs have come and passed me by,
And spring sets in to-morrow.

I've half a mind to shake myself
Free, just for once, from London,
To set my work upon the shelf,
And leave it done or undone;

To run down by the early train,
Whirl down with shriek and whistle,
And feel the bluff North blow again,
And mark the sprouting thistle
Set up on waste patch of the lane
Its green and tender bristle;

And spy the scarce-blown violet banks,
Crisp primrose-leaves and others,
And watch the lambs leap at their pranks,
And butt their patient mothers.

Alas! one point in all my plan
My serious thoughts demur to:
Seven years have passed for maid and man,
Seven years have passed for her, too.

Perhaps my rose is over-blown,
Not rosy, or too rosy;
Perhaps in farm-house of her own
Some husband keeps her cosey,
Where I should show a face unknown —
Good-by, my wayside posy!

Song.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dew-drops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Sonnets.

Beyond the seas we know stretch seas unknown,
Blue and bright-colored for our dim and green;
Beyond the lands we see, stretch lands unseen
With many-tinted tangle overgrown;
And icebound seas there are like seas of stone,
Serenely stormless as death lies serene:
And lifeless tracks of sand, which intervene
Betwixt the lands where living flowers are blown.
This dead and living world befits our case
Who live and die: we live in wearied hope,
We die in hope not dead; we run a race
To-day, and find no present halting-place;
All things we see lie far within our scope,
And still we peer beyond with craving face.

Shame is a shadow cast by sin: yet shame
Itself may be a glory and a grace,
Refashioning the sin-disfashioned face;
A nobler bruit than hollow-sounded fame,
A new-lit lustre on a tarnished name,
One virtue pent within an evil place,
Strength for the fight, and swiftness for the race,
A stinging salve, a life-requickening flame.

A salve so searching we may scarcely live,
  A flame so fierce it seems that we must die,
    An actual cautery thrust into the heart:
    Nevertheless, men die not of such smart;
And shame gives back what nothing else can give,
  Man to himself, — then sets him up on high.

In life our absent friend is far away:
  But death may bring our friend exceeding near,
  Show him familiar faces long so dear
And lead him back in reach of words we say.
He only cannot utter yea or nay
  In any voice accustomed to our ear;
  He only cannot make his face appear
And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.
The dead may be around us, dear and dead;
  The unforgotten dearest dead may be
    Watching us, with unslumbering eyes and heart,
Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
    Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
  Brimful of love for you and love for me.

Touching "Never."

Because you never yet have loved me, dear,
  Think you you never can nor ever will?
  Surely while life remains hope lingers still,
Hope, the last blossom of life's dying year.
Because the season and my age grow sere,
  Shall never Spring bring forth her daffodil,
  Shall never sweeter Summer feast her fill
Of roses with the nightingales they hear?
If you had loved me, I not loving you,
  If you had urged me with the tender plea
Of what our unknown years to come might do
(Eternal years, if time should count too few),
  I would have owned the point you pressed on me
Was possible, or probable, or true.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, a celebrated English painter and poet; born at London, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington-on-Sea, on Easter Day, April 9, 1882. He studied art, and became one of the founders of the "Pre-Raphaelite" school of painting, and was noted for the imaginative character of his designs, and for the beauty of his coloring. Among his paintings are illustrations of Tennyson's poems: "The Girlhood of the Virgin" (1849); "Dante's Dream on the Day of the Death of Beatrice" (1858); "Fair Rosamond" (1860). He published "The Early Italian Poets," being translations from Dante and his predecessors (1861); "The Blessed Damozel" (1870); "Dante and His Circle" (1874); and two volumes of "Ballads and Sonnets," including his series of one hundred sonnets called "The House of Life," the last about a year before his death.

The Blessed Damozel.

The blessed damozel leaned out
  From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
  Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
  And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem.
  No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
  For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
  Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
  One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
  From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
  Had counted as ten years.

BLESSED DAMOZEL

From a Painting by D. G. Rossetti

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this Earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like their flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm.
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.

Her voice was like the voice the stars
  Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
  Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
  Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side,
  Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
  For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,
  Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
  And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
  And he is clothed in white,
I 'll take his hand and go with him
  To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
  And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
  Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
  With prayer sent up to God:
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
  Each like a little cloud.

"We two will be i' the shadow of
  That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
  Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
  Saith His name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
  I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
  Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
  Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two!" she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret, and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear haply, and be dumb:
Then I will lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged, unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled through her, fill'd
With angels in strong, level flight,
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

The Double Betrayal.

(From "Rose Mary.")

She signed all folk from the threshold stone,
And gazed in the dead man's face alone.

The fight for life found record yet
In the clenchèd lips and the teeth hard-set;
The wrath from the bent brow was not gone,
And stark in the eyes the hate still shone
Of that they last had looked upon.

The blazoned coat was rent on his breast
Where the golden field was goodliest;
But the shivered sword, close-gripped, could tell
That the blood shed round him where he fell
Was not all his in the distant dell.

The lady recked of the corpse no whit,
But saw the soul and spoke to it:
A light there was in her steadfast eyes, —
The fire of mortal tears and sighs
That pity and love immortalize.

"By thy death have I learnt to-day
Thy deed, O James of Heronhaye!
Great wrong thou hast done to me and mine;
And haply God hath wrought for a sign
By our blind deed this doom of thine.

"Thy shrift, alas! thou wast not to win;
But may death shrive thy soul herein!
Full well do I know thy love should be
Even yet — had life but stayed with thee —
Our honor's strong security."

She stooped, and said with a sob's low stir,
"Peace be thine — but what peace for her?"
But ere to the brow her lips were pressed,
She marked, half hid in the riven vest,
A packet close to the dead man's breast.

'Neath surcoat pierced and broken mail
It lay on the blood-stained bosom pale.
The clot clung round it, dull and dense,
And a faintness seized her mortal sense
As she reached her hand and drew it thence.

'T was steeped in the heart's flood welling high
From the heart it there had rested by;
'T was glued to a broidered fragment gay, —
A shred by spear thrust rent away
From the heron wings of Heronhaye.

She gazed on the thing with piteous eyne: —
"Alas, poor child, some pledge of thine!
Ah me! in this troth the hearts were twain,
And one hath ebbed to this crimson stain,
And when shall the other throb again?"

The Second-Sight.

(From "The King's Tragedy.")

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scotish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen:
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were rung;
And as soon as the King was close to her
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'T was then the moon sailed clear of the rack,
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes: —
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scotish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet had passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth, —
Except thou turn again on this shore,
The winding-sheet will have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King whom poor men bless for their king,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet;
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said: — "God's ways are his own;
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by his altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of his Son:
And in him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate, — to His will resigned
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a king.

"And if God in his wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in his burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank low in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

Sudden Light.

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before, —
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall, — I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

The Woodspurge.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
Shaken out dead from tree and hill:
I had walked on at the wind's will, —
I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was, —
My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
Of some ten weeds to fix upon;
Among those few, out of the sun,
The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one,

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom, or even memory:
One thing then learnt remains to me. —
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

The Sea-Limits.

Consider the sea's listless chime:
  Time's self it is, made audible, —
  The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
  Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
  No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
  The mournfulness of ancient life,
  Enduring always at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
  Its painful pulse is in the sands
  Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
  Listen alone among the woods;
  Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
  Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
  Surge and sink back and surge again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
  And listen at its lips: they sigh
  The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
  And all mankind is thus at heart
  Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

EDMOND ROSTAND.

Rostand, Edmond, a celebrated French dramatist, is the son of Eugène Rostand, an eminent journalist of Marseilles, and was born in 1869. His first work, a volume of verse, "Les Musardises," was issued when the author was but twenty years old. On December 28, 1897, his great drama, "Cyrano de Bergerac," was produced for the first time at the Porte Saint Martin, in Paris, and immediately made him famous. Besides this he has also written the plays "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine," and "La Samaritaine."

Cyrano Foils De Guiche.[1]

(From "Cyrano de Bergerac.")

Cyrano, De Guiche.

De Guiche (*entering, masked, feeling his way in the night*). What is this cursed Capuchin about?

Cyrano. The deuce, my voice? — If he should recognize it? (*Letting go with one hand, he pretends to turn an invisible key.*) Cric, crac!

(*Solemnly*). Speak like a Gascon, Cyrano.

De Guiche (*looking at the house*). 'T is there! I cannot see. This mask annoys me.

(*Starts to go in. Cyrano leaps from the balcony, holding on to the branch, which bends, and lands him between De Guiche and the door; he pretends to fall heavily, as if from a great distance, and flattens out on the ground, where he remains motionless, as if stunned. De Guiche jumps backward.*)

Hah! What!

(*When he lifts his eyes, the branch has swung back; he sees only the sky; he does not understand*).

Whence falls this man here?

Cyrano (*sitting up, and speaking with a Gascon accent*).

From the moon.

De Guiche. From the — ?

Cyrano (*in a dreamy voice*). What time is it?

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DE GUICHE. He 's lost his mind.
CYRANO. What country? What o'clock? What day? What season?
DE GUICHE. But —
CYRANO. I am dazed.
DE GUICHE. Monsieur —
CYRANO. For like a bomb
I 've fallen from the moon.
DE GUICHE (*impatient*). Yes, but Monsieur! —
CYRANO (*getting up, with a terrible voice*).
Thence have I fallen!
DE GUICHE (*drawing back*). Yes, yes, thence you fell!
— Perhaps he is a madman.
CYRANO (*advancing towards him*). And my fall, —
It is no metaphor!
DE GUICHE. But —
CYRANO. A century since,
Or else a moment — in my fall I lost
All track of time, — I was in that yellow ball!
DE GUICHE (*shrugging his shoulders*).
Yes, let me pass.
CYRANO (*standing in his way*). Where am I? Tell me frankly.
Keep nothing hid! In what place, in what spot,
Monsieur, have I just fallen like a meteor?
DE GUICHE. The Devil!
CYRANO. As I fell I could not choose
My landing-place — I know not where I fell! —
And is it to a moon or to a world,
Whither my weight has just now drawn me down?
DE GUICHE. But, sir, I tell you —
CYRANO (*with a cry of terror which makes De Guiche draw back*). Ha! Ye gods! Meseems
That in this country folk have faces black!
DE GUICHE (*raising his hand to his face*). What?
CYRANO (*with a distinct show of fear*). Am I in Algiers? Are you a native?
DE GUICHE (*who has felt his mask*).
This mask —
CYRANO (*pretending to be somewhat reassured.*)
I 'm then in Genoa or Venice?
DE GUICHE (*trying to pass*).
A lady waits me —
CYRANO (*wholly reassured*). Then I am in Paris!
DE GUICHE (*smiling in spite of himself*).
He 's an amusing fellow.
CYRANO. Ah! You laugh?

DE GUICHE. I laugh, but wish to pass.
CYRANO (*beaming*). Indeed, 't is Paris!
(*Entirely at his ease, smiling, brushing himself, and bowing.*)
I came — excuse me — by the latest whirlwind.
The ether clings to me. I 've travelled far!
My eyes are filled with star-dust. On my spurs
I still have shreds torn from a planet's hide!
(*Picking something from his sleeve.*)
See, on my doublet, there 's a comet's hair!
(*Puffs as if to blow it away.*)
DE GUICHE (*beside himself*).
Monsieur! —
CYRANO (*just as he starts to pass, holds out his leg as if to show him something, and stops him*).
And in my leg I bring a tooth
From the Great Bear, — and as I passed the Trident,
Trying to dodge one of its three sharp prongs,
I fell, and landed seated on the Scales,
Whose needle at this moment marks my weight.
(*Quickly preventing De Guiche from passing, and taking him by the button of his doublet.*)
If you should press my nose between your fingers,
It would spurt milk! —
DE GUICHE. What? Milk!
CYRANO. From the Milky Way!
DE GUICHE. Oh, by the lords of Hell! —
CYRANO. 'T is Heaven that sends me!
(*Folding his arms.*) Now would you think — I saw it as I fell —
That Sirius, at night, puts on a cap?
(*Confidentially.*) The other bear is still too small to bite.
(*Smiling.*) And as I crossed the Lyre, I broke a string.
(*Proudly.*) But I shall write a book about it all,
And the golden stars, that in my scorchèd cloak
I brought away at my own risk and peril,
Will serve as asterisks when it is printed.
DE GUICHE. Finally, I insist —
CYRANO. I catch your meaning!
DE GUICHE. Monsieur!
CYRANO. You wish to hear from my own mouth
Of what the moon is made, and if folk dwell
Within the roundness of this strange alembic?
DE GUICHE. No! No! I wish —
CYRANO. To know how I ascended?
'T was by a means that I devised myself.
DE GUICHE (*discouraged*). He 's mad!

CYRANO (*scornfully*). I did not use the stupid eagle
Of Regiomontanus, nor the pigeon
Archytas used —

DE GUICHE. Mad! — but a learnèd madman!

CYRANO. I followed naught that had been done before.
(*De Guiche has succeeded in passing, and is striding towards Roxane's door. Cyrano follows him, ready to lay hold of him.*)
Six ways did I devise to violate
The virgin Azure!

DE GUICHE (*turning*). Six?

CYRANO (*volubly*). I deck my body,
Naked as on the day that I was born,
With crystal phials filled up to the brim,
With tears dropped from the morning sky, and then
Expose me to the full blaze of the sun,
Which draws me up the while it drinks the dew.

DE GUICHE (*surprised, and taking a step towards Cyrano*). Yes, that makes one.

CYRANO (*drawing back to get him on the other side*). And this too I could do:
Produce a whirlwind, and so take my flight, —
By rarefying air in a cedar chest
With burning mirrors in an icosahedron.

DE GUICHE (*taking another step*). Two!

CYRANO (*still drawing back*).
Or, having skill of hand as well as brain,
On a grasshopper made with springs of steel,
Dart, with successive blasts of powder fired,
Through the blue pastures where the stars are grazing.

DE GUICHE (*following him without suspecting it, and counting on his fingers.*) Three!

CYRANO. And since all smoke must surely rise aloft,
Blow in a globe enough to bear me up.

DE GUICHE (*same action, more and more amazed*). Four!

CYRANO. Since Diana, when her bow is smallest,
Loves, oh, ye oxen, to suck out your marrow! —
To anoint myself withal!

DE GUICHE (*in stupefaction*). Five!

CYRANO (*who, while talking to him, has led him to the other side of the street near a bench*). Finally,
Placing myself upon a plate of iron,
I take a magnet, and throw it in the air!
'T is a good way — the iron rushes on
Fast as the magnet flies, and follows after.
Again I throw the magnet — there you are!
In this way I ascend without a limit.

DE GUICHE. Six! These be six good ways. What systen, sir,
Of the six did you choose?
CYRANO. I chose a seventh.
DE GUICHE. Really, what is it?
CYRANO. You could never guess!
DE GUICHE. The rascal 's growing interesting now.
CYRANO (*making the noise of the waves, with great mysterious gestures*).
Hooüh! Hooüh!
DE GUICHE. Well?
CYRANO. You guess?
DE GUICHE. No.
CYRANO. The tide!
At the hour when the moon doth draw the wave
I lay upon the sand, — after a bath, —
And the head led the way, my friend, because
The hair keeps so much water in its locks,
I rose in air, up, straight up, like an angel,
I ascended gently, softly, with no effort,
When suddenly I felt a shock, — then —
DE GUICHE (*carried away by curiosity, sitting down on the bench*). Then?
CYRANO. Then (*resuming his natural voice*),
The quarter hour has passed. I let you go.
The marriage is made.
DE GUICHE (*getting up with a bound*). What! Come! Am I then drunk?
This voice?

(*The door of the house opens, and lackeys appear, carrying lighted candelabra. Light. Cyrano takes off his hat with its lowered brim.*)

This nose! Cyrano?
CYRANO (*bowing*). Cyrano.
This very moment they 've exchanged the rings.
DE GUICHE. Who are they?
(*He turns — Tableau. Behind the lackeys, Roxane and Christian hold hands. The Capuchin follows them, smiling. Ragueneau also holds a torch. The duenna closes the line, in great confusion, dressed in a wrapper.*) Heavens!

ROXANE, CHRISTIAN, the CAPUCHIN, RAGUENEAU, LACKEYS, the DUENNA.

DE GUICHE (*to Roxane*). You!
(*Recognizing Christian with stupefaction.*) He?

(*Bowing to Roxane with admiration.*) A clever stroke!
(*To Cyrano.*) My compliments, inventor of machines!
Your story would have made a saint stop short
At heaven's gate. Remember the details,
For it might well be turned into a book.

CYRANO (*bowing*). Sir, that 's advice that I engage to follow.

THE CAPUCHIN (*showing the lovers to De Guiche, and wagging his great white beard with satisfaction*).
A handsome pair, my son, joined there by you!

DE GUICHE (*giving him a frigid glance*). Yes.
(*To Roxane.*) Be kind enough, Madame, to bid your husband
Farewell.

ROXANE. Why so?

DE GUICHE (*to Christian*). The troops are on the march.
Go join your regiment!

ROXANE. To go to war?

DE GUICHE. Of course.

ROXANE. But the Cadets, sir, do not go.

DE GUICHE. They 'll go.
(*Drawing out the paper he had in his pocket.*)
Here is the order.
(*To Christian.*) Take it, Baron!

ROXANE (*throwing herself into Christian's arms*).
Christian!

DE GUICHE (*sneeringly to Cyrano*).
The wedding night is still far off!

CYRANO (*aside*). To think that he believes that greatly pains me!

CHRISTIAN (*to Roxane*). Your lips again!

CYRANO. Come, come, that is enough!

CHRISTIAN (*continuing to embrace Roxane*).
'T is hard to leave her. You know not —

CYRANO (*trying to draw him away*). Yes, I know.
(*Drums beating a march are heard in the distance.*)

DE GUICHE (*who has retired to the background*).
The regiment is off!

ROXANE (*to Cyrano, holding back Christian, whom Cyrano still tries to draw away*). I trust him to you!
O promise me that naught shall put his life
In danger.

CYRANO. I shall try — but cannot promise.

ROXANE (*same action*). And promise that he shall be very careful!

CYRANO. Yes, I shall try, but —

ROXANE. In this fearful siege,
That he shall ne'er be cold.

CYRANO. I 'll do my best,
But —
ROXANE (*same action*). That he shall be faithful —
CYRANO. Yes, of course,
But —
ROXANE (*same action*). That he shall write often!
CYRANO (*stopping himself*). Ah! I promise!

THE DEATH OF CYRANO.

(From "Cyrano de Bergerac.")

ROXANE, CYRANO; and, a moment later, SISTER MARTHA.

ROXANE (*without turning*).
What was I saying?
(*She sews. Cyrano appears, very pale, with his hat pulled down over his eyes. A Sister ushers him in and retires. He starts to walk slowly down the steps, making a visible effort to hold himself erect, and leaning on his stick. Roxane works at her embroidery.*)
Ah, these faded shades!
Into what pattern shall I fashion them?
(*To Cyrano, in tones of friendly scolding.*)
Late — for the first time in full fourteen years!
CYRANO (*reaching the arm-chair, and sitting down; speaking with a cheerful voice, in contrast to his expression*).
Yes, 't is absurd, I am beside myself.
I was detained.
ROXANE. By what?
CYRANO. Oh, by a most
Untimely visitation!
ROXANE. By a man
Seeking to fill your ears with petty plaints?
CYRANO. No, 't was a woman of the same ill sort.
ROXANE. You bade her go?
CYRANO. Yes. "This is Saturday,"
I said: "a day when surely, rain or shine,
I must betake me to a certain house
And pay a visit there. So come again
Within an hour."
ROXANE (*lightly*). Well, this friend of yours
Will have to wait for you a longer time —
I shall not let you go till evening falls.
CYRANO. But I may be constrained to go away
A little sooner.

(*He closes his eyes, and is silent for a moment. Sister Martha crosses the park, from the chapel to the steps. Roxane sees her, and signals to her with a little nod of her head.*)

ROXANE (*to Cyrano*). Oh! You will not tease
Poor Sister Martha?

CYRANO (*smartly opening his eyes*). Yes, I think I shall.
(*With a big, comical voice.*) Sister, come here!
(*The Sister glides towards him.*) Ha, ha!
You carry still
Your bright eyes always lowered!

SISTER MARTHA (*lifting her eyes with a smile*). But — (*sees his appearance, and makes a movement of surprise*). Oh!

CYRANO (*aside, indicating Roxane*). Hush!
'T is nothing. (*In a voice of burlesque boasting.*) Yesterday I made a feast!

SISTER MARTHA. I understand. (*Aside.*) That's why he is so pale.
(*In a quick aside to Cyrano.*)
Come to the dining-hall, and you shall take
A fine great bowl of broth. You will come, now?

CYRANO. Yes, yes; of course.

SISTER MARTHA. Now I am glad to see
That for once you can be reasonable.

ROXANE (*hearing them whispering*).
She 's trying to convert you?

SISTER MARTHA. No, not I!

CYRANO. Yes, that is true! And yet the pious words
Fall from your lips in such a plenteous flow
I am amazed you do not preach to me.
(*With mock anger.*)
Thunder and Mars! I shall amaze you, too,
For I shall suffer you this very night —
(*Pretends to be looking for a subject of raillery and to find it.*)
— To pray for me at chapel!

ROXANE. Oh, oh, oh!

CYRANO (*laughing*). The Sister 's stricken dumb.

SISTER MARTHA (*gently*). I waited not
For your permission. (*Retires.*)

CYRANO (*turning to Roxane, who bends over her work*). When shall I see the end
Of this interminable needlework?

ROXANE. I waited for that jest.
(*At this moment a puff of wind starts the leaves falling.*)

CYRANO. Look at the leaves.

ROXANE (*raising her head and looking far off through the vista*).
They are Venetian yellow. Watch them fall.

CYRANO. Yes, watch them well — how gracefully they fall!
And in their journey short, from branch to earth,
How they put on a final fleeting charm!
And, although loath to molder on the ground,
They strive to give their fall the grace of flight!

ROXANE. What, are you sad?

CYRANO (*remembering himself*). No, not at all, Roxane.

ROXANE. Let the leaves fall, and tell me all the news, —
My journal!

CYRANO. Here it is.

ROXANE. Ah!

CYRANO (*growing paler and paler, and struggling against his pain*). Saturday,
The nineteenth of the month, His Majesty,
Having partaken of too many sweets,
Suffered a touch of fever, and was bled.
His illness was found guilty of high treason;
And now his august pulse is calm again!
At the Queen's ball, on Sunday, there were burned
Wax candles seven hundred sixty-three!
They say our troops beat John of Austria!
Four witches have been hanged! The little dog
Of Madame Athis needed medicine —

ROXANE. Monsieur de Bergerac, will you be still!

CYRANO. Nothing on Monday, but Lygdamire's new lover; —

ROXANE. Oh!

CYRANO. Tuesday the whole Court went to Fontainebleau; —
Wednesday De Fiesque had "No" from La Montglat; —
Thursday Mancini is Queen of France — almost!
Friday La Montglat to De Fiesque said "Yes;"
And on the twenty-sixth, on Saturday —
(*Closes his eyes; his head drops. Silence.*)

ROXANE (*surprised at hearing nothing more, turns, looks at him; and getting up in fright*).
He 's fainted? (*Rushes towards him, exclaiming.*) Cyrano!

CYRANO (*opening his eyes; with muffled voice*). What is it? What?
(*Sees Roxane leaning over him; quicky settles his hat on his head, and draws back in alarm in his chair.*)
No, no! 'T is nothing, nothing! Let me be!

ROXANE. Yet —

CYRANO. 'T is my wound — from Arras — which at times —
You know —

ROXANE. Poor friend —

CYRANO. 'T is naught. 'T will pass. (*Smiles, with an effort.*) It has passed!

ROXANE. Each of us has his wound; and I have mine,—
An ancient wound that never heals,—just here.
(*Lays her hand on her breast.*)
Here!—'neath this letter, with its yellowing folds!
Where still you see commingled blood and tears.
(*Twilight begins to fall.*)

CYRANO. His letter! Once I think you promised me
That I might some day read it—

ROXANE. Do you wish?—

CYRANO. Yes, 'tis my wish, to-day—

ROXANE (*giving him the little bag which hangs about her neck*).
Here—

CYRANO (*taking it*). I may open?

ROXANE. Open and read.
(*She returns to her work, folds it, and arranges her worsteds.*)

CYRANO (*reading*)—

"Farewell, Roxane, my death is very near!"

ROXANE (*stopping in astonishment*). Aloud?

CYRANO.

"This very night, my best-beloved,
My soul is heavy with unuttered love;
And now I die; and never, nevermore,
Shall my eyes feast on you their yearning gaze!"

ROXANE. But how you read his letter—with what voice!

CYRANO.

"Drunk with your beauty; kissing as they flit
Each little graceful movement that you make;
And one familiar gesture still I see—
The way you touched your forehead!"

ROXANE. How you read
This letter!
(*Night falls imperceptibly.*)

CYRANO.

"And I fain would cry aloud
'Farewell!'"

ROXANE. You read—

CYRANO. "My dearest! Oh, my love!
My treasure"—

ROXANE. With a voice—

CYRANO. "My best-beloved"—

ROXANE. A voice that I have somewhere heard before.
(*Approaches softly, without his noticing it; goes behind his chair, leans over quietly, and looks at the letter. The darkness deepens.*)

CYRANO.

"My heart has never left you for a breath;
And here, and in the world beyond the grave,
I am he whose love for you passed every bound."

ROXANE (*laying her hand on his shoulder*).
But how can you read now? The night has come.
(*He starts, turns; sees her close to him; makes a startled gesture, lowers his head. A long silence. Then, after it has become quite dark, she says slowly, clasping her hands.*)

And for these fourteen years he 's played this part
Of the old friend who comes to cheer me up.

CYRANO. Roxane!
ROXANE. 'T was you! —
CYRANO. Ah, no, Roxane; not I!
ROXANE. I should have guessed it, when he spoke my name.
CYRANO. Ah, no! It was not I.
ROXANE. 'T was you.
CYRANO. I swear —
ROXANE. At last I see it all — the generous cheat!
You wrote the letters —
CYRANO. No!
ROXANE. The dear mad words
Were yours —
CYRANO. No!
ROXANE. The voice that night was yours.
CYRANO. I swear it was not!
ROXANE. And the soul was yours.
CYRANO. I loved you not!
ROXANE. You loved me —
CYRANO. It was he —
ROXANE. You loved me!
CYRANO. No.
ROXANE. But now you speak more soft.
CYRANO. No, no; my best-beloved, I loved you not.
ROXANE. How many things since then have come and gone!
Why have you held your peace for fourteen years?
Since on this letter, which was naught to him,
These tears were yours?
CYRANO. But the blood was his!
ROXANE. Then why to-day should you decide to break
This noble silence?
CYRANO. Why?

(*Enter* LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU, *running.*)

LE BRET and RAGUENEAU.

LE BRET. What madness! I was sure — There he is!
CYRANO (*smiling and straightening up*).
Why, yes; of course!
LE BRET. Madame, he 's killed himself
By rising.
ROXANE. But just now, this weakness —
CYRANO. True,
My news was not yet finished: Saturday,
The twenty-sixth, an hour before he dined,
Monsieur de Bergerac was foully murdered.
(*Uncovers. His head is seen to be bandaged.*)
ROXANE. What says he? Cyrano! Look at his head,
Wrapped in a bandage! Oh! what have they done
To you! Why?
CYRANO. "*By the good sword's thrust,*
Struck by a hero, fall with point in heart!" —
Yes, I said that. But Destiny 's a mocker.
And here I am, caught by a coward's trick;
Struck from behind; felled by a fagot's blow
Wielded by hireling hand, — indeed t 'is well:
I shall have failed in all things — e'en in death.
RAGUENEAU. Oh, sir.
CYRANO. What are you doing now, my colleague?
RAGUENEAU. I now am candle-snuffer — for Molière.
CYRANO. Molière.
RAGUENEAU. But I shall surely leave to-morrow!
Yes, I am angry with him. Yesterday
"Scapin" was acted; and I plainly saw
He 'd stolen a scene from you —
LE BRET. A scene entire!
RAGUENEAU. The famous — "How the devil came he there?"
LE BRET. Molière stole it from you!
CYRANO. Tush! He 's done well!
The scene went off, I trust, with good effect?
RAGUENEAU (*sobbing*).
Oh, sir, they laughed, they laughed!
CYRANO. Yes, all my life
My heart has been to prompt — and be forgot.
(*To Roxane.*)
Rememberest thou the night when Christian wooed,
Under the balcony? — All my life is there!
While I remained below, hid in the dark,
Others have climbed to kisses and to fame!

'T is just; and on the threshold of my tomb,
I own Molière a genius — Christian fair.
(*At this moment the chapel-bell rings, and the nuns are seen passing through the avenue in the background, going to mass.*)
Their bell has sounded; let them go to prayers.
ROXANE (*rising to call for help*).
Come! Sister, Sister!
CYRANO. No, no! Go for no one!
When you return, I shall have gone away.
(*The nuns have entered the chapel. The organ plays.*)
Music was all I needed — there it is!
ROXANE. I love you! Live!
CYRANO. No, in the fairy-tale
'T is plainly written that when the humbled Prince
Had heard the words — "I love you," his disguise
Of horror fled like snow before the sun:
But you will see that I remain the same.
ROXANE. And I have wrought your sorrow — even I!
CYRANO. You? No, not you! 'T is quite the opposite.
I ne'er knew woman's kindness. E'en my mother
Thought me not fair. I never had a sister.
Then I feared sweethearts with their mocking eyes!
But, thanks to you, I 've had at least a friend;
And through my life a woman's robe has passed.
LE BRET (*pointing out the moonbeams falling through the branches*).
There comes your other friend to see you.
CYRANO (*smiling at the moon*). Yes!
ROXANE. I loved but one — and now I lose him twice.
CYRANO. Le Bret, I 'm going, — up to the shining moon,
And need devise no engine for this flight!
ROXANE. What did you say?
CYRANO. Yes, it is there, on high,
There am I sent to make my paradise.
More than one soul I love is exiled there:
Socrates — Galileo. I 'll find them all.
LE BRET (*rebelliously*).
No, no! 'T is too absurd! 'T is too unjust!
So great a poet! Such a noble heart!
To die this way! To die —
CYRANO. Hear Le Bret scold!
LE BRET (*bursting into tears*). Dear friend!
CYRANO (*rising, his eyes wandering*).
"*These be Cadets of Gascony*" —
The elemental substance — Yes — the "*hic*."

LE BRET. List to his science, even in his ravings.
CYRANO. Copernicus said —
ROXANE. Oh!
CYRANO. "How came he there?
And how the devil fell he in such plight?"
Philosopher, physician,
Poet, swordsman, and musician,
And a traveller through the heavens to the moon!
His sword-point always ready,
His sword-arm always steady,
And a lover to whom love was not a boon!

Here lies Hercule-Savinien de Cyrano de Bergerac;
All things in turn he tried; and all things did he lack!

But pardon — I must go, I may not wait:
You see the moonbeams come to take me hence!
(*Falls back into his seat. Roxane's tears bring him back to realities. He looks at her, and caresses her veil.*)
I would not have you shed one tear the less
For Christian — fair and noble. All I ask
Is, when my body shall lie cold in death,
You give a double meaning to these weeds —
And let his mourning be my mourning too!
ROXANE. I swear it!
CYRANO (*shaken with a great tremor, rises quickly*). No, not there! Not in a chair!
(*They rush towards him.*)
Let no one hold me up. (*Leans against the tree.*) Only the tree — (*Silence.*)
He comes! I feel already shod with stone,
And gloved with lead. (*Stiffens himself.*) But since he's on his way,
I'll meet him standing upright — (*draws his sword*) — sword in hand —
LE BRET. Cyrano!
ROXANE (*fainting*). Cyrano!
(*All draw back in terror.*)
CYRANO. He sees my nose!
Well! Let the flat-nose look me in the face!
(*Raises his sword.*)
You say 't is useless? That I know full well!
But I have never fought with hope to win.
No, — it is finer when 't is all in vain.
Now, who are these — a thousand thronged about me?
I know you well — You are all ancient foes:

Falsehood! (*Strikes with his sword in the air.*) There, there!
Ha, ha! And Compromise!
Bigotry! Cowardice! (*Strikes*) Shall I make terms?
No, never! never! There is Folly, too!
I knew that in the end you 'd lay me low.
No matter. Let me fight! and fight! and fight!
(*Swings his sword in circles, and stops, panting.*)
You snatch them all away — laurel and rose!
Snatch on! One thing is left in spite of you,
Which I take with me: and this very night,
When I shall cross the threshold of God's house,
And enter, bowing low, this I shall take
Despite you, without wrinkle, without spot —
(*Rushes forward with brandished sword.*)
And that is —
(*The sword falls from his hands. He staggers, and falls into the arms of Le Bret and Ragueneau.*)

ROXANE (*leaning over him and kissing his forehead*). What?

CYRANO (*opens his eyes, recognizes her, and says with a smile*).
My stainless soldier's crest!

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE.

Rouget de Lisle, Claude Joseph, a French soldier and composer of songs; born at Montaigu, Lons-le-Saulnier, France, May 10, 1760; died at Choisy-le-Roi, June 27, 1836. His father was a Royalist, and the son refused to take the oath of allegiance to the constitution abolishing the crown, and was stripped of his rank as first lieutenant and imprisoned. He escaped after the death of Robespierre, was wounded in battle, and retired to Montaigu, where his life was one continual battle against death by starvation. He wrote a number of songs, but is best known by "La Marseillaise," first called "Chant de Guerre pour l'Armée du Rhin." When broken by age Rouget de Lisle was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The Marseillaise.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded
The vile, insatiate despots dare
(Their thirst of power and gold unbounded)
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheath;
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

From a Painting by F. Pils

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques, a famous French philosopher and educator; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. Left motherless in infancy, he was reared by an aunt until his eleventh year, when he was placed with a Protestant pastor at Bossey. Here he remained for two years. It was then decided that he should study law, but the attorney to whom he was sent soon reported him unfit for the profession, and he was apprenticed to an engraver, from whom, after three years of ill-treatment, he ran away. Henceforth he led an unsettled life, making many friends who provided him with homes, and many enemies who, he conceived, drove him from every refuge. He was a sentimentalist who could talk of the sacredness of love, and pass from one unworthy amour to another; who could plead with parents the right of children to happiness and love and "the sweetness of living," and send his own five offspring to the foundling hospital; who talked of despising the world, while writhing at the world's neglect; yet was he a man of genius whose eloquence took captive those whom it could not convince, and whose flaming darts of invective, cast against the fabric of society, helped to kindle the flame of the French Revolution. In his "Discours sur l'Origine et les Fondements de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes" (1753), he declaims against the rights of property. "Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloise," a novel, appeared in 1760; "Du Contrat Social, ou Principes du Droit Politique," in 1762; "Émile, ou de l'Éducation," in 1762; and "Les Confessions, suivies des Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire," in 1782. Besides these are a "Lettre à d'Alembert sur les Spectacles," "Lettre à l'Archevêque de Paris," and Rousseau's "Correspondence." "Émile," whatever may be thought of the logical outcome of its system, deserves the attention of every teacher.

Yielding to Temptation.

(From "Confessions.")

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations,

it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery

turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of sending young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught. I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up, exclaims "Bravo!" The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous;

it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave, I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

In the Isle of St. Peter.

(From the Fifth of the "Rêveries.")

I found my existence so charming, and led a life so agreeable to my humor, that I resolved here to end my days. My only source of disquiet was whether I should be allowed to carry my project out. In the midst of the presentiments that disturbed me, I would fain have had them make a perpetual prison of my refuge, to confine me in it for all the rest of my life. I longed for them to cut off all chance and all hope of leaving it; to forbid my holding any communication with the mainland, so that knowing nothing of what was going on in the world, I might have forgotten the world's existence, and people might have forgotten mine too. They suffered me to pass only two months in the island, but I could have passed two years, two centuries, and all eternity, without a moment's weariness; though I had not, with my companion, any other society than that of the steward, his wife, and their servants. They were in truth honest souls and nothing more, but that was just what I wanted. . . . Carried thither in a violent hurry, alone and without a thing, I afterwards sent for my housekeeper, my books, and my scanty possessions, — of which I had the delight of unpacking nothing, — leaving my boxes and chests just as they had come, and dwelling in the house where I counted on ending my days exactly as if it were an inn whence I must set forth on the morrow. All things went so well, just as they were, that to think of ordering them better were to spoil them. One of my greatest joys was to leave my books fastened up in their boxes, and to be without even a case for writing. When any luckless letter forced me to take up a pen for an answer, I grumblingly borrowed the steward's inkstand, and hurried to give it back to him with all the haste I could, in the vain hope that I should never have need of the loan any more. Instead of meddling with those weary quires and reams and piles of old books, I filled my chamber with flowers and grasses; for I was then in my first fervor for botany. Having given up employment that would be a task to me, I needed one that would be an amusement, nor cause me more pains than a sluggard might choose to take.

I undertook to make the "Flora Petrinsularis;" and to describe every single plant on the island, in detail enough to

occupy me for the rest of my days. In consequence of this fine scheme, every morning after breakfast, which we all took in company, I used to go with a magnifying-glass in my hand, and my "Systema Naturæ" under my arm, to visit some district of the island. I had divided it for that purpose into small squares, meaning to go through them one after another in each season of the year. At the end of two or three hours I used to return laden with an ample harvest, — a provision for amusing myself after dinner indoors, in case of rain. I spent the rest of the morning in going with the steward, his wife, and Theresa, to see the laborers and the harvesting, and I generally set to work along with them: many a time when people from Berne came to see me they found me perched on a high tree, with a bag fastened round my waist; I kept filling it with fruit, and then let it down to the ground with a rope. The exercise I had taken in the morning, and the good-humor that always comes from exercise, made the repose of dinner vastly pleasant to me. But if dinner was kept up too long, and fine weather invited me forth, I could not wait; but was speedily off to throw myself all alone into a boat, which, when the water was smooth enough, I used to pull out to the middle of the lake. There, stretched at full length in the boat's bottom, with my eyes turned up to the sky, I let myself float slowly hither and thither as the water listed, sometimes for hours together; plunged in a thousand confused delicious musings, which, though they had no fixed nor constant object, were not the less on that account a hundred times dearer to me than all that I had found sweetest in what they call the pleasures of life. Often warned by the going down of the sun that it was time to return, I found myself so far from the island that I was forced to row with all my might to get in before it was pitch dark. At other times, instead of losing myself in the midst of the waters, I had a fancy to coast along the green shores of the island, where the clear waters and cool shadows tempted me to bathe.

But one of my most frequent expeditions was from the larger island to the less: there I disembarked and spent my afternoon, — sometimes in mimic rambles among wild elders, persicaries, willows, and shrubs of every species; sometimes settling myself on the top of a sandy knoll, covered with turf, wild thyme, flowers, even sainfoin and trefoil that had most likely been sown there in old days, making excellent quarters

for rabbits. They might multiply in peace without either fearing anything or harming anything. I spoke of this to the steward. He at once had male and female rabbits brought from Neuchâtel, and we went in high state — his wife, one of his sisters, Theresa, and I — to settle them in the little islet. The foundation of our colony was a feast-day. The pilot of the Argonauts was not prouder than I, as I bore my company and the rabbits in triumph from our island to the smaller one. . . .

When the lake was too rough for me to sail, I spent my afternoon in going up and down the island, gathering plants to right and left; seating myself now in smiling lonely nooks to dream at my ease, now on little terraces and knolls, to follow with my eyes the superb and ravishing prospect of the lake and its shores, crowned on one side by the neighboring hills, and on the other melting into rich and fertile plains up to the feet of the pale-blue mountains on their far-off edge.

As evening drew on, I used to come down from the high ground, and sit on the beach at the water's brink in some hidden sheltering-place. There the murmur of the waves and their agitation charmed all my senses, and drove every other movement away from my soul: they plunged it into delicious dreamings, in which I was often surprised by night. The flux and reflux of the water, its ceaseless stir, swelling and falling at intervals, striking on ear and sight, made up for the internal movements which my musings extinguished; they were enough to give me delight in mere existence, without taking any trouble of thinking. From time to time arose some passing thought of the instability of the things of this world, of which the face of the waters offered an image: but such light impressions were swiftly effaced in the uniformity of the ceaseless motion, which rocked me as in a cradle; it held me with such fascination that even when called at the hour and by the signal appointed, I could not tear myself away without summoning all my force.

After supper, when the evening was fine, we used to go all together for a saunter on the terrace, to breathe the freshness of the air from the lake. We sat down in the arbor, — laughing, chatting, or singing some old song, — and then we went home to bed, well pleased with the day, and only craving another that should be exactly like it on the morrow. . . .

All is a continual flux upon the earth. Nothing in it keeps a form constant and determinate; our affections — fastening on

external things — necessarily change and pass just as they do. Ever in front of us or behind us, they recall the past that is gone, or anticipate a future that in many a case is destined never to be. There is nothing solid to which the heart can fix itself. Here we have little more than a pleasure that comes and passes away; as for the happiness that endures, I cannot tell if it be so much as known among men. There is hardly in the midst of our liveliest delights a single instant when the heart could tell us with real truth, "*I would this instant might last forever.*" And how can we give the name of happiness to a fleeting state that all the time leaves the heart unquiet and void, — that makes us regret something gone, or still long for something to come?

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT.

Rückert, Friedrich, a distinguished German poet and orientalist, born at Schweinfurt, May 16, 1788; died at Neuses, near Coburg, January 31, 1866. He was educated at the University of Jena, edited the "Morgenblatt" in Stuttgart from 1815 to 1817, and in 1826 was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, which post he held until 1841, when he was called to the University of Berlin. He frequently wrote under the pen-name of Freimund Raimar. His works include translations and original poems. They are "Liebesfrühling" (1822); "Die Weisheit der Brahmanen," a didactic poem (1836–39); "Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Sarug, oder die Makamen des Hariri" (1826); "Nal und Damajanti," from the "Mahábhárata" (1828); "Rostem und Suhrab," from Firdausi's "Shah-Nameh;" and several posthumous works, including one on the Coptic language 1875. He published many translations from the Arabic, and wrote many original poems dealing with Oriental subjects; among them being "Oriental Roses" (1822); "Songs and Legends of the Orient" (1837); "Rostem and Suhrab: A Heroic Tale" (1838); and "Brahman Tales" (1839). The most elaborate of all his works is "The Wisdom of the Brahmans." His life has been written by Fortlage (1867), Beyer (1868), Boxberger (1878), Konrad Fischer (1889), and F. Reuter (1891).

Greediness Punished.

It was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usédom;
For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder come:
They might have been contented!

Along the shore came swimming, to give the monks good cheer
Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year:
They might have been contented!

Two sturgeons — two great fat ones — and then this law was set,
That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:
They might have been contented!

The other swam away then until next year came round,
Then with a new companion he punctually was found:
They might have been contented!

So then again they caught one, and served him in the dish,
And regularly caught they, year in, year out, a fish:
They might have been contented!

One year, the time appointed *two* such great fishes brought,
The question was a hard one, which of them should be caught:
They might have been contented!

They caught them both together, but every greedy wight
Just spoiled his stomach by it; it served the gluttons right:
They might have been contented!

This was the least of sorrows: hear how the cup ran o'er!
Henceforward to the cloister no fish came swimming more:
They might have been contented!

So long had God supplied them of his free grace alone,
That now it is denied them, the fault is all their own:
They might have been contented!

The Patriot's Lament.

"What forgest, smith?" — "We 're forging chains; ay, chains!" —
"Alas! to chains yourselves degraded are!" —
"What plowest, farmer?" — "Fields their fruit must bear." —
"Yes, seed for foes: the burr for thee remains!"

"What aim'st at, sportsman?" — "Yonder stag, so fat." —
"To hunt you down, like stag and roe, they 'll try." —
"What snarest, fisher?" — "Yonder fish so shy." —
"Who 's there to save you from your fatal net?"

"What art thou rocking, sleepless mother?" — "Boys." —
"Yes: let them grow, and wound their country's fame,
Slaves to her foes, with parricidal arm!" —
"What art thou writing, poet?" — "Words of flame:
I mark my own, record my country's harm,
Whom thought of freedom never more employs."

I blame them not, who with the foreign steel
Tear out our vitals, pierce our inmost heart;
For they are foes created for our smart,
And when they slay us, why they do it, feel.

But in these paths, ye seek what recompense?
For you what brilliant toys of fame are here,
Ye mongrel foes, who lift the sword and spear
Against your country, not for her defence?

Ye Franks, Bavarians, and ye Swabians, say —
Ye aliens, sold to bear the slavish name —
What wages for your servitude they pay.
Your eagle may perchance redeem your fame;
More sure his robber train, ye birds of prey,
To coming ages shall prolong your shame!

Barbarossa.

The ancient Barbarossa
By magic spell is bound, —
Old Frederic the kaiser,
In castle underground.

The kaiser hath not perished, —
He sleeps an iron sleep;
For in the castle hidden,
He 's slunk in slumber deep.

With him the chiefest treasures
Of empire hath he ta'en,
Wherewith in fitting season
He shall appear again.

The kaiser he is sitting
Upon an ivory throne;
Of marble is the table
His head he resteth on.

His beard it is not flaxen:
Like living fire it shines,
And groweth through the table
Whereon his chin reclines.

As in a dream he noddeth;
Then wakes he, heavy-eyed,
And calls, with lifted finger,
A stripling to his side: —

"Dwarf, get thee to the gateway,
And tidings bring, if still
Their course the ancient ravens
Are wheeling round the hill.

"For if the ancient ravens
Are flying still around,
A hundred years to slumber
By magic spell I 'm bound."

The Drum.

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
When it calls me with its rattle
To the battle — to the battle —
Sounds that once so charmed my ear
I no longer now can hear;
They are all an empty hum,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the door with tearful eye,
Father, mother, to me cry;—
Father! mother! shut the door!
I can hear you now no more!
Ye might as well be dumb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
At the corner of the street,
Where so oft we used to meet,
Stands my bride, and cries, "Ah, woe!
My bridegroom, wilt thou go?"
Dearest bride, the hour is come!
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
My brother in the fight
Bids a last, a long good-night;
And the guns, with knell on knell,
Their tale of warning tell; —
But my ear to that is numb,
For the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

CIRCE AND THE FRIENDS OF ULYSSES

Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!
There 's no such stirring sound
Is heard the wide world round
As the drum that with its rattle
Echoes Freedom's call to battle!
I fear no martyrdom
While the drum —
Oh, the drum — it rattles so loud!

Gone in the Wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined.
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind.
Honor and affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined.
Woe to the miners for truth — where the lampless have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for — what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

GIOVANNI RUFFINI.

Ruffini, Giovanni, an Italian political reformer and novelist; born at Genoa in 1807; died at Taggia, Riviera, November 3, 1881. He studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1830. He became interested in the society known as Young Italy, took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1833, and was obliged to leave his country. Beginning in 1836, he was for many years in England, and composed many successful English works. In 1842 he went to Paris, and wrote much, giving interesting details of the manners of Italy. His "Lorenzo Benoni," recollections of an Italian refugee (1853), is to some extent an autobiography; "Doctor Antonio" appeared in 1855; "The Paragreens on a Visit to the Paris Exhibition" (1856); "Lavinia" (1861); "Vincenzo" (1863); "A Quiet Nook in the Jura" (1867); "Carlino" (1870). In the first, besides an interesting fiction, there are details of the outrageous trials of political prisoners at Naples, in 1850, and their inhuman treatment before the sitting of the Court.

Speranza.

(From "Doctor Antonio.")

What with reading, watching the sea, lessons in botany, lessons on the guitar, and chatting with Doctor Antonio, Lucy had reached the twentieth day of her stay in bed in tolerable spirits, and without complaining of time hanging heavily on her hands. The necessity of this tedious confinement was, in fact, the only serious inconvenience still entailed on Miss Davenne by her late accident. The fits of pain that would now and then shoot through her injured limb, especially the foot, during the first days, had gradually subsided, and then completely vanished; so had that sense of restlessness which interfered with her sleep; and, on the whole, Lucy's health was rather improved than otherwise from what it had been for some time previous to the unlucky casualty that had brought her to the Osteria.

On that twentieth morning, then, Antonio paid his visit earlier than usual, and said, "I have come to wish you good-bye till to-morrow; I am called away to a place some hours distant, and I shall have to sleep there."

This piece of news made Lucy's heart contract painfully. "It will be a long day for me," she answered, and could not resist adding, "But you will be sure to be back to-morrow?"

"Without fail," replied Antonio; "I shall bid Speranza come and keep you company. Her stories may amuse you. Now, tell me, do not you think I had better see Sir John Davenne, to let him know that I shall be absent for the next four-and-twenty hours?"

"Yes, pray do so," said Lucy, thankfully; for Lucy had not been without remarking that there existed a certain restraint in the manner of the gentlemen towards each other, and hailed anything in the shape of an advance from the Doctor, as possibly conducive to a better understanding. So Hutchins was sent, as usual, to see where Sir John was, and Antonio taking leave of Lucy followed Iris to the presence of the British Jupiter.

Lucy did her best to beguile the hours, but with little success. Everything which had so lively an interest for her so long as Antonio was there had none now that he was absent. The very sky was not so brilliant, the sea not so blue. She put aside her books and flowers, and fell to musing. Never had such a feeling of loneliness fallen on her before, and as it is the privilege of a present sadness to awaken those of the past, so did there come to her, strangely distinct from out a mass of confused thoughts and images, the recollection of her mother, making the girl clasp her hands, while a pang of sorrow stung her to the quick, as if for the first time she had known that never more had she a mother's heart to lean on. Then memory carried her back to her childhood. Her old nurse, her playthings, the lawn, the garden, all old familiar faces and scenes came before her, and hot tears rolled over her cheeks. Lucy was very sad, and wondered why it was that she was so sad, and why it was that she felt so lonely; why there was such a blank around her. Her eyes drooped, and she began to wish that Speranza would come to keep her company, as Antonio had said she would. Speranza was the only society that would have suited Lucy this morning, — Speranza, who seemed to her, and really was, so very different from Hutchins, to whom Miss Davenne never could have looked as a resource.

Speranza at last made her appearance, and went quietly to take her usual seat by the foot of the bed. Lucy, on looking at her, saw traces of tears in her eyes, and said, "You have been crying, Speranza — tell me what is the matter." Speranza attempted a faint denial with her hand, — her heart, poor thing, was so full, that any effort at speaking would have made it overflow — and bent her head lower over her distaff. "Come and speak to me," said Lucy, and drawing her gently down towards herself, she asked in her sweetest tone, "What ails you, my poor girl?" Lucy's tender voice went straight to the poor peasant's heart, who, unable to control herself any longer, hid her face in Lucy's bosom, and burst into a passion of tears and sobs. "Pray, tell me what is the matter, perhaps I can help you," insisted Lucy, kissing Speranza's head, and crying herself by way of comforting her.

"Thank you, madam," sobbed the girl, "God will reward you for your pity — for me — but my sorrow — is past help;" and saying so she drew a letter out of her pocket, put it into Lucy's hand, then seating herself again on her stool, covered her head with her apron, and began rocking herself to and fro, with little moans expressive of intense anguish. The letter, written in a neat clear hand, was dated "Genoa," and signed "Battista," in huge, rather primitive characters. It ran thus: —

"My good Speranza, — My case was brought yesterday before the Council of Revision, and I gave in my certificates, I mean the Mayor of Bordighera's letter, and the one you sent me from the Curé. The officer who read the letters, and had the talk all to himself, said they were stuff and nonsense, and that I might thank the Council for not declaring me contumacious — I think that's the word — and punishing me as such. Then they wrote down my name in what is called the Roll-book. So it is all over with me now, I am regularly entered for four years as a sailor in the king's service. If I had come fairly by it I should not mind. I might say to you, 'You are young, and so am I. Four years come to an end some day; — wait for me.' But I have been hardly used, and not a bit of justice in it, and so they shall find me a bad bargain, I can tell them. I'll give his Majesty the slip the very first opportunity, and try my fortune in some better country, where there is justice for the poor as well as rich; so you need not think of me any more, unless you choose to think of me as a departed friend, for such I am and shall be to the last. If I were to tell you that my heart is fairly broken, it would serve no purpose but to make your sorrow greater, so I

shan't say anything of the kind, only good-bye on this side of the grave. I have tried hard to be a good son, and live in the fear of God and of the Madonna Santissima. What good has it done me? I have more than a mind to take to swearing, and drinking, and fighting, like most of my messmates, who seem never the worse for it, but rather the better. It 's of no use writing any more, — so God bless you, as I do from my innermost heart; and do not forget me in your prayers, and think sometimes of your unfortunate — BATTISTA.

"*P. S.* — My duty to dear, dear mother Rosa, and to kind Doctor Antonio. I meant to have sent you the lock of hair you gave me on the evening before my first voyage to Marseilles, and the ring we exchanged in the chapel of the Madonna of Lampedusa. But I can't part with them, — really I can't."

Lucy wiped her eyes as she gave back the letter to Speranza, who had never ceased her moans, and swaying to and fro.

Now, though explicit enough in the main, Battista's epistle left many minor points obscure, which the warm-hearted English girl, with a true woman's interest in a love-story, wished to have explained. This desire led to a string of questions from the one and answers from the other, these last interspersed by sobs and tears, which, though adding to their pathos, rather interfered with their clearness. It is out of these answers, only put in some better order, that we are going to extract Speranza's little story, leaving it, however, entirely in her own mouth, lest by telling it ourselves we should do what Antonio was afraid of doing, and would not do — that is, spoil its simplicity.

"Battista," began Speranza, "was the only son of a poor woman, who was always called 'Widow Susan,' though her man was still alive; but he had deserted her when Battista was only two years old, and had gone to France, and settled there. As Widow Susan lived next door to us — that was long before we kept this Osteria — Battista and I were almost as much together as if we had been brother and sister, and when we were neither of us as high as that" — and the girl pointed to a table — "he never called me by any name but 'little wife,' and I always called him 'my little man.' Every Sunday, after vespers, Battista would wait for me at the church door to go home with me, and never spoke to any girl but me, though he was spoken to often enough — for, though I say it, it is true, madam, he was the handsomest boy in the parish. When I grew older, and began to go to the wood, Battista was sure to come and

meet me half way, and carry my bundle for me. And so it came about that it was as good as settled, and everybody in Bordighera, and we most of all, took it for granted, that, as soon as we were old enough, we should be married; though neither father, nor mother, nor Widow Susan, had ever said a word about the matter. Battista had a great liking to the sea, and would fain have gone to see the world, and make some money for me, but he was too good a son to think of leaving his poor dear mother, who had no support but him, and so he stayed at home, and turned fisherman; and it was a real pride, madam," — and Speranza's cheek flushed, — "to see how he managed his boat. He was the smartest and best of all our boatmen, and everybody said so.

"Year after year passed, bringing no change, till this house was set up for sale, and my father, who had long taken a fancy to it, agreed for the purchase, and we came to live here. My father, whose health was failing fast, had it in his mind that the air of this place, not so sharp as at Bordighera, would do him a deal of good. So we settled here, and father one evening — I remember it as if it was yesterday — said to Battista, 'As this house is to be yours one day, I mean when you and Speranza are man and wife, I expect you to lend a hand towards paying the price of it; for I must tell you that all my little savings have gone at once in the first instalment, and there are three more of them owing, one each year for three years running, and we cannot expect to get the money for these payments, and enough to keep us too, out of the produce of the land and the custom of the house. So, my lad, go to work, with God's blessing, as hard as you can, and make money. Widow Susan shall come and live with us while you are away; so your mind may be at rest about her.'

"Battista was quite overjoyed at this arrangement, and at my father's talking to him in this way, because it made him quite sure of being one day his son. He made no delay, but set off at once to Nice, where he engaged himself on board a trading-vessel bound to Genoa, went from thence to Leghorn and then to Marseilles, and as far away as Cette, and to many other places; and whenever he came home, which he did three or four times in the first two years that he spent at sea, he always brought some little comfort for his mother, and something curious or fine for me, and a little money for father; but it was very litle, because Battista's wages were very scanty.

"One day my father said to Battista, 'At this rate it will take us ten years to pay for this place. I had to borrow money for the second payment, and now the third is almost due. How am I to manage?' Battista said, that if it had n't been for the Conscription, which bound a man hand and foot, he knew of a place where he could go and be sure of getting money, and he named it, — a far, far-off place, in a country called Tipodes, that the schoolmaster said was on the other side of the earth, below out feet. But Battista, who has been there since, says it is all nonsense; for if it was so, how could people stand on their feet? and yet they do." And Speranza looked up at Lucy as if she had uttered an unanswerable argument.

"That is not quite a proof," said Lucy, smiling; "but we will talk of that another time. Go on with your story now."

"Well, then," pursued Speranza — "'But,' said father to Battista, 'you can't be taken, you know, because you are all the same as the only son of a widow.'

"'So I am,' said Battista; 'still I must attend and draw out a number, as it seems, at least I was told that such was the law when I went for my papers at Genoa.'

"'Ah!' says father, 'they are always plaguing poor folks with their law. Well, never mind, it's only three months to wait; who knows, you may draw a good number, and that will set it all right.'

"'Please God it be so,' said Battista.

"God was good to us, madam, for, when the time came, Battista's number was one of the highest, and he had not to be marched away. He was not present at the drawing, which took place at Nice; but that did not signify, the gentlemen of the board drew for the young men who were absent. As soon as his good luck was known at Bordighera, the mayor wrote him a letter to Genoa, where Battista had gone a trip, — a beautiful letter it was, — to give him the happy news; and with this letter in hand, Battista got leave to go where he pleased, and all the papers he wanted, and he sailed away for that far, far-off place.

"From that day we had nothing but misfortunes. Widow Susan fell ill of a fever, and, in spite of Doctor Antonio's care, died within a month. I was so broken-hearted at this unexpected loss, and at having to break the sad news to Battista, — he had made me promise to let him know anything, good or bad, that might happen to his mother, — and withal so worn

out with sitting up night after night with Widow Susan, that I fell ill myself next, and was in bed for six weeks, and should never have got up again but for Doctor Antonio. I was just beginning to crawl about when, one morning, the mayor called here, and said that Battista's case was not so clear as he had thought at first, and that Battista must go and pass before that Council of Revision which has taken him now, and that if he did not go he would be breaking the law. In a few days more a paper was posted up at the town-hall, and another at our house, where Battista's poor mother had lived last, summoning him to appear at a short notice. Now, there was no sense in this, for had not the mayor himself put it as plain as pen, ink, and paper could make it, that Battista could not be taken? And then how could he answer the summons, when he was a three-months' voyage off, as everybody knew?

"Oh, no!" continued Speranza, in a voice full of indignation, "all this was done to throw the blame of having disobeyed the law upon the poor lad; and who could have an interest in making him appear in the wrong, but the Commandant of San Remo?"

"How the Commandant of San Remo?" asked Lucy in surprise.

"You must know," went on Speranza, "that this Commandant had an old spite at Battista, and this is how it was. Once the Commandant sent to desire Battista to get him some fine fish, as he was going to give a grand dinner to the Governor of Nice. Battista caught a beautiful San Pietro (John Dory), and took it to the Commandant's palazzo, expecting to be praised, and to have a good price for it. But he was offered just half its worth, and that put him in a passion after all the trouble he had taken, and he said he would rather throw it back into the sea than give it for less than its value; and so he did, and the grand dinner turned out all wrong, because of there being no fish. When the Commandant heard the reason, he was terribly angry, and swore that sooner or later he would make Battista pay for it. We could not help feeling for Battista, but all the same we scolded him well for getting into such a scrape. Just fancy a poor fisherman presuming to stand against the greatest man in the province — a military man, too, used to have his own way and to make everybody tremble. Every one said that the Commandant would be as good as his word, and so it proved.

"Time went by, and a very hard time it was, and we had no tidings of Battista. What we earned by keeping the inn was very little indeed. Father was going fast, and his temper waxed sourer every day, and he never ceased moaning and complaining about his health, and at no news from Battista, and worrying about his debts, and this and that, till the customers grew weary of him, and fell off one by one. The little we made went in soup, and good meat, and wine for the poor old man, who was ill of a bird in the stomach — "

"Of what?" exclaimed Lucy.

"A bird, madam, which ate everything he swallowed; ask Doctor Antonio, madam, he will tell you what I mean. We were so poor now, that often I had to go twice a day to the wood, and after all, I earned only enough to pay for a bit of meat, or a bottle of wine for father. If it had not been for Doctor Antonio, who helped us in many a way, and was like a guardian angel hovering over us, I don't think we could have got on at all. At last, after sixteen months of this life, a letter came from Battista. It was sad, for, poor fellow! he knew, by the time it was written, of his mother's death, but to us it came like a message from heaven, to bid us keep up our courage. This letter was the first that reached us, but not the first that he had sent. He said that he was well, and had put by already a good round sum of money, and was sure of doubling it in six months more; but after that he should come home, and we should all be happy together. We wept for joy as we read it. Father, who was in bed in a very low way, joined his hands and said, 'Now, my God, take me when it is thy will; I am ready to go, for my child will not be left destitute.' A week after," continued Speranza, wiping her eyes, "we carried the dear old man to the burying-ground.

"Ah! madam, we reckoned the days as a man condemned to death counts the hours he has to live. Six months went by, then seven, eight, nine, ten, and no Battista. It was one stormy evening last March; mother and I were sitting sorrowfully in the dark, to spare oil — our little provision was almost gone, and we had no money to buy any — the wind was howling, and the sea roaring like a wild beast, and I was thinking of poor sailors at sea, when all at once I heard a step crossing the garden — my heart jumped up to my throat, and I rushed half crazy to the door. It was he — I knew his step, I was in his arms once more. Oh! the blessed moment! All my troubles were forgotten, all my misery was gone, for he had come back,

he was there, — he, Battista. Oh! why did God give me this little look of heaven to make me feel the loss of it more bitterly? Mother and I were mad with joy, but it did not last long. As soon as the lamp was lighted we saw a world of sorrow in poor Battista's face, he was so worn and pale; his eyes were sunken, his cheeks quite hollow. He had his right arm tied up in a handkerchief. 'What is the matter?' asked I, all in a shake. 'We have been shipwrecked,' he said, 'all hands drowned, poor fellows, except another and myself, and everything I had on earth gone!' and as he spoke these words, he fell a-crying. I thought, I did indeed, that my heart was going to split in two. I undid the handkerchief; there was a great gash across the hand. Mother went to fetch Doctor Antonio — I was too sick to move — and brought him back with her. As soon as I heard the Doctor's voice I felt comforted, for I said to myself, He will help us. The voice of a friend is very sweet in sorrow, dear lady," said the poor creature, trying hard to keep down her tears. "Doctor Antonio dressed the wound, and began at once to cheer us by saying that we ought to be thankful for the good left us — what if Battista had been drowned with the others? — that money, after all, was not happiness; that Battista and I were young and strong; and that, as he had lost his money, we must work the harder, and bless God that we were spared to one another. And as I listened to these good words the sickness left my heart. The Doctor sat down with us, and then Battista told us all about the shipwreck; how the vessel had struck on a sunken rock close in to the coast of Corsica — almost in sight of home! — and gone down in a minute; how he and one of his shipmates had been picked up by a French ship going to Marseilles, and he had made his way on foot from thence to Bordighera. We sat long, and talked and talked over the past, and of poor dear father, and poor dear Widow Susan, and made plans for the future; and when we separated, we did so with light hearts — for, after all, was he not spared to me, and I to him? As it was now long after midnight, and Battista would find no house open at that hour, Doctor Antonio took him home to his lodgings for that night.

"Next morning, I made sure that Battista would be down with us early, so that I wondered very much when eight o'clock came, and still no Battista. But I never supposed that anything was wrong until I saw Doctor Antonio coming alone. As soon as ever he was near enough, I knew by his face that

he had bad news for me. The Doctor told me at once that Battista had been summoned to San Remo on that business of the Conscription, and that I must not distress myself, but make ready and go with him and mother to San Remo. He would, he said, see the Commandant, and do his best to right Battista. The Doctor did not tell us then, what we knew very soon afterwards, that two carabineers had been sent from San Remo to fetch Battista; that they had arrested him in the street, put handcuffs on him, and thus paraded him about the town as if he had been a thief or a murderer, and then taken him away in a boat. They said it was law. I don't think there's much justice in such laws," said Speranza very sharply.

"So the Doctor and mother and I went as fast as we could to San Remo, and made first of all for the jail, but as we had no pass, were refused admittance. We next went to the Commandant's, who was busy, we were told, and could see no one. Doctor Antonio insisting, however, he was introduced, but he could obtain nothing — not even the permission for us to see Battista — only the answer that it was the law, and that the law must be obeyed. After being kept a week in the jail at San Remo — God knows for what reason! — Battista was marched off, under an escort of carabineers, to Genoa, and taken to the dockyard there, out of which he was never allowed to go. Doctor Antonio wrote in his behalf to all his friends at Genoa, even to the British Consul there. The Curé gave us a letter, saying how Battista was all the same as fatherless, for his father had deserted him when only two years of age; but nothing availed."

"And what difference," asked Lucy, "would it have made if his father had really been dead?"

"O madam, he would not have been taken in the Conscription. The only son of a widow is exempted from the service. So far the law is merciful to one whose father is dead; and why should it not be so to one whose father is all the same to him as if he was in the churchyard? But what's the use of reasoning about it? the law is too strong for the poor — Battista, as you know, is condemned, and (Speranza made a desperate attempt to conquer her emotion, and continued slowly and composedly) — "Well, let it be so; I can bear it all without complaining. Everybody is not born to be happy. I am willing to offer up my hopes in this world as a sacrifice to the Blessed Virgin, holy mother of sorrows. If it

is ordained that I am not to be — Battista's wife, well. I can give him — up on this side of the grave. But I cannot, no" — (she went on with a burst of passion, that made her eyes actually rain tears), — "I cannot bear that he should turn to wickedness; that he who has been such a pattern of goodness should take to breaking God's commandments, and that we should be separated in all eternity. That is what wrings my heart and drives me mad. Oh, no, no! that is what God will not let come to pass."

This was the first view that Lucy had ever had into an aching heart — this was the first time that such things as want, hardship, and anguish, hitherto vague abstractions with her rather than stern realities, had stood up in a living shape, and told their sad tale, and moaned and writhed within her sight and hearing. We leave the reader to imagine how all the holy springs of sympathy and pity heaved in Lucy's gentle bosom, and gushed forth in soothing words and caresses, and earnest promises of assistance.

"Perhaps you know the king?" said Speranza, all at once raising her head with a flash of hope in her eyes.

"No," said Lucy, "why do you ask?"

"Because," said Speranza, "if you could have told him Battista's story, I am sure he would be merciful to us. Oh! if the king could only know, he would be sorry for us. Why should he, so great on his throne, wish poor folks to be wretched?"

"If we cannot speak to the king," said Lucy, "we can write to him, — I mean, we can send him a memorial on behalf of Battista."

"That would be of no use," replied the girl dejectedly. "Memorials sent by poor people never reach the king; the bad counsellors stop them."

"But, perhaps," insisted Lucy, "we can find somebody who will promise to put the memorial into the king's own hands."

Speranza shook her head despondingly. It was plain that she had as bad an opinion of memorials as Doctor Antonio.

"We shall find some way, depend upon it," continued Lucy; "I will ask Doctor Antonio what to do." Both girls brightened up at this. Evidently Speranza's faith was greater in Doctor Antonio than in the memorial.

Lucy thought long over Speranza's story, wishing that the morrow were come, that she might ask the Doctor how best to

help her *protégée;* and then she fell to musing with particular complacency on the part he had played in the little drama. Nor, it must be confessed, did she consider the Italian girl's enthusiastic expression of his having been like a guardian angel either exaggerated or misplaced. The man seemed born to do good. For, had she not heard, did she not know from her own experience, that wherever there was sickness or sorrow, tears to dry, or sinking hearts to raise, *there* he was to be found, cheering, sustaining, ministering in many a way? And now a glimmering light dawned on Lucy's understanding, by which she began to perceive how a superior man like Doctor Antonio might be reconciled to his present lot; nay, she even felt disposed to think highly of that humble sphere into which fate had jostled him, — a sphere, she saw, teeming with misery, oppression, and injustice, and therefore calculated to draw forth all the energy and chivalrous kindness of his nature.

Lucy very soon lost herself in an inextricable labyrinth of speculation and argument, into which we need not follow her, but which interested her far more than Manzoni or the guitar, and brought her on to the end of the day less disagreeably than she had expected. Sir John, also, when he came to see her in the evening, looked more serene and cheerful than he had done since they had taken up their abode in the Osteria — a serenity and cheerfulness partly attributed by Lucy to the Doctor's considerate step in the morning; but as Sir John was very loud in his praises of the Bishop of Albenga's former cook, we are inclined to believe that the dinner he had eaten had more to do with his present optimism than Doctor Antonio.

JOHANN LUDVIG RUNEBERG.

Runeberg, Johann Ludvig, a Swedish poet and educator; born at Jacobstad, Finland, February 5, 1804; died at Borgå, May 6, 1877. His schooling was at Wasa and the university at Abo. A residence in the interior of the country led to the writing of a notable poem, the "Elk Hunters" (1832), and other productions that pertain to Finnish scenery and peasant life. In 1830 he became docent of Roman literature in the university and published his first poems. The next year he wrote an historical poem, "The Grave in Perrho." From 1832 to 1837 he edited the "Helsingfors Morgonblad," and produced largely in nearly every field of literature. He then became professor in the Borgå Gymnasium. Among his greater poems are "Nadeschda" (1841), and "King Fjalar" (1844). His most celebrated work, "Ensign Stal's Stories," appeared in 1848. Visiting Stockholm and Upsala in 1851, he was highly honored by eminent Swedes. Two years later he contributed much to a psalm-book for Finnish Lutherans. In his latter years he was a paralytic. He received decorations and degrees from Sweden and Russia, and the most of his works have been translated into the languages of Northern Europe.

The Peasant Princess.

(From "Nadeschda.")

A moment's pause, and then
The door was opened boldly by Miljutin;
The patriarch stepped in,
The lackeys vainly trying to deter him;
But, when the prince's glance
He met, stopped instantly in silent homage,
And bent his knee, and bowed
His lofty forehead to the floor, not speaking.

From Woldmar's countenance
Soon fled the angry glimpse at first revealed there,
And kindly to the serf,
With years weighed down, he then his hand extended:

"Miljutin," were his words,
"Why dost thou storm thy prince in this strange fashion?
Arise, what is thy wish?
To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

The old man heaved a sigh:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble;
A lark I once possessed;
Thy hawk hath robbed me of her in my cottage."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrows;
I have a nightingale,
That will I give thee for thy lark regretted."

Miljutin sighed again:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By pleasant sounds and nightingales' sweet trilling.
An image-saint I had,
A frail and perishable one of elm-wood,
The treasure of my cot;
A robber, some one from thy castle, stole it."

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace:
"Not hard is it, in truth, to heal thy sorrow;
For one of gold have I
To give to thee in place of thy elm-image."

The old man only sighed:
"Oh, master, small the grievance of the humble,
Yet healed is not his grief
By promises and golden treasure's glitter.
A daughter did I have;
She was my lark, she was my saintly image;
She was a serf, alas!
Thy hand hath taken her from my affections."

Prince Woldmar then looked up,
His brow was radiant, his cheeks were glowing:
"Miljutin," he exclaimed,
"To-day shall none in sorrow leave this castle."

A sigh, a sound, a tone,
A word, a name, from Woldmar's lips escaping,
And lo! the door that led
Into the state-apartments flew open,

And, but more lovely now,
A brightened face its mind refulgence shedding,
Like rosy morning sky,
Before the old man's gaze stood his Nadeschda.

Prince Woldmar smiled with grace,
He placed her hand in his, and to Miljutin,
Still standing there amazed,
He straightway led his charming foster-daughter:
"Miljutin, faithful slave,
A nightingale for the poor lark I offered;
An image wrought of gold
For that of elm, once taken from thy cottage.
My presents thus disdained,
A daughter thou didst mourn, a feeble serf-girl;
But see, this princess here,
I give her to thee as thy compensation."

A tear, as clear as pearly dew,
In crimson on Nadeschda's flushed cheeks sparkled.
And mute, without a word,
She kissed, in smiling joy, the old man's forehead.

Do not Roil a Maiden's Soul.

By the streamlet sat a maid,
Leaving in its tide her foot;
And above her sang a bird:
"Maiden, do not roil the brook!
'T will no longer mirror heaven."
Then the maid looked up and said,
With a tearful countenance:
"Trouble not about the brook;
It will soon be clear again.
But, when you behold me here
With a youth beside me, say
Unto him what you have said:
'Do not roil a maiden's soul!
It will never clear again,
Nevermore will mirror heaven.'"

JOHN RUSKIN.

Ruskin, John, an eminent English art-critic and lecturer; born at London, February 8, 1819. He entered Christ Church College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1842, having, in 1839, gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. During his undergraduateship he wrote much verse. After graduating he studied art, and acquired much technical skill as a draughtsman, which has served him in illustrating some of his subsequent works. His books on art comprise "Modern Painters" (1843–60); "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" (1849); "The Stones of Venice" (1851–53); "Pre-Raphaelitism" (1851); "Giotto and his Works in Padua" (1854–60); "Elements of Drawing" (1857); "Political Economy of Art" (1858); "The Two Paths" (1859); "Elements of Perspective" (1859); "Lectures on Art" (1870); "Aratra Pentelici" (1872); "Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret" (1872); "The Laws of Fésole" (1877–79); "The Art of England" (1883); "Verona, and Other Lectures" (1893); "The Poetry of Architecture" (1893); and numerous notes and reports. His many miscellaneous works on ethics, social science, political economy, mythology, botany, etc., published under fanciful titles, include, among others, "Sesame and Lilies" (1865), one of his most popular books; "The Ethics of the Dust" (1866); "The Crown of Wild Olive" (1866); "The Queen of the Air" (1869); "Munera Pulveris" (1872–73); "The Eagle's Nest" (1872); "Love's Meinie" (1873); "Proserpina" (1875–86); "Deucalion" (1875–83); and "St. Mark's Rest" (1877–84). He also wrote a popular fairy tale, "The King of the Golden River" (1851); "Arrows of the Chace" (1880), letters to newspapers; "Præterita," autobiographical (1885–89); "Fors Clavigera" (1871–84), miscellaneous counsels, moral, religious, economic, literary, etc.

The Lamp of Memory.

(From "The Seven Lamps of Architecture.")

Among the hours of his life to which the writer looks back with peculiar gratitude, as having been marked by more than ordinary fulness of joy or clearness of teaching, is one passed,

now some years ago, near time of sunset, among the broken masses of pine forest which skirt the course of the Ain, above the village of Champagnole, in the Jura. It is a spot which has all the solemnity, with none of the savageness, of the Alps; where there is a sense of a great power beginning to be manifested in the earth, and of a deep and majestic concord in the rise of the long low lines of piny hills; the first utterance of those mighty mountain symphonies, soon to be more loudly lifted and wildly broken along the battlements of the Alps. But their strength is as yet restrained; and the far reaching ridges of pastoral mountain succeed each other, like the long and sighing swell which moves over quiet waters from some far off stormy sea. And there is a deep tenderness pervading that vast monotony. The destructive forces and the stern expression of the central ranges are alike withdrawn. No frost-ploughed, dust-encumbered paths of ancient glacier fret the soft Jura pastures; no splintered heaps of ruin break the fair ranks of her forest; no pale, defiled, or furious rivers send their rude and changeful ways among her rocks. Patiently, eddy by eddy, the clear green streams wind along their well-known beds; and under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there spring up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of among all the blessings of the earth. It was spring time, too; and all were coming forth in clusters crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing every now and then into nebulæ; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the Mois de Marie, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges — ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and, ever and anon, a blue gush of violets, and cowslip bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the Polygala Alpina, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-colored moss. I came out presently on the edge of the ravine: the solemn murmur of its waters rose suddenly from beneath, mixed with the singing of the thrushes among the pine boughs; and, on the opposite side of the valley, walled all along as it was by gray cliffs of limestone, there was a hawk

JOHN RUSKIN

sailing slowly off their brow, touching them nearly with his wings, and with the shadows of the pines flickering upon his plumage from above; but with the fall of a hundred fathoms under his breast, and the curling pools of the green river gliding and glittering dizzily beneath him, their foam globes moving with him as he flew. It would be difficult to conceive a scene less dependent upon any other interest than that of its own secluded and serious beauty; but the writer well remembers the sudden blankness and chill which were cast upon it when he endeavored, in order more strictly to arrive at the sources of its impressiveness, to imagine it, for a moment, a scene in some aboriginal forest of the New Continent. The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent upon a life which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation is reflected from things more precious in their memories than it, in its renewing. Those ever springing flowers and ever flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colors of human endurance, valor, and virtue; and the crests of the sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux, and the four-square keep of Granson.

It is as the centralization and protectress of this sacred influence, that Architecture is to be regarded by us with the most serious thought. We may live without her, and worship without her, but we cannot remember without her. How cold is all history, how lifeless all imagery, compared to that which the living nation writes, and the uncorrupted marble bears! — how many pages of doubtful record might we not often spare, for a few stones left one upon another! The ambition of the old Babel builders was well directed for this world: there are but two strong conquerors of the forgetfulness of men, Poetry and Architecture; and the latter in some sort includes the former, and is mightier in its reality: it is well to have, not only what men have thought and felt, but what their hands have handled, and their strength wrought, and their eyes beheld, all the days of their life. The age of Homer is surrounded with darkness, his very personality with doubt. Not so that of Pericles: and the day is coming when we shall confess, that we have learned more of Greece out of the crumbled

fragments of her sculpture than even from her sweet singers or soldier historians. "And if indeed there be any profit in our knowledge of the past, or any joy in the thought of being remembered hereafter, which can give strength to present exertion, or patience to present endurance, there are two duties respecting national architecture whose importance it is impossible to overrate: the first, to render the architecture of the day, historical: and, the second, to preserve, as the most precious of inheritances, that of past ages."

It is in the first of these two directions that Memory may truly be said to be the Sixth Lamp of Architecture; for it is in becoming memorial or monumental that a true perfection is attained by civil and domestic buildings; and this partly as they are, with such a view, built in a more stable manner, and partly as their decorations are consequently animated by a metaphorical or historical meaning.

As regards domestic buildings, there must always be a certain limitation to views of this kind in the power, as well as in the hearts, of men; still I cannot but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins: and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honorably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honor, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. "I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples—temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of nat-

ural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our fathers' honor, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up, in mildewed forwardness, out of the kneaded fields about our capital — upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone — upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar — not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonored dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gypsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change."

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonored both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of that Christian worship which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight, it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy, how, and with what aspect of durability and of completeness, the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral

duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement, than their attainments at the termination, of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honorable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground floor with two stories above, three windows in the first, and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street, behind the market-place of Vicenza; it bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il . n'est . rose . sans . épine . ;* it has also only a ground floor and two stories, with three windows in each, separated by rich flower-work, and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopiæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea, that no picture can be historical, except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling-houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner, I will say presently, under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and of its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of monument, and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place, in such sweet words as may well close our speaking of these things. I have taken them from the front of a cottage lately built among the green pastures which descend from the village of Grindelwald to the lower glacier: —

"Mit herzlichem Vertrauen
Hat Johannes Mooter und Maria Rubi
Dieses Haus bauen lassen.
Der liebe Gott woll uns bewahren
Vor allem Unglück und Gefahren,
Und es in Segen lassen stehn
Auf der Reise durch diese Jammerzeit
Nach dem himmlischen Paradiese,
Wo alle Frommen wohnen,
Da wird Gott sie belohnen
Mit der Friedenskrone
Zu alle Ewigkeit."

In public buildings the historical purpose should be still more definite. It is one of the advantages of Gothic architecture, — I use the word Gothic in the most extended sense as broadly opposed to classical, — that it admits of a richness of record altogether unlimited. Its minute and multitudinous sculptural decorations afford means of expressing, either symbolically or literally, all that need be known of national feeling or achievement. More decoration will, indeed, be usually required than can take so elevated a character; and much, even in the most thoughtful periods, has been left to the free-

dom of fancy, or suffered to consist of mere repetitions of some national bearing or symbol. It is, however, generally unwise, even in mere surface ornament, to surrender the power and privilege of variety which the spirit of Gothic architecture admits; much more in important features — capitals of columns or bosses, and string-courses, as of course in all confessed bas-reliefs. Better the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact, than the richest without meaning. There should not be a single ornament put upon great civic buildings, without some intellectual intention. Actual representation of history has in modern times been checked by a difficulty, mean indeed, but steadfast; that of unmanageable costume; nevertheless, by a sufficiently bold imaginative treatment, and frank use of symbols, all such obstacles may be vanquished; not perhaps in the degree necessary to produce sculpture in itself satisfactory, but at all events so as to enable it to become a grand and expressive element of architectural composition. Take, for example, the management of the capitals of the ducal palace at Venice. History, as such, was indeed intrusted to the painters of its interior, but every capital of its arcades was filled with meaning. The large one, the corner stone of the whole, next the entrance, was devoted to the symbolization of Abstract Justice; above it is a sculpture of the Judgment of Solomon, remarkable for a beautiful subjection in its treatment to its decorative purpose. The figures, if the subject had been entirely composed of them, would have awkwardly interrupted the line of the angle, and diminished its apparent strength; and therefore in the midst of them, entirely without relation to them, and indeed actually between the executioner and interceding mother, there rises the ribbed trunk of a massy tree, which supports and continues the shaft of the angle, and whose leaves above overshadow and enrich the whole. The capital below bears among its leafage a throned figure of Justice, Trajan doing justice to the widow, Aristotle "che die legge," and one or two other subjects now unintelligible from decay. The capitals next in order represent the virtues and vices in succession, as preservative or destructive of national peace and power, concluding with Faith, with the inscription "Fides optima in Deo est." A figure is seen on the opposite side of the capital, worshipping the sun. After these, one or two capitals are fancifully decorated with birds, and then come a series represent-

ing, first the various fruits, then the national costumes, and then the animals of the various countries subject to Venetian rule.

Now, not to speak of any more important public building, let us imagine our own India House adorned in this way, by historical or symbolical sculpture: massively built in the first place; then chased with bas-reliefs of our Indian battles, and fretted with carvings of Oriental foliage, or inlaid with Oriental stones; and the more important members of its decoration composed of groups of Indian life and landscape, and prominently expressing the phantasms of Hindoo worship in their subjection to the Cross. Would not one such work be better than a thousand histories? If, however, we have not the invention necessary for such efforts, or if, which is probably one of the most noble excuses we can offer for our deficiency in such matters, we have less pleasure in talking about ourselves, even in marble, than the Continental nations, at least we have no excuse for any want of care in the points which insure the building's endurance. And as this question is one of great interest in its relations to the choice of various modes of decoration, it will be necessary to enter into it at some length.

The benevolent regards and purposes of men in masses seldom can be supposed to extend beyond their own generation. They may look to posterity as an audience, may hope for its attention, and labor for its praise: they may trust to its recognition of unacknowledged merit, and demand its justice for contemporary wrong. But all this is mere selfishness, and does not involve the slightest regard to, or consideration of, the interest of those by whose numbers we would fain swell the circle of our flatterers, and by whose authority we would gladly support our presently disputed claims. "The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to

come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labor of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have labored for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them; and of all the pulpits from which human voice is ever sent forth, there is none from which it reaches so far as from the grave."

Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect, for futurity. Every human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." "For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations: it is in that golden

stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life."

For that period, then, we must build; not, indeed, refusing to ourselves the delight of present completion, nor hesitating to follow such portions of character as may depend upon delicacy of execution to the highest perfection of which they are capable, even although we may know that in the course of years such details must perish; but taking care that for work of this kind we sacrifice no enduring quality, and that the building shall not depend for its impressiveness upon anything that is perishable. This would, indeed, be the law of good composition under any circumstances, the arrangement of the larger masses being always a matter of greater importance than the treatment of the smaller; but in architecture there is much in that very treatment which is skilful or otherwise in proportion to its just regard to the probable effects of time: and (which is still more to be considered) there is a beauty in those effects themselves, which nothing else can replace, and which it is our wisdom to consult and to desire. For though, hitherto, we have been speaking of the sentiment of age only, there is an actual beauty in the marks of it, such and so great as to have become not unfrequently the subject of especial choice among certain schools of art, and to have impressed upon those schools the character usually and loosely expressed by the term "picturesque." It is of some importance to our present purpose to determine the true meaning of this expression, as it is now generally used; for there is a principle to be developed from that use which, while it has occultly been the ground of much that is true and just in our judgment of art, has never been so far understood as to become definitely serviceable. Probably no word in the language (exclusive of theological expressions) has been the subject of so frequent or so prolonged dispute; yet none remain more vague in their acceptance, and it seems to me to be a matter of no small interest to investigate the essence of that idea which all feel, and (to appearance) with respect to similar things, and yet

which every attempt to define has, as I believe, ended either in mere enumeration of the effects and objects to which the term has been attached, or else in attempts at abstraction more palpably nugatory than any which have disgraced metaphysical investigation on other subjects. A recent critic on Art, for instance, has gravely advanced the theory that the essence of the picturesque consists in the expression of "universal decay." It would be curious to see the result of an attempt to illustrate this idea of the picturesque, in a painting of dead flowers and decayed fruit; and equally curious to trace the steps of any reasoning which, on such a theory, should account for the picturesqueness of an ass colt as opposed to a horse foal. But there is much excuse for even the most utter failure in reasonings of this kind, since the subject is, indeed, one of the most obscure of all that may legitimately be submitted to human reason; and the idea is itself so varied in the minds of different men, according to their subjects of study, that no definition can be expected to embrace more than a certain number of its infinitely multiplied forms.

That peculiar character, however, which separates the picturesque from the characters of subject belonging to the higher walks of art (and this is all that it is necessary for our present purpose to define), may be shortly and decisively expressed. Picturesqueness, in this sense, is *Parasitical Sublimity.* Of course all sublimity, as well as all beauty, is, in the simple etymological sense, picturesque, that is to say, fit to become the subject of a picture; and all sublimity is, even in the peculiar sense which I am endeavoring to develop, picturesque, as opposed to beauty; that is to say, there is more picturesqueness in the subject of Michael Angelo than of Perugino, in proportion to the prevalence of the sublime element over the beautiful. But that character, of which the extreme pursuit is generally admitted to be degrading to art, is *parasitical* sublimity; *i. e.*, a sublimity dependent on the accidents, or on the least essential characters, of the objects to which it belongs; and the picturesque is *developed distinctively exactly in proportion to the distance from the centre of thought of those points of character in which the sublimity is found.* Two ideas, therefore, are essential to picturesqueness, — the first, that of sublimity (for pure beauty is not picturesque at all, and becomes so only as the sublime element mixes with it), and the second, the subordinate or parasitical position of that sublimity. Of

course, therefore, whatever characters of line or shade or expression are productive of sublimity, will become productive of picturesqueness; what these characters are I shall endeavor hereafter to show at length; but, among those which are generally acknowledged, I may name angular and broken lines, vigorous oppositions of light and shadow, and grave, deep, or boldly contrasted color; and all these are in a still higher degree effective, when, by resemblance or association, they remind us of objects on which a true and essential sublimity exists, as of rocks or mountains, or stormy clouds or waves. Now if these characters, or any others of a higher and more abstract sublimity, be found in the very heart and substance of what we contemplate, as the sublimity of Michael Angelo depends on the expression of mental character in his figures far more than even on the noble lines of their arrangement, the art which represents such characters cannot be properly called picturesque: but, if they be found in the accidental or external qualities, the distinctive picturesque will be the result.

Thus, in the treatment of the features of the human face by Francia or Angelico, the shadows are employed only to make the contours of the features thoroughly felt; and to those features themselves the mind of the observer is exclusively directed (that is to say, to the essential characters of the thing represented). All power and all sublimity rest on these; the shadows are used only for the sake of the features. On the contrary, by Rembrandt, Salvator, or Caravaggio, the features are used *for the sake of the shadows;* and the attention is directed, and the power of the painter addressed, to characters of accidental light and shade cast across or around those features. In the case of Rembrandt there is often an essential sublimity in invention and expression besides, and always a high degree of it in the light and shade itself; but it is, for the most part, parasitical or engrafted sublimity as regards the subject of the painting, and, just so far, picturesque.

Again, in the management of the sculptures of the Parthenon, shadow is frequently employed as a dark field on which the forms are drawn. This is visibly the case in the metopes, and must have been nearly as much so in the pediment. But the use of that shadow is entirely to show the confines of the figures; and it is to *their lines*, and not to the shapes of the shadows behind them, that the art and the eye are addressed. The figures themselves are conceived, as much as possible, in full

light, aided by bright reflections; they are drawn exactly as, on vases, white figures on a dark ground; and the sculptors have dispensed with, or even struggled to avoid, all shadows which were not absolutely necessary to the explaining of the form. On the contrary, in Gothic sculpture, the shadow becomes itself a subject of thought. It is considered as a dark color, to be arranged in certain agreeable masses; the figures are very frequently made even subordinate to the placing of its divisions: and their costume is enriched at the expense of the forms underneath, in order to increase the complexity and variety of the points of shade. There are thus, both in sculpture and painting, two, in some sort, opposite schools, of which the one follows for its subject the essential forms of things, and the other the accidental lights and shades upon them. There are various degrees of their contrariety: middle steps, as in the works of Correggio, and all degrees of nobility and of degradation in the several manners; but the one is always recognized as the pure, and the other as the picturesque school. Portions of picturesque treatment will be found in Greek work, and of pure and unpicturesque in Gothic; and in both there are countless instances, as pre-eminently in the works of Michael Angelo, in which shadows become valuable as media of expression, and therefore take rank among essential characteristics. Into these multitudinous distinctions and exceptions I cannot now enter, desiring only to prove the broad applicability of the general definition.

Again, the distinction will be found to exist, not only between forms and shades as subjects of choice, but between essential and inessential forms. One of the chief distinctions between the dramatic and picturesque schools of sculpture is found in the treatment of the hair. By the artists of the time of Pericles it was considered as an excrescence, indicated by few and rude lines, and subordinated, in every particular, to the principality of the features and person. How completely this was an artistical not a national idea, it is unnecessary to prove. We need but remember the employment of the Lacedæmonians, reported by the Persian spy on the evening before the battle of Thermopylæ, or glance at any Homeric description of ideal form, to see how purely *sculpturesque* was the law which reduced the markings of the hair, lest, under the necessary disadvantages of material, they should interfere with the distinctness of the personal forms. On the contrary, in later sculpture, the hair receives almost the principal care of the workman; and, while

the features and limbs are clumsily and bluntly executed, the hair is curled and twisted, cut into bold and shadowy projections, and arranged in masses elaborately ornamental: there is true sublimity in the lines and the chiaroscuro of these masses, but it is, as regards the creature represented, parasitical, and therefore picturesque. In the same sense we may understand the application of the term to modern animal painting, distinguished as it has been by peculiar attention to the colors, lustre, and texture of skin: nor is it in art alone that the definition will hold. In animals themselves, when their sublimity depends upon their muscular forms or motions, or necessary and principal attributes, as perhaps more than all others in the horse, we do not call them picturesque, but consider them as peculiarly fit to be associated with pure historical subject. Exactly in proportion as their character of sublimity passes into excrescences; — into mane and beard as in the lion, into horns as in the stag, into shaggy hide as in the instance above given of the ass colt, into variegation as in the zebra, or into plumage, — they become picturesque, and are so in art exactly in proportion to the prominence of these excrescential characters. It may be often most expedient that they should be prominent; often there is in them the highest degree of majesty, as in those of the leopard and boar; and in the hands of men like Tintoret and Rubens, such attributes become means of deepening the very highest and the most ideal impressions. But the picturesque direction of their thoughts is always distinctly recognizable, as clinging to the surface, to the less essential character, and as developing out of this a sublimity different from that of the creature itself; a sublimity which is, in a sort, common to all the objects of creation, and the same in its constituent elements, whether it be sought in the clefts and folds of shaggy hair, or in the chasms and rents of rocks, or in the hanging of thickets or hill sides, or in the alternations of gayety and gloom in the variegation of the shell, the plume, or the cloud.

Now, to return to our immediate subject, it so happens that, in architecture, the superinduced and accidental beauty is most commonly inconsistent with the preservation of original character, and the picturesque is therefore sought in ruin, and supposed to consist in decay. Whereas, even when so sought, it consists in the mere sublimity of the rents, or fractures, or stains, or vegetation, which assimilate the architecture with the work of Nature, and bestow upon it those circumstances of color and form which

are universally beloved by the eye of man. So far as this is done, to the extinction of the true characters of the architecture, it is picturesque, and the artist who looks to the stem of the ivy instead of the shaft of the pillar, is carrying out in more daring freedom the debased sculptor's choice of the hair instead of the countenance. But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent character, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists; and, therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters; so essential to my mind, that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits, but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained with respect to sculpture, that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of points of shade rather than on purity of outline, do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away; hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of lime, as the Italian Gothic, must be practised altogether in hard and undecomposing materials, granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.

It does not belong to my present plan to consider at length the second head of duty of which I have above spoken; the preservation of the architecture we possess: but a few words

may be forgiven, as especially necessary in modern times. "Neither by the public, nor by those who have the care of public monuments, is the true meaning of the word *restoration* understood. It means the most total destruction which a building can suffer: a destruction out of which no remnants can be gathered: a destruction accompanied with false description of the thing destroyed. Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture. That which I have above insisted upon as the life of the whole, that spirit which is given only by the hand and eye of the workman, can never be recalled. Another spirit may be given by another time, and it is then a new building; but the spirit of the dead workman cannot be summoned up, and commanded to direct other hands, and other thoughts. And as for direct and simple copying, it is palpably impossible. What copying can there be of surfaces that have been worn half an inch down? The whole finish of the work was in the half inch that is gone; if you attempt to restore that finish, you do it conjecturally; if you copy what is left, granting fidelity to be possible (and what care, or watchfulness, or cost can secure it), how is the new work better than the old? There was yet in the old *some* life, some mysterious suggestion of what it had been, and of what it had lost; some sweetness in the gentle lines which rain and sun had wrought. There can be none in the brute hardness of the new carving. Look at the animals which I have given elsewhere, as an instance of living work, and suppose the markings of the scales and hair once worn away, or the wrinkles of the brows, and who shall ever restore them? The first step to restoration (I have seen it, and that again and again — seen it on the Baptistery of Pisa, seen it on the Casa d'Oro at Venice, seen it on the Cathedral of Lisieux) is to dash the old work to pieces; the second is usually to put up the cheapest and basest imitation which can escape detection, but in all cases, however careful, and however labored, an imitation still, a cold model of such parts as *can* be modelled, with conjectural supplements; and my experience has as yet furnished me with only one instance, that of the Palais de Justice at Rouen, in which even this, the utmost degree of fidelity which is possible has been attained, or even attempted.

"Do not let us talk then of restoration. The thing is a Lie from beginning to end. You may make a model of a building

as you may of a corpse, and your model may have the shell of the old walls within it as your cast might have the skeleton, with what advantage I neither see nor care: but the old building is destroyed, and that more totally and mercilessly than if it had sunk into a heap of dust, or melted into a mass of clay: more has been gleaned out of desolated Nineveh than ever will be out of rebuilt Milan." But, it is said, there may come a necessity for restoration! Granted. Look the necessity full in the face, and understand it on its own terms. It is a necessity for destruction. Accept it as such, pull the building down, throw its stones into neglected corners, make ballast of them, or mortar, if you will; but do it honestly, and do not set up a Lie in their place. And look that necessity in the face before it comes, and you may prevent it. The principle of modern times (a principle which, I believe, at least in France, to be *systematically acted on by the masons*, in order to find themselves work, as the abbey of St. Ouen was pulled down by the magistrates of the town by way of giving work to some vagrants) is to neglect buildings first, and restore them afterwards. Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets of lead put in time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks swept in time out of a water-course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels of a crown; set watches about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where it loosens; stay it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually, and many a generation will still be born and pass away beneath its shadow. Its evil day must come at last; but let it come declaredly and openly, and let no dishonoring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral offices of memory.

Of more wanton or ignorant ravage it is vain to speak; my words will not reach those who commit them, and yet, be it heard or not, I must not leave the truth unstated, that it is again no question of expediency or feeling whether we shall preserve the buildings of the past times or not. *We have no right whatever to touch them.* They are not ours. They belong partly to those who built them, and partly to all the generations of mankind who are to follow us. The dead have still their right in them: that which they labored for, the praise of

achievement or the expression of religious feeling, or whatsoever else it might be which in those buildings they intended to be permanent, we have no right to obliterate. What we have ourselves built, we are at liberty to throw down; but what other men gave their strength and wealth and life to accomplish, their right over does not pass away with their death; still less is the right to the use of what they have left vested in us only. It belongs to all their successors. It may hereafter be a subject of sorrow, or a cause of injury, to millions, that we have consulted our present convenience by casting down such buildings as we choose to dispense with. That sorrow, that loss, we have no right to inflict. Did the cathedral of Avranches belong to the mob who destroyed it, any more than it did to us, who walk in sorrow to and fro over its foundation? Neither does any building whatever belong to those mobs who do violence to it. For a mob it is, and must be always; it matters not whether enraged, or in deliberate folly; whether countless, or sitting in committees; the people who destroy anything causelessly are a mob, and Architecture is always destroyed causelessly. A fair building is necessarily worth the ground it stands upon, and will be so until Central Africa and America shall have become as populous as Middlesex: nor is any cause whatever valid as a ground for its destruction. If ever valid, certainly not now, when the place both of the past and future is too much usurped in our minds by the restless and discontented present. The very quietness of nature is gradually withdrawn from us; thousands who once in their necessarily prolonged travel were subjected to an influence, from the silent sky and slumbering fields, more effectual than known or confessed, now bear with them even there the ceaseless fever of their life; and along the iron veins that traverse the frame of our country, beat and flow the fiery pulses of its exertion, hotter and faster every hour. All vitality is concentrated through those throbbing arteries into the central cities; the country is passed over like a green sea by narrow bridges, and we are thrown back in continually closer crowds upon the city gates. The only influence which can in any wise *there* take the place of that of the woods and fields, is the power of ancient Architecture. Do not part with it for the sake of the formal square, or of the fenced and planted walk, nor of the goodly street nor opened quay. The pride of a city is not in these. Leave them to the crowd; but remember that there will surely

be some within the circuit of the disquieted walls who would ask for some other spots than these wherein to walk; for some other forms to meet their sight familiarly: like him who sat so often where the sun struck from the west, to watch the lines of the dome of Florence drawn on the deep sky, or like those, his Hosts, who could bear daily to behold, from their palace chambers, the places where their fathers lay at rest, at the meeting of the dark streets of Verona.

The Throne.

(From "The Stones of Venice.")

In the olden days of travelling, now to return no more, in which distance could not be vanquished without toil, but in which that toil was rewarded, partly by the power of deliberate survey of the countries through which the journey lay, and partly by the happiness of the evening hours, when, from the top of the last hill he had surmounted, the traveller beheld the quiet village where he was to rest, scattered among the meadows beside its valley stream; or from the long-hoped-for turn in the dusty perspective of the causeway, saw for the first time the towers of some famed city, faint in the rays of sunset, — hours of peaceful and thoughtful pleasure, for which the rush of the arrival in the railway station is perhaps not always, or to all men, an equivalent, — in those days, I say, when there was something more to be anticipated and remembered in the first aspect of each successive halting-place than a new arrangement of glass roofing and iron girder, there were few moments of which the recollection was more fondly cherished by the traveller than that which, as I endeavored to describe in the close of the last chapter, brought him within sight of Venice, as his gondola shot into the open lagoon from the canal of Mestre. Not but that the aspect of the city itself was generally the source of some slight disappointment; for, seen in this direction, its buildings are far less characteristic than those of the other great towns of Italy: but this inferiority was partly disguised by distance, and more than atoned for by the strange rising of its walls and towers out of the midst, as it seemed, of the deep sea; for it was impossible that the mind or the eye could at once comprehend the shallowness of the vast sheet of water which stretched away in leagues of rippling lustre to the north and south, or trace the narrow line of islets bounding it

to the east. The salt breeze, the white moaning sea-birds, the masses of black weed separating and disappearing gradually, in knots of heaving shoal, under the advance of the steady tide, all proclaimed it to be indeed the ocean on whose bosom the great city rested so calmly; not such blue, soft, lake-like ocean as bathes the Neapolitan promontories, or sleeps beneath the marble rocks of Genoa, but a sea with the bleak power of our own northern waves, yet subdued into a strange spacious rest, and changed from its angry pallor into a field of burnished gold, as the sun declined behind the belfry tower of the lonely island church, fitly named "St. George of the Seaweed." As the boat drew nearer to the city, the coast which the traveller had just left sank behind him into one long, low, sad-colored line, tufted irregularly with brushwood and willows: but at what seemed its northern extremity, the hills of Arqua rose in a dark cluster of purple pyramids, balanced on the bright mirage of the lagoon; two or three smooth surges of inferior hill extended themselves about their roots, and beyond these, beginning with the craggy peaks above Vicenza, the chain of the Alps girded the whole horizon to the north — a wall of jagged blue, here and there showing through its clefts a wilderness of misty precipices, fading far back into the recesses of Cadore, and itself rising and breaking away eastward, where the sun struck opposite upon its snow, into mighty fragments of peaked light, standing up behind the barred clouds of evening, one after another, countless, the crown of the Adrian Sea, until the eye turned back from pursuing them to rest upon the nearer burning of the campaniles of Murano, and on the great city, where it magnified itself along the waves as the quick silent pacing of the gondola drew nearer and nearer. And at last, when its walls were reached, and the outmost of its untrodden streets was entered, not through towered gate or guarded rampart, but as a deep inlet between two rocks of coral in the Indian sea; when first upon the traveller's sight opened the long ranges of columned palaces, each with its black boat moored at the portal, each with its image cast down beneath its feet upon that green pavement which every breeze broke into new fantasies of rich tessellation; when first, at the extremity of the bright vista, the shadowy Rialto threw its colossal curve slowly forth from behind the palace of the Camerlenghi — that strange curve, so delicate, so adamantine, strong as a mountain cavern, graceful as a bow just bent;

when first, before its moonlike circumference was all risen, the gondolier's cry, "Ah, Stalì!" struck sharp upon the ear, and the prow turned aside under the mighty cornices that half met over the narrow canal, where the plash of the water followed close and loud, ringing along the marble by the boat's side; and when at last that boat darted forth upon the breadth of silver sea, across which the front of the Ducal Palace, flushed with its sanguine veins, looks to the snowy dome of Our Lady of Salvation, — it was no marvel that the mind should be so deeply entranced by the visionary charm of a scene so beautiful and so strange, as to forget the darker truths of its history and its being. Well might it seem that such a city had owed her existence rather to the rod of the enchanter than the fear of the fugitive; that the waters which encircled her had been chosen for the mirror of her state, rather than the shelter of her nakedness; and that all which in nature was wild or merciless, — Time and Decay, as well as the waves and tempests, — had been won to adorn her instead of to destroy, and might still spare, for ages to come, that beauty which seemed to have fixed for its throne the sands of the hour-glass as well as of the sea.

And although the last few eventful years, fraught with change to the face of the whole earth, have been more fatal in their influence on Venice than the five hundred that preceded them; though the noble landscape of approach to her can now be seen no more, or seen only by a glance as the engine slackens its rushing on the iron line; and though many of her palaces are forever defaced, and many in desecrated ruins — there is still so much of magic in her aspect that the hurried traveller, who must leave her before the wonder of that first aspect has been worn away, may still be led to forget the humility of her origin, and to shut his eyes to the depth of her desolation. They at least are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great charities of the imagination lie dead, and for whom the fancy has no power to repress the importunity of painful impressions, or to raise what is ignorable and disguise what is discordant in a scene so rich in its remembrances, so surpassing in its beauty. But for this work of the imagination there must be no permission during the task which is before us. The impotent feelings of romance, so singularly characteristic of this century, may indeed gild, but never save, the remains of those mightier ages to which they are attached like climbing flowers; and they must be torn

away from the magnificent fragments, if we would see them as they stood in their own strength. Those feelings, always as fruitless as they are fond, are in Venice not only incapable of protecting, but even of discerning, the objects to which they ought to have been attached. The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust. No prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrow deserved sympathy, ever crossed that "Bridge of Sighs" which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw that Rialto under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest; the statue which Byron makes Faliero address as of one of his great ancestors was erected to a soldier of fortune a hundred and fifty years after Faliero's death; and the most conspicuous parts of the city have been so entirely altered in the course of the last three centuries, that if Henry Dandolo or Francis Foscari could be summoned from their tombs, and stood each on the deck of his galley at the entrance of the Grand Canal, — that renowned entrance, the painter's favorite subject, the novelist's favorite scene, where the water first narrows by the steps of the Church of La Salute, — the mighty Doges would not know in what spot of the world they stood, would literally not recognize one stone of the great city for whose sake, and by whose ingratitude, their gray hairs had been brought down with bitterness to the grave. The remains of *their* Venice lie hidded behind the cumbrous masses which were the delight of the nation in its dotage; hidden in many a grass-grown court and silent pathway, and lightless canal, where the slow waves have sapped their foundations for five hundred years, and must soon prevail over them forever. It must be our task to glean and gather them forth, and restore out of them some faint image of the lost city, more gorgeous a thousandfold than that which now exists, yet not created in the day-dream of the prince, nor by the ostentation of the noble, but built by iron hands and patient hearts, contending against the adversity of nature and the fury of man; so that its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene whose restless tides and trembling sands did indeed shelter the birth of the city, but long denied her dominion. . . .

The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a

shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill-stream. At high water no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages. There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide between it and the sandy breakwater called the Lido, which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic, but which is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean; although the secret of its true position is partly, yet not painfully, betrayed by the clusters of piles set to mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea-snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea. But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon; and at the complete ebb the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed of gloomy green, except only where the larger branches of the Brenta and its associated streams converge towards the port of the Lido. Through this salt and sombre plain the gondola and the fishing-boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep, and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea-water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke, or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway of the exhausted tide. The scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher grounds bears some fragment of fair building: but in order to know what it was once, let the traveller follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tide-

less pools, or the sea-birds flit from their margins with a questioning cry, — and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport. Had there been no tide, as in other parts of the Mediterranean, the narrow canals of the city would have become noisome, and the marsh in which it was built pestiferous. Had the tide been only a foot or eighteen inches higher in its rise, the water access to the doors of the palaces would have been impossible: even as it is, there is sometimes a little difficulty, at the ebb, in landing without setting foot upon the lower and slippery steps; and the highest tides sometimes enter the court-yards, and overflow the entrance halls. Eighteen inches more of difference between the level of the flood and ebb would have rendered the doorsteps of every palace, at low water, a treacherous mass of weeds and limpets, and the entire system of water carriage for the higher classes, in their easy and daily intercourse, must have been done away with. The streets of the city would have been widened, its network of canals filled up, and all the peculiar character of the place and the people destroyed.

The reader may perhaps have felt some pain in the contrast between this faithful view of the site of the Venetian Throne, and the romantic conception of it which we ordinarily form; but this pain, if he have felt it, ought to be more than counterbalanced by the value of the instance thus afforded to us at once of the inscrutableness and the wisdom of the ways of God. If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow settling of the slime of those turbid rivers into the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of the life-

less, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! how little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks, and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and *the only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scrolls of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth in world-wide pulsation the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendor.

WILLIAM CLARK RUSSELL.

Russell, William Clark, an English novelist; born in New York City, February 24, 1844. He was educated at Winchester, England, and in France. He then entered the British merchant-service, but after eight years of sea-life abandoned it to devote himself to literature. He was associated for some years with the Newcastle "Daily Chronicle" and the London "Daily Telegraph." His ambition has been to raise the nautical novel to a high standard, and his books are written out of his own experience. His books are "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate" (1874); "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" (1875); "The Little Loo" (1876); "A Sailor's Sweetheart" (1877); "An Ocean Free-Lance" (1880); "The Lady Maud" (1882); "Jack's Courtship" (1884); "On the Fok'sle Head" (1884); "A Strange Voyage" (1885); "In the Middle Watch" (1885); "Round the Galley Fire" (1886); "My Watch Below" (1886); "The Golden Hope" (1887); "A Frozen Pirate" (1887); "The Death Ship" (1888); "Betwixt the Forelands" (1888); "Marooned" (1889); "The Romance of Jenny Harlowe" (1889); "An Ocean Tragedy" (1890); "My Shipmate Louise" (1890); "Life of Nelson" (1890); "Helma" (1890); "List, Ye Landsmen" (1893); "The Convict Ship" (1894); "The Good Ship Mohock" (1895); "What Cheer" (1896); "The Last Entry" (1897); "The Two Captains" (1897).

The Rescue.

(From "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor.'")

There being but two of us now to work the pumps, it was more than we could do to keep them going. We plied them, with a brief spell between, and then my arms fell to my side, and I told the boatswain I could pump no more.

He sounded the well and made six incles.

"There's only two inches left that we can get out of her," said he; "and they 'll do no harm."

On which we quitted the main-deck and came into the cuddy.

"Mr. Royle," he said, seating himself on the edge of the table, "we shall have to leave this ship if we are n't taken off her. I reckon it 'll require twelve feet o' water to sink her, allowin' for there being a deal o' wood in the cargo; and may be she won't go down at that. However, we 'll say twelve feet, and supposin' we lets her be, she'll give us, if you like, eight or nine hours afore settlin.' I 'm not saying as we ought to leave her; but I 'm lookin' at you sir, and see that you 're werry nigh knocked up; Cornish is about a quarter o' the man he was; an' as to the bloomin' steward, he 's as good as drowned, no better and no worse. We shall take one spell too many at them pumps and fall down under it an' never get up agin. Wot we had best do is to keep a look all around for wessels, get that there quarter-boat ready for lowerin', and stand by to leave the ship when the sea calms. You know how Bermuda bears, don't you, sir?"

"I can find out to-night. It is too late to get sights now."

"I think," he returned, "that our lives 'll be as safe in the boat as they are on board this ship, an' a trifle safer. I 've been watching this wessel a good deal, and my belief is that wos another gale to strike her, she 'd make one o' her long plunges and go to pieces like a pack o' cards, when she got to the bottom o' the walley o' water. Of course if this sea don't calm we must make shift to keep her afloat until it do. You 'll excuse me for talkin' as though I wos dictatin'. I 'm just givin' you the thoughts that come into my head while we wos pumpin'."

"I quite agree with you," I replied; "I am only thinking of the size of the quarter-boat — whether she is n't too small for five persons?"

"Not she! I 'll get a bit of a mast rigged up in her, and it 'll go hard if we don't get four mile an hour out of her somehows. How fur might the Bermuda Islands be off?"

I answered, after reflecting some moments, that they would probably be distant from the ship between two hundred and fifty and three hundred miles.

"We should get pretty near 'em in three days," said he, "if the wind blew that way. Will you go and tell the young lady what we 're thinkin' o' doing, while I overhauls the boat an' see what 's wantin' in her. One good job is, we shan't have to put off, through the ship's sinkin', all of a heap. There 's a long warning given us, and I can't help thinkin'

that the stormy weather 's blown hisself out, for the sky looks to me to have a regular-set fair blue in it."

He went on to the main-deck. I inspected the glass, which I found had risen since I last looked at it. This, coupled with the brilliant sky and glorious sunshine and the diminishing motion of the ship, cheered me somewhat, though I looked forward with misgiving to leaving the ship, having upon me the memory of sufferings endured by shipwrecked men in this lonely condition, and remembering that Mary Robertson would be one of us, and have to share in any privations that might befall us.

At the same time, it was quite clear to me that the boatswain, Cornish, and myself would never, with our failing strength, be able to keep the ship afloat; and for Miss Robertson's sake, therefore, it was my duty to put a cheerful face upon the melancholy alternative.

When I reached the poop, the first thing I beheld was the Russian bark, now a square of gleaming white upon the southern horizon.

I quickly averted my eyes from the shameful object, and saw that the steward had recovered from his swoon, and was squatting against the companion, counting his fingers and smiling at them.

Miss Robertson was steering the ship, while Cornish lay extended along the deck, his head pillowed on a flag.

The wind (as by the appearance of the weather I might have anticipated, had my mind been free to speculate on such things) had dropped suddenly, and was now a gentle breeze, and the sea was subsiding rapidly. Indeed, a most golden, glorious afternoon had set in, with a promise of a hot and breathless night.

I approaching Miss Robertson, and asked her what was the matter with Cornish.

"I noticed him reeling at the wheel," she answered, "with his face quite white. I put a flag for his head, and told him to lie down. I called to you, but you did not hear me; and I have been waiting to see you that you might get him some brandy."

I found that the boatswain had not yet come aft, and at once went below to procure a dram for Cornish. I returned and knelt by his side, and was startled to perceive that his eyeballs were turned up, and his hands and teeth clinched, as though

he were convulsed. Sharp tremors ran through his body, and he made no reply nor appeared to hear me, though I called his name several times.

Believing that he was dying, I shouted to the boatswain, who came immediately.

The moment he looked at Cornish he uttered an exclamation.

"God knows what ails the poor creature!" I cried. "Lift his head, that I may put some brandy into his mouth."

The boatswain raised him by the shoulders, but his head hung back like a dead man's. I drew out my knife and inserted the blade between his teeth, and by this means contrived to introduce some brandy into his mouth, but it bubbled back again, which was a terrible sign, I thought; and still the tremors shook his poor body, and the eyes remained upturned, making the face most ghastly to see.

"It's his heart broke!" exclaimed the boatswain, in a tremulous voice. "Jim! what's the matter with 'ee, mate? You're not goin' to let the sight o' that Roosian murderer kill you? Come, come! God Almighty knows we've all had a hard fight for it, but we're not beat yet, lad. 'T is but another spell o' waitin', and it'll come right presently. Don't let a gale o' wind knock the breath out o' you. What man as goes to sea but meets with reverses like this here? Swaller the brandy, Jim! My God, Mr. Royle, he's dyin'!"

As he said this Cornish threw up his arms and stiffened out his body. So strong was his dying action that he knocked the glass of brandy out of my hand and threw me backward some paces. The pupils of his eyes rolled down and a film came over them; he uttered something in a hoarse whisper, and lay dead on the boatswain's knee.

I glanced at Miss Robertson. Her lips were tightly compressed, otherwise the heroic girl showed no emotion.

The boatswain drew a deep breath, and let the dead man's head fell gently on the flag.

"For Miss Robertson's sake!" I whispered, "let us carry him forward."

He acquiesced in silence, and we bore the body off the poop and laid it on the fore-hatch.

"There will be no need to bury him," said I.

"No need and no time, sir. I trust God will be merciful to the poor sailor when he's called up. He was made bad by

them others, sir. His heart was n't wrong," replied the boatswain.

I procured a blanket from the forecastle and covered the body with it, and we then walked back to the poop slowly and without speaking.

I felt the death of this man keenly. He had worked well, confronted danger cheerfully; he had atoned, in his untutored fashion, for the wrongs he had taken a part in; besides, the fellowship of peril was a tie upon us all, not to be sundered without a pang, which our hearts never would have felt had fate dealt otherwise with us.

I stopped a moment with the boatswain to look at the steward before joining Miss Robertson. To many, I believe, this spectacle of idiotcy would have been more affecting than Cornish's death. He was tracing figures, such as circles and crosses, with his forefinger on the deck, smiling vacantly meanwhile, and now and then looking around him with rolling, unmeaning eyes.

"How is it with you, my man?" I said.

He gazed at me very earnestly, rose to his feet, and, taking my arm, drew me a short distance away from the boatswain.

"A ship passed us just now, sir," he exclaimed, in a whisper and with a profoundly confidential air. "Did you see her?"

"Yes, steward, I saw her."

"A word in your ear, sir, — *mum!* that's the straight tip. Do you see? I was tired of this ship, sir — tired of being afraid of drowning. I put myself on board that vessel, *and there I am now, sir.* But hush! do you know I can not talk to them — they 're furriners! Roosians, sir, by the living cock! — that 's my oath — and it crows every morning in my back garden."

He struck me softly on the waistcoat, and fell back a step, with his finger on his lip.

"Ah," said I, "I understand. Sit down again and go on drawing on the deck, and then they 'll think you 're lost in study and not trouble you."

"Right, my lord — your lordship's 'umble servant," answered the poor creature, making me a low bow; and with a lofty and dignified air he resumed his place on the deck near the companion.

"Wot was he sayin'?" inquired the boatswain.

"He is quite imbecile. He thinks he is on board the Russian," I replied.

"Well, that 's a comfort," said the boatswain. "He 'll not be tryin' to swim arter her agin."

"Miss Robertson," I exclaimed, "you need not remain at the wheel. There is so little wind now that the ship may be left to herself."

Saying which I made the wheel fast and led her to one of the sky-lights.

"Boson," said I, "will you fetch us something to eat and drink out of the pantry? Open a tin of meat, and get some biscuit and wine. This may be our last meal on board the 'Grosvenor,'" I added, to Miss Robertson, as the boatswain left us.

She looked at me inquiringly, but did not speak.

"Before we knew," I continued, "that poor Cornish was dying, the boatswain and I resolved that we should all of us leave the ship. We have no longer the strength to man the pumps. The water is coming in at the rate of a foot an hour, and we have found latterly that even three of us can not pump more at a time out of her than six or seven inches, and every spell at the pumps leaves us more exhausted. But even though we had hesitated to leave her, yet, now that Cornish is gone and the steward has fallen imbecile, we have no alternative."

"I understand," she said, glancing at the boat and compressing her lips.

"You are not afraid — you who have shown more heart and courage than all of us put together."

"No — I am not much afraid. I believe that God is looking down upon us and that He will preserve us. But," she cried, taking a short breath, and clasping her hands convulsively, "it will be very, very lonely on the great sea in that little boat."

"Why more lonely in that little boat than on this broken and sinking ship? I believe, with you, that God is looking down upon us, and He has given us that pure and beautiful sky as an encouragement and a promise. Contrast the sea now with what it was this morning. In a few hours hence it will be calm; and believe me when I say that we shall be a thousand-fold safer in that boat than we are in this strained and leaking ship. Even while we talk now the water is creeping into the hold, and every hour will make her sink deeper and deeper until she disappears beneath the surface. On the other hand, we may have many days together of this fine weather. I will steer the boat for the Bermuda Islands, which we can not miss by head-

ing the boat west, even if I should lack the means of ascertaining our exact whereabouts, which you may trust me will not be the case. Moreover, the chance of our being rescued by a passing ship will be much greater when we are in the boat than it is while we remain here; for no ship, though she were commanded by a savage, would refuse to pick a boat up and take its occupants on board; whereas vessels, as we have already seen to our cost, will sight distressed ships and leave them to shift for themselves."

"I do not doubt you are right," she replied, with a plaintive smile. "I should not say or do anything to oppose you. And believe me," she exclaimed, earnestly, "that I do not think more of my own life than that of my companions. Death is not so terrible but that we may meet it, if God wills, calmly. And I would rather die at once, Mr. Royle, than win a few short years of life on hard and bitter terms."

She looked at the steward as she spoke, and an expression of beautiful pity came into her face.

"Miss Robertson," I said, "in my heart I am pledged to save your life. If you die, we both die! — of that be sure."

"I know what I owe you," she answered, in a low and broken voice. "I know that my life is yours, won by you from the very jaws of death, soothed and supported by you afterward. What my gratitude is only God knows. I have no words to tell you."

"Do you give me the life I have saved?" I asked, wondering at my own breathless voice as I questioned her.

"I do," she replied, firmly, lifting up her eyes and looking at me.

"Do you give it to me because your sweet and generous gratitude makes you think it my due — not knowing I am poor, not remembering that my station in life is humble, without a question as to my past?"

"I give it to you because I love you!" she answered, extending her hand.

I drew her toward me and kissed her forehead.

"God bless you, Mary, darling, for your faith in me! God bless you for your priceless gift of your love to me! Living or dead, dearest, we are one!"

And she, as though to seal these words, which our danger invested with an entrancing mysteriousness, raised my hand to her spotless lips, and then held it some moments to her heart.

The boatswain, coming up the poop-ladder, saw her holding

my hand. He approached us slowly and in silence; and, putting down the tray, which he had heaped, with sailor-like profusion, with food enough for a dozen persons, stood looking on us thoughtfully.

"Mr. Royle," he said, in a deliberate voice, "you 'll excuse me for sayin' of it, but, sir, you 've found her out?"

"I have, boson."

"You 've found her out, sir, as the truest-hearted gell as ever did duty as a darter?"

"I have."

"I 've watched her, and know her to be British — true oak, seasoned by God Almighty, as does this sort o' work better nor Time! You 've found her out, sir?"

"It is true, boson."

"And you, miss," he exclaimed, in the same deliberate voice, "have found *him* out."

She looked downward with a blush.

"Mr. Royle, and you, miss," he continued, "I 'm not goin' to say nothen agin this being the right time to find each other out in. It 's Almighty Providence as brings these here matters to pass, and it 's in times o' danger as love speaks out strongest, turnin' the heart into a speakin'-trumpet and hailin' with a loud and tremendious woice. Wot I wur goin' to say is this: that in Mr. Royle I 've seen the love for a long while past burnin' and strugglin', and sometimes hidin' of itself, and then burstin' up afresh like a flare aboard o' a sinkin' ketch on a windy night; and in you, miss, I 've likewise seen tokens as 'ud ha' made me up and speak my joy days an' days ago, had it been *my* consarn to attend to 'em. I say, that now as we 're sinkin' without at all meanin' to drown, with no wun but God Almighty to see us, this is the properest time for you to have found each other out in. Mr. Royle, your hand, sir; miss, yours. I say, God bless you! While we have breath we'll keep the boat afloat; and if it 's not to be, still I 'll say, God bless you!"

He shook us heartily by the hand, looked hard at the poor steward, as though he would shake hands with him too; then walked aft, hauled down the signals, stepped into the cuddy, returned with the large ensign, bent it on to the halyards, and ran it up to the gaff-end.

"That," said he returning and looking up proudly at the flag, "is to let them as it may consarn know that we 're not dead yet. Now, sir, shall I pipe to dinner?"

I think the boatswain was right.

It was no season for love-making; but it was surely a fitting moment "for finding each other out in."

I can say this — and, God knows, never was there less bombast in such a thought than there was in mine — that when I looked round upon the sea and then upon my beloved companion, I felt that I would rather have chosen death, with her love to bless me in the end, than life without knowledge of her.

I put food before the steward and induced him to eat; but it was pitiful to see his silly, instinctive ways — no reason in them, nothing but a mechanical guiding, with foolish, fleeting smiles upon his pale face.

I thought of that wife of his whose letter he had wept over, and his child, and scarcely knew whether it would not have been better for him and them that he should have died than return to them a broken-down, puling imbecile.

I said as much to Mary, but the tender heart would not agree with me.

"While there is life there is hope," she answered, softly. "Should God permit us to reach home, I will see that the poor fellow is well cared for. It may be that when all those horrors have passed, his mind will recover its strength. Our trials are *very* hard. When I saw that Russian ship, I thought my own brain would go."

She pressed her hand to her forehead, and an expression of suffering, provoked by memory, came into her face.

We dispatched our meal, and I went on to the main-deck to sound the well. I found two feet of water in the hold, and I came back and gave the boatswain the soundings, who recommended that we should at once turn to and get the boat ready.

I said to him, as he clambered into the boat for the purpose of overhauling her, that I fully believed that a special Providence was watching over us, and that we might confidently hope God would not abandon us now.

"If the men had not chased us in this boat," I continued, "what chance should we have to save our lives? The other boat is useless, and we should never have have been able to repair her in time to get away from the ship. Then look at the weather! I have predicted a dead calm to-night, and already the wind is gone."

"Yes, everything 's happened for the best," he replied. "I only wish poor Jim's life had been saved. It 's a'most like

leavin' of him to drown, to go away without buryin' him; and yet I know there 'd be no use in puttin' him overboard. There's been a deal o' precious human life wasted since we left the Channel; and who are the murderers? Why, the owners. It 's all come of their sendin' the ship to sea with rotten stores. A few dirty pounds 'ud ha' saved all this."

We had never yet had the leisure to inspect the stores with which the mutineers had furnished the quarter-boat, and we now found, in spite of their having shifted a lot of provisions out of her into the long-boat before starting in pursuit of us, that there was still an abundance left: four kegs of water, several tins of cuddy bread, preserved meat and fruits, sugar, flour, and other things, not to mention such items as boxes of lucifer matches, fishing-tackle, a burning-glass, a quantity of tools and nails; in a word, everything which men in the condition they had hoped to find themselves in might stand in need of to support life. Indeed, the foresight illustrated by the provisioning of this boat was truly remarkable, the only things they had omitted being a mast and sail, it having been their intention to keep this boat in tow of the other. I even found that they had furnished the boat with the oars belonging to the disabled quarter-boat in addition to her own.

However, the boat was not yet stocked to my satisfaction. I therefore repaired to my cabin and procured the boat's compass, some charts, a sextant, and other necessary articles such as the "Nautical Almanac," and pencils and paper wherewith to work out my observations, which I placed very carefully in the locker in the stern-sheets of the boat.

I allowed Mary to help me, that the occupation might divert her mind from the overwhelming thoughts which the gradual settling of the ship on which we stood must have excited in the strongest and bravest mind; and, indeed, I worked busily and eagerly to guard myself against any terror that might come upon me. She it was who suggested that we should provide ourselves with lamps and oil; and I shipped a lantern to hoist at our mast-head when the darkness came, and the bull's-eye lamp to enable me to work out observation of the stars, which I intended to make when the night fell. To all these things, which sound numerous, but in reality occupied but little space, I added a can of oil, meshes for the lamps, top coats, oil-skins, and rugs to protect us at night, so that the afternoon was well advanced before we had ended our preparations. Meanwhile,

the boatswain had stepped a topgallant-stun'sail boom to serve us for a mast, well stayed, with a block and halyards at the mast-head to serve for hoisting a flag or lantern, and a spare topgallant-stun'sail to act as a sail.

By this time the wind had completely died away ; a peaceful deep-blue sky stretched from horizon to horizon ; and the agitation of the sea had subsided into a long and silent swell, which washed up against the ship's sides, scarcely causing her to roll, so deep had she sunk in the water.

I now thought it high time to lower the boat and bring her alongside, as our calculations of the length of time to be occupied by the ship in sinking might be falsified to our destruction by her suddenly going stern down with us on board.

We therefore lowered the boat, and got the gangway-ladder over the side.

The boatswain got into the boat first to help Mary into her. I then took the steward by the arms and brought him along smartly, as there was danger in keeping the boat washing against the ship's side. He resisted at first, and only smiled vacantly when I threatened to leave him ; but on the boatswain crying out that his wife was waiting for him, the poor idiot got himself together with a scramble, and went so hastily over the gangway that he narrowly escaped a ducking.

I paused a moment at the gangway and looked around, striving to remember if there was anything we had forgotten which would be of some use to us. Mary watched me anxiously, and called for me by my Christian name, at the same time extending her arms. I would not keep her in suspense a moment, and at once dropped into the boat. She grasped and fondled my hand, and drew me close beside her.

"I should have gone on board again had you delayed coming," she whispered.

The boatswain shoved the boat's head off, and we each shipped an oar and pulled the boat about a quarter of a mile away from the ship ; and then, from a strange and wild curiosity to behold the ship sink, and still in our hearts clinging to her, not only as the home wherein we had found shelter for many days past, but as the only visible object in all the stupendous reach of waters, we threw in the oars and sat watching her.

She had now sunk as deep as her main-chains, and was but a little higher out of the water than the hull from which we had

rescued Mary and her father. It was strange to behold her even from a short distance and notice her littleness in comparison with the immensity of the deep on which she rested, and recall the terrible seas she had braved and triumphed over.

Few sailors can behold the ship in which they have sailed sinking before their eyes without the same emotion of distress and pity, almost, which the spectacle of a drowning man excites in them. She has grown a familiar name, a familiar object; thus far she has borne them in safety; she has been rudely beaten, and yet has done her duty; but the tempest has broken her down at last; all the beauty is shorn from her; she is weary with the long and dreadful struggles with the vast forces that nature arrayed against her; she sinks, a desolate, abandoned thing, in mid-ocean, carrying with her a thousand memories which surge up in the heart with the pain of a strong man's tears.

I looked from the ship to realize our own position. Perhaps not yet could it be keenly felt, for the ship was still a visible object for us to hold on by; and yet, turning my eyes away to the far reaches of the horizon, at one moment borne high on the summit of the ocean swell, which appeared mountainous when felt in and viewed from the boat, then sinking deep in the hollow, so that the near ship was hidden from us — the supreme loneliness of our situation, our helplessness, and the fragility and diminutiveness of the structure on which our lives depended, came home to me with the pain and wonder of a shock.

Our boat, however, was new this voyage, with a good beam, and showing a tolerably bold side, considering her dimensions and freight. Of the two quarter-boats with which the "Grosvenor" had been furnished, this was the larger and the stronger built, and for this reason had been chosen by Stevens. I could not hope, indeed, that she would live a moment in anything of a sea; but she was certainly stout enough to carry us to the Bermudas, providing the weather remained moderate.

It was now six o'clock. I said to the boatswain: —

"Every hour of this weather is valuable to us. There is no reason why we should stay here."

"I should like to see her sink, Mr. Royle; I should like to know that poor Jim found a regular coffin in her," he answered. "We can't make no headway with the sail, and I don't recommend rowin' for the two or three mile we can fetch with the oars. It 'ud be wurse nor pumpin'."

He was right. When I reflected, I was quite sure I could not, in my exhausted state, be able to handle one of the big oars for even five minutes at a stretch; and, admitting that I *had* been strong enough to row for a couple of hours, yet the result to have been obtained could not have been important enough to justify the serious labor.

The steward all this time sat perfectly quiet in the bottom of the boat, with his back against the mast. He paid no attention to us when we spoke, nor looked around him, though sometimes he would fix his eyes vacantly on the sky as if his shattered mind found relief in contemplating the void. I was heartily glad to find him quiet, though I took care to watch him, for it was difficult to tell whether his imbecility was not counterfeited, by his madness, to throw us off our guard, and furnish him with an opportunity to play us and himself some deadly trick.

As some hours had elapsed since we had tasted food, I opened a tin of meat and prepared a meal. The boatswain ate heartily, and so did the steward; but I could not prevail upon Mary to take more than a biscuit and sherry and water.

Indeed, as the evening approached, our position affected her more deeply, and often, after she had cast her eyes toward the horizon, I would see her lips whispering a prayer, and feel her hand tightening on mine.

The ship still floated, but she was so low in the water that I every minute expected to see her vanish. The water was above her main-chains, and I could only attribute her obstinacy in not sinking to the great quantity of wood — both in cases and goods — which composed her cargo.

The sun was now quite close to the horizon, branding the ocean with a purple glare, but itself descending into a cloudless sky. I can not express how majestic and wonderful the great orb looked to us who were almost level with the water. Its disk seemed vaster than I had ever before seen it, and there was something sublimely solemn in the loneliness of its descent. All the sky about it, and far to the south and north, was changed into the color of gold by its lustre; and over our heads the heavens were an exquisite tender green, which melted in the east into a dark blue.

I was telling Mary that ere the sun sunk again we might be on board a ship, and whispering any words of encouragement and hope to her, when I was startled by the boatswain crying, "Now she's gone! Look at her!"

I turned my eyes toward the ship, and could scarcely credit my senses when I found that her hull had vanished, and that nothing was to be seen of her but her spars, which were all aslant sternward.

I held my breath as I saw the masts sink lower and lower. First the cross-jack yard was submerged, the gaff with the ensign hanging dead at the peak, then the mainyard; presently only the maintop-mast cross-trees were visible, a dark cross upon the water; they vanished. At the same moment the sun disappeared behind the horizon; and now we were alone on the great, breathing deep, with all the eastern sky growing dark as we watched.

"It's all over!" said the boatswain, breaking the silence, and speaking in a hollow tone. "No livin' man 'll ever see the 'Grosvenor' again!"

Mary shivered and leaned against me. I took up a rug and folded it round her, and kissed her forehead.

The boatswain had turned his back upon us, and sat with his hands folded, I believe in prayer. I am sure he was thinking of Jim Cornish, and I would not have interrupted that honest heart's communion with its Maker for the value of the ship that had sunk.

Darkness came down very quickly, and, that we might lose no chance of being seen by any distant vessel, I lighted the ship's lantern and hoisted it at the mast-head. I also lighted the bull's-eye lamp and set it in the stern-sheets.

"Mary," I whispered, "I will make you up a bed in the bottom of the boat. While this weather lasts, dearest, we have no cause to be alarmed by our position. It will make me happy to see you sleeping, and be sure that while you sleep there will be watchful eyes near you."

"I will sleep as I am here, by your side; I shall rest better so," she answered. "I could not sleep lying down."

It was too sweet a privilege to forego; I passed my arm around her and held her close to me; and she closed her eyes like a child, to please me.

Worn out as I was, enfeebled both intellectually and physically by the heavy strain that had been put upon me ever since that day when I had been ironed by Captain Coxon's orders, I say — and I solemnly believe in the truth of what I am about to write — that had it not been for the living reality of this girl, encircled by my arm, with her head supported by my shoulder;

had it not been for the deep love I felt for her, which localized my thoughts, and, so to say, humanized them down to the level of our situation, forbidding them to trespass beyond the prosaic limits of our danger, of the precautions to be taken by us, of our chances of rescue, of the course to be steered when the wind should fill our sail — I should have gone mad when the night came down upon the sea and enveloped our boat (a lonely speck on the gigantic world of water) in the mystery and fear of the darkness. I know this by recalling the fancy that for a few moments possessed me in looking along the water, when I clearly beheld the outline of a coast, with innumerable lights winking upon it; by the whirling, dizzy sensation in my head which followed the extinction of the vision; by the emotion of wild horror and unutterable disappointment which overcame me when I detected the cheat. I pressed my darling to me, and looked upon her sweet face, revealed by the light shed by the lantern at the mast-head, and all my misery left me; and the delight which the knowledge that she was my own love, and that I held her in my arms, gave me, fell like an exorcism upon the demons of my stricken imagination.

She smiled when I pressed her to my side, and when she saw my face close to hers, looking at her; but she did not know that she had saved me from a fate more dreadful than death, and that I — so strong as I seemed, so earnest as I had shown myself in my conflicts with fate, so resolutely as I had striven to comfort her — had been rescued from madness by her whom I had a thousand times pitied for her helplessness.

She fell asleep at last, and I sat for nearly two hours motionless, that I should not awaken her. The steward slept with his head in his arms, kneeling — a strange, mad posture. The boatswain sat forward, with his face turned aft and his arms folded. I addressed him once, but he did not answer. Probably I spoke too low for him to hear, being fearful of waking Mary; but there was little we had to say. Doubtless he found his thoughts too engrossing to suffer him to talk.

Being anxious to "take a star," as we say at sea, and not knowing how the time went, I gently drew out my watch and found the hour a quarter to eleven. In replacing the watch I aroused Mary, who raised her head and looked round her with eyes that flashed in the lantern light.

"Where are we?" she exclaimed, and bent her head to gaze at me, on which she recollected herself. "Poor boy!" she said,

taking my hand, "I have kept you supporting my weight. You were more tired than I. But it is your turn now. Rest your head on my shoulder."

"No, it is still your turn," I answered, "and you shall sleep again presently. But since you are awake, I will try to find out where we are. You shall hold the lamp for me while I make my calculations and examine the chart."

Saying which, I drew out my sextant and got across the thwarts to the mast, which I stood up alongside of to lean on; for the swell, though moderate enough to pass without notice on a big vessel, lifted and sunk the boat in such a way as to make it difficult to stand steady.

I was in the act of raising the sextant to my eye, when the boatswain suddenly cried, "Mr. Royle, listen!"

"What do you hear?" I asked.

"Hush! listen now!" he answered, in a breathless voice.

I strained my ear, but nothing was audible to me but the wash of the water against the boat's side.

"Don't you hear it, Mr. Royle?" he cried, in a kind of agony, holding up his finger. "Miss Robertson, don't you hear something?"

There was another interval of silence, and Mary answered: "I hear a kind of throbbing."

"It is so!" I exclaimed. "I hear it now! it is the engines of a steamer!"

"A steamer? Yes! I heard it! where is she!" shouted the boatswain, and he jumped on to the thwart on which I stood.

We strained our ears again.

That throbbing sound, as Mary had accurately described it, closely resembling the rhythmical running of a locomotive-engine heard in the country on a silent night at a long distance, was now distinctly audible; but so smooth was the water, so breathless the night, that it was impossible to tell how far away the vessel might be; for so fine and delicate a vehicle of sound is the ocean in a calm, that, though the hull of a steamship might be below the horizon, yet the thumping of her engines would be heard.

Once more we inclined our ears, holding our breath as we listened.

"It grows louder!" cried the boatswain. "Mr. Royle, bend your bull's-eye lamp to the end o' one o' the oars and swing it about, while I dip this mast-head lantern."

Very different was his manner now from what it had been that morning when the Russian hove in sight.

I lashed the lamp by the ring of it to an oar and waved it to and fro. Meanwhile the boatswain had got hold of the masthead halyards, and was running the big ship's lantern up and down the mast.

"Mary," I exclaimed, "lift up the seat behind you, and in the left-hand corner you will find a pistol."

"I have it," she answered, in a few moments.

"Point it over the stern and fire!" I cried.

She leveled the little weapon and pulled the trigger; the white flame leaped, and a smart report followed.

"Listen now!" I said.

I held the oar steady, and the boatswain ceased to dance the lantern. For the first few seconds I heard nothing, then my ear caught the throbbing sound.

"I see her!" cried the boatswain; and, following his finger (my sight being keener than my hearing), I saw not only the shadow of a vessel down in the southwest, but the smoke from her funnel pouring along the stars.

"Mary," I cried, "fire again!"

She drew the trigger.

"Again!"

The clear report whizzed like a bullet past my ear.

Simultaneously with the second report a ball of blue fire shot up into the sky. Another followed, and another.

A moment after a red light shone clear upon the sea.

"She sees us!" I cried. "God be praised! Mary, darling, she sees us!"

I waved the lamp furiously. But there was no need to wave it any longer. The red light drew nearer and nearer; the throbbing of the engines louder and louder, and the revolutions of the propeller sounded like a pulse beating through the water. The shadow broadened and loomed larger. I could hear the water spouting out of her side and the blowing off of the safety-valve.

Soon the vessel grew a defined shape against the stars, and then a voice, thinned by the distance, shouted, "What light is that?"

I cried to the boatswain: "Answer, for God's sake! My voice is weak."

He hollowed his hands and roared back: "We're shipwrecked seamen adrift in a quarter-boat!"

Nearer and nearer came the shadow, and it now was a long, black hull, a funnel pouring forth a dense volume of smoke, spotted with fire-sparks, and tapering masts and fragile rigging, with the stars running through them.

"Ease her!"

The sound of the throbbing grew more measured. We could hear the water as it was churned up by the screw.

"Stop her!"

The sounds ceased, and the vessel came looming up slowly, more slowly, until she stopped.

"What is that?—a boat?" exclaimed a strong bass voice.

"Yes!" answered the boatswain. "We've been shipwrecked; we're adrift in a quarter-boat."

"Can you bring her alongside?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

I threw out an oar, but trembled so violently that it was as much as I could do to work it. We headed the boat for the steamer and rowed toward her. As we approached, I perceived that she was very long, barked-rigged, and raking, manifestly a powerful, iron-built ocean steamer. They hung a red light on the forestay and a white light over her port quarter, and lights flitted about her gangway.

A voice sung out: "How many are there of you?"

The boatswain answered: "Three men and a lady."

On this the same voice called, "If you want help to bring that boat alongside, we'll send to you."

"We'll be alongside in a few minutes," returned the boatswain.

But the fact was, the vessel had stopped her engines when further off from us than we had imagined; being deceived by the magnitude of her looming hull, which seemed to stand not a hundred fathoms away from us, and by the wonderful distinctness of the voice that had spoken us.

I did not know how feeble I had become until I took the oar; and the violent emotions excited in me by our rescue, now to be effected after our long and heavy trials, diminished still the little strength that was left in me; so that the boat moved very slowly through the water, and it was full twenty minutes, starting from the time when we had shipped oars, before we came up with her.

"We'll fling you a rope's end," said a voice; "look out for it."

A line fell into the boat. The boatswain caught it, and sung out, "All fast!"

I looked up the high side of the steamer: there was a crowd of men assembled round the gangway, their faces visible in the light shed not only by our own mast-head lantern (which was on a level with the steamer's bulwarks), but by other lanterns which some of them held. In all this light we, the occupants of the boat, were to be clearly viewed from the deck; and the voice that had first addressed us said: —

"Are you strong enough to get up the ladder? If not, we'll sling you on board."

I answered that if a couple of hands would come down into the boat so as to help the lady and a man (who had fallen imbecile) over the ship's side, the other two would manage to get on board without assistance.

On this a short gangway-ladder was lowered, and two men descended and got into the boat.

"Take that lady first," I said, pointing to Mary, but holding on, as I spoke, to the boat's mast, for I felt horribly sick and faint, and knew not, indeed, what was going to happen to me; and I had to exert all my power to steady my voice.

They took her by the arms, and watching the moment when the wash of the swell brought the boat against the ship's side, landed her cleverly on the ladder and helped her on to the deck.

"Boson," I cried, huskily, "she — she is — saved! I am dying, I think. God bless her! and — and — your hand, mate — "

I remember uttering these incoherent words, and seeing the boatswain spring forward to catch me. Then my senses left me with a flash.

I remained, as I was afterward informed, insensible for four days, during which time I told and retold, in my delirium, the story of the mutiny and our own sufferings, so that, as the ship's surgeon assured me, he became very exactly acquainted with all the particulars of the "Grosvenor's" voyage, from the time of her leaving the English Channel to the moment of our rescue from the boat; though I, from whom he learned the story, was insensible as I related it. My delirium even embraced so remote an incident as the running down of the smack.

When I opened my eyes I found myself in a small, very

comfortable cabin, lying in a bunk; and, being alone, I had no knowledge of where I was, nor would my memory give me the slightest assistance. Every object my eye rested upon was unfamiliar, and that I was on board a ship was all that I knew for certain. What puzzled me most was the jarring sound caused by the engines. I could not conceive what this meant nor what produced it; and the vessel being perfectly steady, it was not in my power to realize that I was being borne over the water.

I closed my eyes and lay perfectly still, striving to master the past and inform myself of what had become of me; but so hopelessly muddled was my brain that had some unseen person, by way of a joke, told me in a sepulchral voice that I was dead, and apprehending the things about me only by means of my spirit, which had not yet had time to get out of my body, I should have believed him; though I don't say that I should not have been puzzled to reconcile my very keen appetite and thirst with my non-existent condition.

In a few minutes the door of the cabin was opened, and a jolly, red-faced man, wearing a Scotch cap, looked in. Seeing me with my eyes open, he came forward and exclaimed, in a cheerful voice: —

"All alive O! Staring about you full of wonderment! Nothing so good as curiosity in a sick man. Shows that the blood is flowing."

He felt my pulse, and asked me if I knew who he was.

I replied that I had never seen him before.

"Well, that's not my fault," said he; "for I've been looking at you a pretty tidy while, on and off, since we hoisted you out of the brine.

> "'Guid speed an' furder to you, Johnny:
> Guid health, hale han's an' weather bonnie;
> May ye ne'er want a stoup o' brany,
> To clear your head!'

Hungry?"

"Very," said I.

"Thirsty?"

"Yes."

"How do you feel in yourself?"

"I have been trying to find out. I don't know. I forget who I am."

"Raise your arm and try your muscles."

"I can raise my arm," I said, doing so.

"How's your memory?"

"If you'll give me a hint or two, I'll see."

He looked at me very earnestly and with much kindness in the expression of his jovial face, and debated some matter in his own mind.

"I'll send you in some beef-tea," he said, "by a person who'll be able to do you more good than I can. But don't excite yourself. Converse calmly, and don't talk too much."

So saying, he went away.

I lay quite still, and my memory remained as helpless as though I had just been born.

After an interval of about ten minutes the door was again opened, and Mary came in. She closed the door and approached me, holding a cup of beef-tea in her hand: but, however she had schooled herself to behave, her resolution forsook her; she put the cup down, threw her arms round my neck, and sobbed with her cheek against mine.

With my recognition of her, my memory returned to me.

"My darling," I cried, in a weak voice, "is it you indeed? Oh, God is very merciful to have spared us! I remembered nothing just now; but all has come back to me with your dear face."

She was too overcome to speak for some moments; but, raising herself presently, she said, in broken tones:

"I thought I should never see you again, never be able to speak to you more. But I am wicked to give way to my feelings, when I have been told that any excitement must be dangerous to my darling. Drink this, now — no, I will hold the cup to your lips. Strength has been given me to bear the sufferings we have gone through, that I may nurse you and bring you back to health."

HANS SACHS.

Sachs, Hans, a German master-shoemaker and master-singer; born at Nuremberg, November 5, 1494; died there, January 19, 1576. He was well educated at the Latin School in his native town, and when he reached the proper age he was apprenticed to a shoemaker. After having duly served out his apprenticeship he set out on the "travel-years" prescribed by the regulations of the guilds as a preliminary to becoming a "master-workman." He visited the principal towns of Southern Germany, pegging and singing as he went, and was for a time employed in the Imperial service. At about twenty-four he returned to Nuremberg, married, and established himself in the twofold capacity of authorized maker of shoes and maker of verses, both of which pursuits he carried on prosperously for nearly threescore years. The active literary career of Hans Sachs lasted from about 1514 to 1567 — that is, from his twentieth to his seventy-first year. During this long period he produced, according to his own computation, 6048 separate pieces, longer or shorter. Of these, as classified by himself, there were 4275 Master-songs; 208 Dramas; 1558 Stories, Fables, Histories, and "Figures," or Miscellanies, which include several controversial pamphlets in prose.

Under the Pressure of Care or Poverty.

Why art thou cast down, my heart?
Why troubled, why dost mourn apart,
O'er naught but earthly wealth?
Trust in thy God; be not afraid:
He is thy Friend, who all things made.

Dost think thy prayers he doth not heed?
He knows full well what thou dost need,
And heaven and earth are his;
My Father and my God, who still
Is with my soul in every ill.

Since thou my God and Father art,
I know thy faithful loving heart
Will ne'er forget thy child;

HANS SACHS ENTERTAINING ALBRECHT DÜRER

From a Painting by Richard Gross

See, I am poor; I am but dust;
On earth is none whom I can trust.

The rich man in his wealth confides,
But in my God my trust abides;
Laugh as ye will, I hold
This one thing fast that he hath taught, —
Who trusts in God shall want for naught. . . .

Yes, Lord, thou art as rich to-day
As thou hast been and shalt be aye:
I rest on thee alone;
Thy riches to my soul be given,
And 't is enough for earth and heaven.

What here may shine I all resign,
If the eternal crown be mine,
That through thy bitter death
Thou gainedst, O Lord Christ, for me:
For this, for this, I cry to thee!

All wealth, all glories, here below,
The best that this world can bestow,
Silver or gold or lands,
But for a little time is given,
And helps us not to enter heaven.

I thank thee, Christ, Eternal Lord,
That thou hast taught me by thy word
To know this truth and thee;
Oh, grant me also steadfastness
Thy heavenly kingdom not to miss.

Praise, honor, thanks, to thee be brought,
For all things in and for me wrought
By thy great mercy, Christ.
This one thing only still I pray, —
Oh, cast me ne'er from thee away.

From "The Nightingale of Wittenberg."

Awake, it is the dawn of day!
I hear a-singing in green byway
The joy-o'erflowing nightingale;
Her song rings over hill and dale.
The night sinks down the occident,
The day mounts up the orient,

The ruddiness of morning red
Glows through the leaden clouds o'erhead.
Thereout the shining sun doth peep,
The moon doth lay herself to sleep;
For she is pale, and dim her beam,
Though once with her deceptive gleam
The sheep she all had blinded,
That they no longer cared or minded
About their shepherd or their fold,
But left both them and pastures old,
To follow in the moon's wan wake,
To the wilderness, to the brake:
There they have heard the lion roar,
And this misled them more and more;
By his dark tricks they were beguiled
From the true paths to deserts wild.
But there they could find no pasturage good,
Fed on rankest weeds of the wood;
The lion laid for them many a snare
Into which they fell with care;
When there the lion found them tangled,
His helpless prey he cruelly mangled.
The snarling wolves, a ravenous pack,
Of fresh provisions had no lack;
And all around the silly sheep
They prowled, and greedy watch did keep.
And in the grass lay many a snake,
That on the sheep its thirst did slake,
And sucked the blood from every vein.
And thus the whole poor flock knew pain
And suffered sore the whole long night.
But soon they woke to morning light,
Since clear the nightingale now sings,
And light once more the daybreak brings.
They now see what the lion is,
The wolves and pasture that are his.
The lion grim wakes at the sound,
And filled with wrath he lurks around,
And lists the nightingale's sweet song,
That says the sun will rise ere long,
And end the lion's savage reign.

SADI.

Sadi (Shaikh Muslih al Din), a celebrated Persian poet; born at Shiraz about 1184; died there at a great age. According to some accounts, he reached the age of nearly one hundred and twenty years; others place his death at about eighty years. He was trained at Bagdad; became a dervish, made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, travelled as far as India, and mastered not only several Oriental languages, but also Latin. He fought against the Crusaders in Syria, by whom he was made prisoner. He was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. The marriage proved an uncongenial one, and Sadi returned to Shiraz, where he retired to a hermitage, and composed his poems. The works of Sadi comprise the "Gulistan" or "Rose-Garden," the "Bostan" or "Fruit-Garden," the "Pend Nameh" or "Book of Counsels," and numerous detached odes and elegies. The "Gulistan" is to this day the popular book of the Persians — their "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." Within the present generation there have been several translations of the "Gulistan" into English.

Humility.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

A youth, intelligent and of good disposition, arrived by sea at a Grecian port.

They perceived that he was endowed with excellence, and judgment, and an inclination to asceticism, and placed him accordingly in a sacred building.

The Head of the devotees said to him one day: —

"Go and cast out the dirt and the rubbish from the mosque."

As soon as the young traveller heard the words he went forth, but no one discovered any sign of his return.

The Superior and the brethren laid a charge against him, saying: —

"This young devotee hath no aptness for his vocation."

The following day one of the society met him in the road, and said to him: —

"Thou hast showed an unseemly and perverse disposition. Didst thou not know, O self-opinionated boy, that it is through obedience men attain to honor?"

He began to weep, and replied: "O friend of my soul and enlightener of my heart, it is in earnestness and in sincerity that I have acted thus.

"I found in that sacred building neither dust nor defilement; only myself was polluted in that holy place.

"Therefore, immediately I drew back my foot, feeling that to withdraw *myself* was to cleanse the mosque from dirt and rubbish."

For the devotee there is only one path, — to submit his body to humiliation.

Thine exaltation must come from choosing self-abasement; to reach the lofty roof there is no ladder save this.

Moral Education and Self-control.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

My theme is rectitude, and self-government, and good habits; not the practising-ground, and horsemen, and mace, and ball.

Thine enemy is the spirit which dwelleth with thyself; why seek in a stranger one to contend with?

He who can bridle his spirit from that which is forbidden hath surpassed Rustam and Sām in valor.

Chastise thou thyself like a child with thine own rod, and brain not others with thy ponderous mace.

An enemy will suffer no harm from one like thee, unless thou art able to overcome thyself.

The body is a city full of good and evil; thou art the Sultan, and reason is thy wise Vizier.

In this city, side by side, live base men, self-exalted, — Pride and Sensuality, fierce Passions;

Contentment, Conscientiousness, men of good name; Lust and Ambition, Robbery and Treachery.

When the Sultan maketh the bad his familiars, where can the prudent find a place of rest?

Appetite, and Greediness, and Pride, and Envy, cleave to thyself as the blood in thy veins, and the soul in thy vitals.

If these enemies have once obtained the mastery of thee, they rush out, and will overpower all thy discretion.

There need be no contest with appetite and passion, if so be that Reason hold out a sharp claw.

The chief who knoweth not how to manage his enemy will hardly save his chieftainship from his enemy's hand.

What need can there be in this book to say much? A little is enough for him who goeth right to his mark.

Keep your own Secret.

(From the "Garden of Perfume.")

Sultan Takish once committed a secret to his slaves, which they were enjoined to tell again to no one.

For a year it had not passed from his breast to his lips; it was published to all the world in a single day.

He commanded the executioner to sever with the sword their heads from their bodies without mercy.

One from their midst exclaimed: "Beware! slay not the slaves, for the fault is thine own.

"Why didst thou not dam up at once what at first was but a fountain? What availeth it to do so when it is become a torrent?"

Take heed that thou reveal not to any one the secret of thy heart, for he will divulge it to all the world.

Thy jewels thou mayst consign to the keeping of thy treasurer; but thy secret reserve for thine own keeping.

Whilst thou utterest not a word, thou hast thy hand upon it; when thou hast uttered it, it hath laid its hand upon thee.

Thou knowest that when the demon hath escaped from his cage, by no adjuration will he enter it again.

The word is an enchained demon in the pit of the heart; let it not escape to the tongue and the palate.

It is possible to open a way to the strong demon; to retake him by stratagem is not possible.

A child may untether "Lightning," but a hundred Rustams will not bring him to the halter again.

Take heed that thou say not that which, if it come to the crowd, may bring trouble to a single individual.

It was well said by his wife to an ignorant peasant:—

"Either talk sensibly or hold thy tongue."

The Grass and the Rose.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said, "Be still! and know,
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, — true;
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by his bounty from the dust:
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in his favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet he will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, he'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sa'dī! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns;
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

A Witty Philosopher Rewarded.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

A Poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villanous set are these, who have untied their dogs and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET.

From some a man might favors hope: from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH.

We feel thy kindness that thou lett'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat, and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition; and further presented him with some dirhams.

The Penalty of Stupidity.

(From the "Rose-Garden.")

A man got sore eyes. He went to a horse-doctor, and said, "Treat me." The veterinary surgeon applied to his eyes a little of what he was in the habit of putting into the eyes of quadrupeds, [and] he became blind. They carried the case before the judge. He said, "No damages are [to be recovered] from him: if this fellow were not an ass, he would not have gone to a farrier." The object of this story is, that thou mayst know that he who intrusts an important matter to an inexperienced person will suffer regret, and the wise will impute weakness of intellect to him.

The clear-seeing man of intelligence commits not
Momentous affairs to the mean.
Although the mat-weaver is a weaver,
People will not take him to a silk factory.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, a noted French literary critic, born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804; died at Paris, October 13, 1869. After completing his education, he studied medicine, and when the "Globe" was founded in 1827, he contributed to it many historical and literary articles. His articles on the French poetry of the sixteenth century were issued in book form in 1828, and were followed by a third volume, "Vie, Poesies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme" (1829–30). Another volume, "Les Consolations" (1830), reflects his most intimate thoughts. He contributed to the "Revue de Paris," and also to the "Revue des Deux Mondes." In 1840 he was made keeper of the Mazarin Library, and a member of the Academy in 1845. In that year he accepted the chair of French literature in the University of Liège, where he gave a series of lectures on Chateaubriand and his contemporaries, afterward published in two volumes. Returning to Paris, he began in the "Constitutional" his celebrated "Causeries du Lundi," which he continued for three years. In 1857 he held a similar post for the "Moniteur." These articles, with others entitled "Nouveaux Lundis," were subsequently published in twenty-eight volumes. In 1854 he was given the chair of Latin poetry at the College of France, and from 1858 to 1861 was lecturer on French literature at the École Normale Supérieure. Sainte-Beuve was admitted to the Legion d'Honneur in 1859. His other works are a novel, "Volupté" (1834); "Pensées d'Août" (1837), and seven volumes of "Portraits Contemporains," contributed originally to the "Revue de Paris" and the "Revue-des Deux Mondes."

A Critic's Account of His Own Critical Method.

(From the "Nouveaux Lundis.")

It is understood then that to-day [July 22, 1862] you will allow me to enter into some details about the course and method that I have thought best to follow in studying books and talents. For me, literature — literary production — is not distinct, or at least not separable, from the rest of the man and from its en-

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

vironment. I can enjoy a work, but I can hardly judge it, independently of a knowledge of the man himself. "The tree is known by its fruits," as I might say; and so literary study leads me quite naturally to the study of morals.

A day will come of which I have caught glimpses in the course of my observations, — a day when the science [of criticism] will be established, when the great mental families and their principal divisions will be known and determined. Then, when the principal characteristic of a mind is given, we shall be able to deduce many others from it. With men, no doubt, one can never work exactly as with animals or plants. Man is ethically more complex. He has what we call liberty, and what in any case presupposes a great mobility of possible combinations. But however that may be, we shall succeed in time, I think, in establishing moral science on a broader basis. To-day it is at the point where botany was before Jussieu, and comparative anatomy before Cuvier, — in the stage, so to speak, of anecdote. We for our part are making mere monographs, amassing detailed observations: but I catch glimpses of connections, relations; and a broader mind, more enlightened and yet keen in the perception of detail, will be able some day to discover the great natural divisions that represent the genera of minds.

But even when natural science shall be organized as one may imagine it from afar, it will be always so delicate and so mobile that it will exist only for those who have a natural vocation and talent for observation. It will always be an art that will demand a skilful artist; just as medicine demands medical tact in him who practises it, as philosophy ought to demand philosophic tact from those who pretend to be philosophers, as poetry demands to be essayed only by a poet.

Suppose we have under observation a superior man, or one merely noteworthy for his productions; an author whose works we have read, and who may be worth the trouble of a searching study. How shall we go about it if we wish to omit nothing important and essential, if we wish to shake off the old-fashioned rhetorical judgments, — to be as little as possible the dupes of phrases, words, conventional sentiments, and to attain the truth as in a study of nature?

We shall surely recognize and rediscover the superior man, at least in part, in his parents, especially in the mother; in his sisters too, in his brothers, and even in his children. We shall find there essential characteristics that in the great man are

often masked, because they are too condensed or too amalgamated. In others of his blood we shall find his character more in its simple, naked state. Nature herself has done the analysis for us.

It is enough to indicate my thought. I will not abuse it. When you have informed yourself as far as possible about the origin, the immediate and near relations of an eminent writer, the essential point, after discussing his studies and his education, is his first environment, — the first group of friends and contemporaries in which he found himself at the moment when his talent was revealed, took material form, and became adult. For be sure his talent will bear the mark of it, and whatever he may do later he will feel it always.

The very great men depend on no group ; they make centres themselves ; people gather around them : but it is the group, association, alliance, and active exchange of ideas, — a perpetual emulation in presence of one's equals and peers, — that gives to the man of talent all his productive energy, his development, and his value. There are talents that share at the same time in several groups, and never cease to pass through successive environments ; perfecting, transforming, or deforming themselves. Then it is important to note, even in these variations and slow or sudden conversions, the hidden and unchanging impulse, the persistent force.

Each work of an author examined in this way, in its place, after you have put it back into its framework and surrounded it with all the circumstances that marked its birth, acquires its full significance, — its historic, literary significance ; it recovers its just degree of novelty, originality, or imitation : and you run no risk in your criticism of discovering beauties amiss, and admiring beside the mark, as is inevitable when you depend on rhetorical criticism alone.

For the critic who is studying a talent, there is nothing like catching it in its first fire, its first outpouring, nothing like breathing it in its morning hour, in its efflorescence of soul and youth. The first proof of an engraved portrait has for the artist and the man of taste a price which nothing that follows can equal. I know no joy for the critic more exquisite than to comprehend and portray a young talent in its freshness, in its frank and primitive aspect, anticipating all the foreign and perhaps factitious elements that may mingle with it.

O first and fruitful hour from which all takes its date ! Inef-

fable moment! It is among men of the same age, and of the same hour almost, that talent loves to choose for the rest of its career, or for the longer half of it, its companions, its witnesses, its emulators, — its rivals too, and its adversaries. Each chooses his own opponent, his own point of view. There are such rivalries, challenges, piques, among equals or almost equals, that last a whole lifetime. But even though we should be a little inferior, let us never desire that a man of our generation should fall and disappear, even though he were a rival and though he should pass for an enemy. For if we have true worth, he too, at need and on occasion, will warn the coming ignorant generations and the insolence of youth, that in us they have to do with an old athlete whom they may not despise or dismiss with levity. His own self-esteem is interested in it. He has measured himself with us in the good old times. He has known us in our best days.— I will clothe my thought with illustrious names. It is still Cicero who renders the noblest homage to Hortensius. A phrase of Æschines remains the fairest eulogy of Demosthenes. And the Greek hero Diomedes, speaking of Æneas in Virgil, and wishing to give a lofty idea of him: "Trust him," said he, "who has measured his own strength with him."

It is not only important to catch a talent at the moment of its first essay, at its first outburst, when it appears full-formed and more than adolescent, when it declares its own majority. There is a second period to note, not less decisive if one wishes to take in the whole man. It is the moment when he begins to spoil, to decay, to fail, or to err. Some stiffen and dry, some yield and lose their hold, some grow hard, some heavy, some bitter. The smile becomes a wrinkle. After the first moment when talent in its brilliant blossoming has become man, — the young man confident and proud, — one must note this second, sad moment when age unmakes and changes him.

One cannot take too many ways to know a man, nor approach him from too many sides; for a man is something quite different from pure spirit. Until you have asked yourself a certain number of questions about an author, and answered them, though only to yourself and under your breath, you are not sure that you have him wholly, though those questions may seem most foreign to the nature of his writings: What did he think about religion? How was he affected by the spectacle of nature? How did he bear himself in regard to women, and to money? Was he rich? Was he poor? What was his regimen, his daily

habit of life? And so on. In short, What was his vice or his foible? Everbody has one. None of these responses is indifferent to the judgment of the author of a book, and of the book itself, unless the book be a treatise on pure geometry; not if it is at all a literary work, — that is to say, a book into which he enters at all. . . .

Up to a certain point one can study talents in their moral posterity, in their disciples and natural admirers. That is a last easy and convenient means of observation. Such affinities either proclaim or betray themselves. Genius is a king who creates his people. . . . Tell me who loves, who admires you, and I will tell you who you are. . . . The disciples who imitate the manner and taste of their model in writing are very curious to follow, and best suited in their turn to cast light on him. The disciple usually exaggerates or parodies his master without suspecting it. In rhetorical schools he enfeebles, in picturesque and naturalistic schools he forces, heightens to excess, exaggerates. He is an enlarging mirror. When the master is negligent, and the disciple careful and dressed in Sunday clothes, they resemble one another. On days when Chateaubriand writes badly and Marchangy does his best, they have a deceptive resemblance. From a little further off, from behind, and by moonlight, you might mistake them for one another.

If it is just to judge a talent by his friends and natural followers, it is not less legitimate to judge him and counter-judge him (for it is in fact a sort of counter-proof) by the enemies whom he rouses and unwittingly attracts; by his contraries, his antipathies; by those who instinctively cannot bear him. Nothing serves better to mark the limits of a talent, to circumscribe its sphere and domain, than to know the exact points where revolt against it begins. In its detail this even becomes piquant to watch. In literature people detest one another sometimes all their lives, and yet have never met. So the antagonism between mental genera grows clear. What would you have? It 's in the blood, in the temperament, in first prejudices which often do not depend on ourselves. When it is not low envy, it is racial hatred. How will you make Boileau enjoy Quinault, and Fontenelle think highly of Boileau, and Joseph de Maistre or Montalembert love Voltaire? But I have said enough to-day about the natural method in literature.

Alfred de Musset.

(From "Causeries du Lundi," May 11th, 1857. — Abridged).

It is the duty of each generation, as it is of an army, to bury its dead and to do them the last honors. It would not be just that the charming poet who has just been taken away should disappear without receiving — amid all that has been said and what will be said, true and heart-felt, of his talent — some special words of farewell from an old friend, from a witness of his first steps. The melodious strain of Alfred de Musset was so familiar to us, so dear from the very first; it had so penetrated our hearts in its freshness and buoyant novelty; it was, though more youthful, so part of our own generation, — a generation then all poetry and all devoted to feeling and expression. It is nineteen years ago; and I see him still making his entry in the literary world, — first in the intimate circle of Victor Hugo, then in that of Alfred de Vigny and the Deschamps brothers. What a début! What easy graciousness! and at the very first verses that he recited, — his "Andalouse," his "Don Paez," and his "Juana," — what surprise, what rapture he aroused among us! It was spring itself; a whole springtime of poetry that budded before our eyes. He was not eighteen. His forehead was strong and proud. His downy cheek still preserved the roses of childhood, his nostrils swelled with the breath of desire. He advanced with firm tread and eye upcast, as though sure of conquest and full of the pride of life. No one at the first sight gave a better idea of adolescent genius. All those brilliant couplets, those outpourings of verse that their very success has since caused to be outworn, but which were then so new in French poetry; all those passages marked as if with a Shakespearean accent, those furious rushes mingled with petulant audacities and smiles, those flashes of heat and precocious storm, — seemed to promise a Byron to France.

The graceful, delicate songs that flitted each morning from his lips, and presently were running over the lips of all, were indeed of his age. But passion was to him a divination. He breathed it in with might, he sought to outrun it. He asked its secret of friends richer in experience, still dripping from their shipwreck. . . . At the dance, at receptions and gay festivals, when he met pleasure he did not restrain himself: he sought by reflection to distil its sadness, its bitterness. He said

to himself, even as he gave himself up with an appearance of self-surrendering transport, and even as it were to increase its savor, that this was only a fleeting instant, soon to be irreparable, that would never recur in this same light. And in all he sought a stronger, keener sensation, in accord with the key to which he had tuned his soul. He found that the roses of a day did not fade fast enough. He would gladly uproot them all that he might the better breathe them in and press from them their essence. . . .

I only touch the subject; but if we take up and glance over again, now that he is no more, many of the pieces and personages of Alfred de Musset, we shall now perceive in this child of genius just the opposite of Goethe: of that Goethe who detached himself in time from his creations, even from those most intimate in their origin; who worked out his characters only to a certain point; who cut the bond in time, abandoned them to the world, being already himself altogether elsewhere; and for whom "poetry was a deliverance." Goethe, even from his youth, from the time of Werther, was preparing to live till past eighty. For Alfred de Musset, poetry was the opposite of that. His poetry was himself. He was riveted wholly to it. He cast himself into it recklessly. It was his youthful soul, it was his flesh and blood that flowed; and when he had cast to others these shreds, these glorious limbs of the poet, that seemed at times like limbs of Phaëthon and of a young god (recall, for instance, the magnificent apostrophes and invocations of "Rolla"), he kept still his own shred, his bleeding heart, his burning, weary heart. Why was he not patient? All would have come in due time. But he hasted to condense and to devour the years.

Musset was poet only. He wished to feel. He was of a generation whose password, the first wish inscribed at the bottom of their hearts, had been, Poetry for its own sake, Poetry above all. "In all the period of my fair youth," one of the poets of that same epoch has said, "there was nothing that I desired or summoned so with prayers or adored as I did holy Passion," — passion; that is to say, the living substance of poetry. So Musset was superlatively prodigal above all. Like a reckless soldier, he would not provide in advance for the second half of the journey. He would have disdained to accept what men call wisdom, and what seemed to him the gradual ebbing of life. It was not for him to transform himself. When he attained the summit, and even while he was still climbing

the hillside, it seemed to him that he had reached and passed the goal of all desires. Satiety had laid hold on him. . . .

Recall his first songs of page or knightly lover, . . . and put opposite to this that admirable and pitiful final sonnet: the whole poetic career of Alfred de Musset is embraced between these two, — Glory and Pardon. What a brilliant track, boldly traced; what light, what eclipse, and what shadow! Poet who was but a dazzling type of many obscurer souls of his age, who has symbolized their flights and their falls, their grandeurs and their miseries, — his name will not die. Let us guard it engraven with peculiar care; us to whom he left the burdens of age, and who could say that day, with truth, as we returned from his funeral, "For years our youth was dead, but we have just buried it with him." Let us admire, let us continue to love and honor in its better part, the spirit, deep or fleeting, that he breathed into his songs. But let us draw from it also this witness to the infirmity that clings to our being, and never let us presume in pride on the gifts that human nature has received.

JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE.

Saintine, Joseph Xavier Boniface, a French novelist, dramatist, and poet; born at Paris, July 10, 1798; died there, January 21, 1865. His début in literature was made at the age of one-and-twenty, when he carried off the prize of the French Academy for some verses, entitled "Bonheur de l'Étude." Two years later he took a second prize for an essay on teaching, and published soon after his "Picciola," which received the Montyon prize of 3,000 francs, and won for its author the cross of the Legion of Honor. Under the pseudonym of Xavier he produced some theatrical compositions, among others, "L'Ours et le Pacha," in collaboration with Scribe, and "Les Cabinets Particuliers," with Duvert and Lausanne. In all, he wrote about two hundred vaudevilles, comedies, or dramas. "Une Maîtresse sous Louis XIII." is a study of the time of Richelieu and the customs of those days. Among the best of his theatrical pieces are "L'Homme du Monde," "Le Bouffon de Prince," "Un Monsieur et Une Dame," "Deux Pigeons," "Duc d'Olonne, "Babiole et Joblot," "Riche d'Amour," "Henriette et Charlot," and "Erreurs du Bel Âge." "Jonathan le Visionnaire," two volumes, appeared in 1825; "Le Mutilé" in 1834; "Les Récits dans la Tourelle," two volumes, in 1844; "Les Trois Reines," two volumes, in 1853; "Seul" in 1857; "Mythologie du Rhin," 1861; "Chemins des Écoliers," 1862; "La Seconde Vie," a revery, in 1864. Saintine also wrote for the "Revue de Paris," "Musée des Familles," "Siècle," "Constitutionnel," "Journal Pour Tous," and "La Revue Contemporaine."

The Prison Flower.

(From "Picciola.")

One day, at the prescribed hour, Charney was walking in the court-yard, his head bowed, his arms crossed behind his back, pacing slowly, as if he could so make the narrow space which he was permitted to perambulate seem larger.

Spring announced its coming; a softer air dilated his lungs, and to live free, and be master of the soil and of space, seemed to him the goal of his desires.

He counted one by one the paving-stones of his little court, without doubt to verify the exactness of his former calculations, for it was by no means the first time he had numbered them, when he perceived there, under his eyes, a little mound of earth raised between two stones, slightly opened at the top. He stopped; his heart beat without his being able to tell why. But all is hope or fear for a captive. In the indifferent objects, and the most insignificant events, he seeks some hidden cause which speaks to him of deliverance.

Perhaps this slight derangement on the surface might be produced by some great work under ground, perhaps a tunnel, which would open and make a way for him to the fields and mountains. Perhaps his friends or his former accomplices were mining to reach him, and restore to him life and liberty.

He listened attentively, and fancied he heard a low, rumbling noise under ground; he raised his head, and the tremulous air bore to him the rapid stroke of the tocsin, and the continued roll of drums along the ramparts, like a signal of war. He started, and with a trembling hand wiped from his forehead great drops of sweat.

Was he to be free? Had France changed its master?

This dream was only a flash. Reflection destroyed the illusion. He had no accomplices, and had never had friends. He listened again; the same sounds struck his ear, but gave rise to other thoughts. This stroke of the tocsin, and the roll of the drum, were only the distant sound of a church-bell that he heard every day at the same hour, and the accustomed call to arms, which need only excite emotion in a few straggling soldiers of the citadel.

Charney smiled bitterly, and looked upon himself with pity, when he thought that some insignificant animal, a mole who had without doubt lost his way, or a field-mouse who had scratched up the earth under his feet, had caused him to believe for an instant in the affection of men, and the overthrow of a great empire.

In order, however, to make his mind quite clear about it, stooping over the little mound, he carefully removed some of the particles of earth, and saw with astonishment that the wild agitation which had overcome him for an instant had not even been caused by a busy, burrowing, scratching animal, armed with claws and teeth, but by a feeble specimen of vegetation, with scarcely strength to sprout, weak and languishing.

Raising himself, profoundly humiliated, he was about to crush it with his heel, when a fresh breeze, laden with the perfume of honeysuckle and hawthorn, was wafted to him, as if to implore mercy for the poor plant, which perhaps one day would also have perfume to give him.

Another thought came to him to arrest his destructive intention. How was it possible for that little plant, so tender, soft, and fragile, that a touch might break it, to raise, separate, and throw out that earth dried and hardened by the sun, trodden under foot by him, and almost cemented to the two blocks of granite between which it was pressed.

He bent over it again and examined it with renewed attention. He saw at its upper extremity a sort of double fleshy valve, which folded over the first leaves, preserved them from the touch of anything that might injure them, and at the same time enabled them to pierce that earthy crust in search of air and sun.

Ah, said he to himself, behold all the secret. It receives from nature this principle of strength, as the young birds, who before they are born are armed with a bill hard enough to break the thick shell which confines them. Poor prisoner, thou possessest at least the instruments which can aid thee to gain thy freedom.

He stood gazing at it a few moments, and no longer dreamed of crushing it.

The next day, in taking his ordinary walk, he was striding along in an absent-minded manner, and nearly trod on it by accident. He drew back quickly, and, surprised at the interest with which his new acquaintance inspired him, he paused to note its progress.

The plant had grown, and the rays of the sun had caused it to lose somewhat of its sickly pallor. He reflected upon the power which that pale and slender stem possessed to absorb the luminous essence with which to nourish and strengthen itself, and to borrow from the prism the colors with which to clothe itself, colors assigned beforehand to each one of its parts. Yes, its leaves, without doubt, thought he, will be tinted with a different shade from its stem; and then its flowers, what color will they be. Yellow, blue, red? Why, nourished by the same sap as the stalk, do they not clothe themselves in the same livery? How do they draw their azure and scarlet from the same source where the other has only found a bright or sombre green? So it is to be, however; for notwithstanding the confusion and dis-

order of affairs here below, matter follows a regular though blind march. Blind, indeed, repeated he; I need no other proof of it than these two fleshy lobes which have facilitated its egress from the earth, but which now, of no use in its preservation, nourish themselves still from its substance, and hang down, wearying it by their weight — of what use are they?

As he said this, day was declining, and the chilly spring evening approached; the two lobes rose slowly as he watched them, apparently desiring to justify themselves from his reproach; they drew closer together, and enclosed in their bosom, to protect it against the cold and the attacks of insects, the tender and fragile foliage which was about to be deprived of the sun, and which, thus sheltered and warmed, slept under the two wings which the plant had just softly folded over it.

The man of science comprehended more fully this mute but decided response, in observing that the outside of the vegetable bivalve had been slightly cut by the nibbling of a snail the night before, of which the traces still remained. . . .

The philosopher had followed attentively all the progress and the transformations of the plant. Again he had contended with her by reasoning, and she had even an answer for all his arguments.

"Of what use are these prickly hairs that garnish thy stem?" said he. And the next day she showed them to him covered with a slight hoar-frost, which, thanks to them, kept at a distance, had not chilled her tender skin.

"Of what use in the fine days will be your warm coat, wadded with down?"

The fine days arrived; she cast off her winter cloak to adorn herself with her spring toilet of green, and her new branches sprang forth free from these silken envelopes, henceforward useless.

"But if the storm rages the wind will bruise thee, and the hail will cut thy leaves, too tender to resist it."

The wind blew, and the young plant, too feeble yet to dare to fight, bent to the earth, and was defended in yielding. The hail came, and by a new manœuvre, the leaves, rising along the stem, shielding it, pressed against each other for mutual protection, presenting only their underside to the blows of the enemy, and opposed their solid ribs to the weight of the atmospheric projectiles — in their union was their strength; this time the plant had come forth from the combat, not without some slight

mutilations, but alive and still strong, and ready to expand before the rays of the sun, which would heal her wounds.

"Is Chance then intelligent?" said Charney, "must I spiritualize matter, or materialize mind?" And he did not cease to interrogate his mute instructress; he delighted to watch her growth, and mark her gradual metamorphoses.

The Reprieve.

(From "Picciola.")

The intercession of Josephine had not then been as effective as it had at first promised to be. After her gentle pleading for the plant and the prisoner, when she placed in Napoleon's hand the handkerchief containing the missive, he recalled the offence to his pride given by the *malapropos* distraction of the Empress during the exhibition of the morning at Marengo, and the signature of Charney increased the disagreeable impression.

"Has the man become insane?" said he; "what comedy does he pretend to play with me? A Jacobin botanist! I shall not be surprised to hear Marat go into ecstasies over the beauties of nature, or to see Couthon present himself at the Convention with a rose in his buttonhole."

Josephine would have raised her voice to object to the title of Jacobin so carelessly given to the Count, but at this moment a chamberlain came to announce to the Emperor that the generals, the ambassadors, as well as the deputies of the Italian provinces, awaited him in the hall of reception. He hastened to join them. When there, inspired more by their presence than by the contents of the petition, he took occasion, from the name of the petitioner, to break forth with great violence against idealists and philosophers; returning again to the Jacobins, declaring that he knew very well how to subdue and bring them to seek for mercy. And he raised his voice with a tone of menace and resolution, not that he was really as much excited as he wished to make it appear, but, always ready to take advantage of circumstances, he wished that his words should be heard and repeated, especially by the Prussian ambassador present in the assembly. It was his proclamation of his divorce from the principles of the Revolution.

To please the master, each one added something to the speech. The Governor of Turin, above all, Jacques-Abdallah Menou, forgetting, or rather denying his former principles, broke

out into violent attacks upon the Brutuses of the clubs and taverns of Italy and France, and there was soon in the imperial circle a unanimous chorus of virulent imprecations against conspirators, revolutionists, and Jacobins, such that Josephine began to tremble before the terrible storm which she had raised.

Recovering somewhat from her alarm, she approached the ear of Napoleon, and in a half laughing tone said: —

"Sire, why all this violence? It is not a matter of Jacobins and revolutionists, but of a poor flower who has never conspired against any one."

The Emperor shrugged his shoulders. "Do you believe that I am duped by such idle talk?" cried he. "This Charney is a dangerous man, and not a fool. The flower is the pretext; the end, the raising of the stones. It is an escape that he is planning. Menou, see that he is well guarded. And how has he been able to send his petition without its passing through the hand of the commandant? Is this the sort of surveillance that exists in the prisons of state?"

The Empress tried once more to defend her *protégé*.

"Enough, Madame," said the master.

And Josephine, abashed and discouraged, was silenced, and dropped her eyes under the look with which he regarded her.

Menou, vexed by the reprimand of the Emperor, had not been sparing of his reproaches to the commandant of Fenestrella, and he in his turn had hastened to treat with rigor the two prisoners to whom he owed such sharp rebuke.

Girhardi, already separated him from his daughter, — who, with a heart full of hope, had only came in sight of the gates of the fortress to be met with an order to quit immediately the territory of Fenestrella, to return there no more, — had that morning been subjected, like Charney, to a domiciliary visit, but there had resulted from it nothing that could compromise him.

But emotions more painful than those resulting from the taking away of his manuscript were reserved for the Count.

When, to pass to the cell of the bastion, he descended to the court-yard, following the commandant and his two acolytes, whether Colonel Morand had not noticed it in passing before, or that he wished to be revenged for the obstinate silence of Charney during his visit, his anger seemed to be redoubled at the sight of the slight scaffolding erected around the plant.

"What is all this?" said he to Ludovic. "Is it thus that you watch your prisoners?"

"That, my Colonel," replied he, hesitating, with a sort of groan, with one hand taking his pipe from his mouth and with the other touching his cap with a military salute, "that is the plant, you know — which is so good for the gout and other maladies."

Then, letting his right arm fall to his side, with his left he replaced his pipe in its habitual place.

"Truly," resumed the Colonel, "if these gentlemen were allowed to have their way, the chambers and the courts of the citadel would become gardens, menageries, shops. Come! out of the way with this weed at once, as well as all this rubbish about it!"

Ludovic regarded in turn the plant, Charney, and the commandant; then attempted to murmur some words of justification.

"Be quiet, and obey instantly," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic removed his pipe from his mouth, extinguished it, shook out the ashes, laid it upon a ledge of the wall, and prepared to execute the order. He divested himself of his coat and cap, and rubbed his hands together as if to gain courage. All at once, as if he acquired new strength from the anger of his chief, he seized and threw away the mattings of braided straw; he tore them to pieces and dispersed them about the court with a sort of rage. Next in turn came the twigs which had served as supports for the matting; these he pulled up one after the other, broke them over his knee, and trod them under his feet. It seemed as if his old affection for Picciola had turned to hate, and that he was wreaking his vengeance upon her.

During this time Charney stood motionless, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon his plant, thus left shelterless, as if with his gaze he would still protect it.

The day had been cool and the sky cloudy. The stem had raised its head somewhat since the day before, and from the withered branches had sprung several little verdant shoots. It seemed as if Picciola were gathering all her strength to die.

What! Picciola, his Picciola! his world of reality and his world of illusions, the pivot on which turned his life, that which irradiated his thoughts — all to be annihilated! And he, poor captive, the expiation of whose crime Providence had suspended, was to be suddenly arrested in his progress towards true knowledge. How should he henceforth occupy his sad leisure? What will fill the void in his heart? Picciola, the desert hitherto peopled by thee is to become again a desert. No more

projects, no more study, no more intoxicating dreams, no more observations to record, nothing more to love! Oh, how narrow will his prison seem! how heavy the air which he will breathe! It will be only a tomb — the tomb of Picciola! This golden branch, this sibylline bough which has had power to exorcise the evil demons with which he was possessed, will be no longer there to defend him against himself. Can he live again his old life of an incredulous philosopher face to face with his bitter thoughts? No! sooner die than enter again into that chilling night from which she has drawn him!

At this moment Charney saw a shadow pass the little grated window. It was the old man.

"Ah," said he to himself, "I have snatched from him his only blessing, I have deprived him of his daughter! Without doubt he comes to curse me, and to rejoice in my torment."

As he glanced up he could see that he was clasping the bars of the window with his feeble hands which trembled with emotion. Charney did not dare to raise his eyes to ask from the bottom of his heart pardon of the only man whose esteem he cared to possess; he feared to see on that noble countenance the justly merited expression of reproach or disdain; and when their eyes did meet, the look of tender compassion with which the poor father (forgetting his own griefs to sympathize with those of his companion in misfortune) regarded him touched the depth of his heart, and two tears, the only ones that he had ever shed, sprang from his eyes.

These tears were sweet to him, but his pride caused him to dash them quickly away. He would not be suspected of cowardly weakness by the men who surrounded him.

Of all the witnesses of this scene, the two officials alone, indifferent spectators, seemed to understand nothing of the drama which they witnessed. They looked by turns at the prisoner, the old man, the commandant, the jailer, — were astonished at the lively and diverse emotions imprinted on each face, and whisperingly wondered whether some important hiding-place was not concealed underneath this plant so carefully barricaded.

However, the fatal work proceeded. Directed by the Colonel, Ludovic attempted to throw down the supports of the rustic bench; but they resisted his efforts.

"An axe, take an axe," cried the Colonel.

Ludovic took one; it slipped from his hands.

"Finish immediately!" said the Colonel.

At the first blow the seat cracked; at the third it fell to the ground. Then Ludovic bent over the plant standing alone in the midst of the *débris*.

The face of the Count was wan and dejected; the sweat stood in large drops upon his brow.

"Monsieur, Monsieur, why kill it? It will soon die itself," cried he at last, descending again to the character of suppliant.

The Colonel looked at him, smiled ironically, and in his turn made no reply.

"Then," said Charney, with violence, "I will crush it! I will tear it up myself!"

"I forbid you to touch it!" said the commandant, with his harsh voice, extending his cane before Charney as if to place a barrier between the prisoner and his darling. Then, in obedience to an imperative order from him, Ludovic seized Picciola with his two hands, and was about to uproot it from the earth.

The Count, struck dumb with grief, stood gazing at it.

At the base of the stem, near the lowest branches, where the sap still flowed, a little blossom, fresh and brilliant, was just opening. Already the others hung drooping upon their withered stems. This one alone still had life; it alone was not wounded, crushed, stifled, by the grasp of the large, rough hands of the jailer. The corolla, slightly shaded by a few leaves, was turned towards Charney. He fancied that its perfume was exhaled towards him, and, through eyes dim with gathering tears, he seemed to see it bud, expand, and die. The man and the plant exchanged a last farewell look.

If at this moment, when so many passions and interests were centred in a humble plant, strangers had suddenly entered that prison-court, where the heavens shed only a sombre and dim light, would they not have judged from the picture that met their view, — these emissaries of justice with their tricolored scarfs, this military chief issuing his pitiless orders, — that they were witnessing some secret and bloody execution, — that Ludovic was the executioner, and Charney the criminal to whom his sentence had just been read? And is it not so? They come! these strangers enter! Behold them!

One is an aid-de-camp of General Menou; the other, a page of the Empress. The dust with which they are covered shows with what haste they have travelled.

They came but just in time.

At the noise which announced their entrance, Ludovic re-

laxed his grasp of Picciola, raised his head, and he and Charney, both with pale faces, gazed at each other.

The aid-de-camp delivered to Colonel Morand an order from the Governor of Turin; the Colonel read it, and with a hesitating movement took two or three turns in the court-yard, striking his cane on the ground, — compared the missive which he had just received with that of the day before, — then at last, after raising his eyebrows again and again in token of great astonishment, he put on a semi-courteous air, approached Charney, and graciously gave into his hands the letter of the General.

The prisoner read aloud what follows: —

"His Majesty the Emperor and King has transmitted to me the order, Monsieur the Commandant, to inform you that he consents to the request of Monsieur Charney relative to the plant which is growing between the pavements of the prison-court. Those which incommode it must be raised. I charge you to see to the execution of this order, and to consult upon the subject with Monsieur Charney."

"*Vive l'empereur!*" cried Ludovic.

"*Vive l'empereur!*" murmured another voice which seemed to issue from the wall.

During the reading, the commandant stood leaning upon his cane; the two men of the scarfs, unable to find the key to all this, seemed confounded, and sought in their own minds some connection between these events and the conspiracy which they had imagined. The aid-de-camp and the page wondered why such haste had been necessary. At last the page, addressing himself to Charney, said, "There is a postscript from the Empress."

And Charney read on the margin: —

"I recommend Monsieur Charney to the kind care of Colonel Morand. I shall be particularly obliged to him for all that he can do to alleviate the condition of his prisoner. Signed:

"JOSEPHINE."

"*Vive l'impératrice!*" cried Ludovic.

Charney kissed the signature, and held the paper several minutes before his eyes.

JACQUES HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE.

Saint-Pierre, Jacques Henri Bernardin de, a French romancist; born at Havre, January 19, 1737; died at Eragny-sur-Oise, January 21, 1814. He was graduated with honor at the College of Rouen, and entered the army as an engineer, but was dismissed for insubordination. He then went to Russia, where he was engaged as an engineer for four years. Returning to his native country, he obtained a commission as engineer for the Isle of France. After a residence there of three years he returned to Paris and devoted himself to literature, and soon became intimate with Rousseau and other distinguished writers of the time. He published "Voyage to the Isle of France" (1773); "Studies of Nature" (1784); "Paul and Virginia" (1788); "The Desires of a Solitary" (1789); "The Indian Cottage" (1790); "Harmonies of Nature" (1791). He is best known by his tale "Paul and Virginia," which has been pronounced by an eminent French critic as not only the *chef d'œuvre* of the author, but one of the *chefs d'œuvres* of any author. It has been translated into many languages. Saint-Pierre married a daughter of Pierre Didot, a Paris bookseller, and had two children, named respectively Paul and Virginia.

The Springtime of Youth.

(From "Paul and Virginia.")

"Paul and Virginia had neither clock, nor almanac, nor books of chronology, history, or philosophy. The periods of their lives were regulated by those of the operations of nature, and their familiar conversation had a constant reference to the changes of the seasons. They knew the time of day by the shadows of the trees; the seasons, by the times when those trees bore flowers or fruit; and the years, by the number of their harvests. These soothing images diffused an inexpressible charm over their conversation. 'It is time to dine,' said Virginia, 'the shadows of the plantain trees are at their roots;' or, 'Night approaches; the tamarinds are closing

their leaves.' 'When will you come and see us?' inquired some of her companions in the neighborhood. 'At the time of the sugar-canes,' answered Virginia. 'Your visit will be then still more delightful,' resumed her young acquaintances. When she was asked what was her own age, and that of Paul, —'My brother,' said she, 'is as old as the great cocoa tree of the fountain; and I am as old as the little one: the mangoes have borne fruit twelve times, and the orange trees have flowered four-and-twenty times, since I came into the world.' Their lives seemed linked to that of the trees, like those of Fauns or Dryads. They knew no other historical epochs than those of the lives of their mothers, no other chronology than that of their orchards, and no other philosophy than that of doing good, and resigning themselves to the will of Heaven.

"What need, indeed, had these young people of riches or learning such as ours? Even their necessities and their ignorance increased their happiness. No day passed in which they were not of some service to one another, or in which they did not mutually impart some instruction. Yes, instruction; for if errors mingled with it, they were, at least, not of a dangerous character. A pure-minded being has none of that description to fear. Thus grew these children of nature. No care had troubled their peace, no intemperance had corrupted their blood, no misplaced passion had depraved their hearts. Love, innocence, and piety possessed their souls; and those intellectual graces were unfolding daily in their features, their attitudes, and their movements. Still in the morning of life, they had all its blooming freshness; and surely such in the garden of Eden appeared our first parents, when, coming from the hands of God, they first saw and approached each other, and conversed together, like brother and sister. Virginia was gentle, modest, and confiding as Eve; and Paul, like Adam, united the stature of manhood with the simplicity of a child.

"Sometimes, if alone with Virginia, he has a thousand times told me, he used to say to her, on his return from labor, —'When I am wearied, the sight of you refreshes me. If from the summit of the mountain I perceive you below in the valley, you appear to me in the midst of our orchard like a blooming rose-bud. If you go towards our mother's house, the partridge, when it runs to meet its young, has a shape less beautiful, and a step less light. When I lose sight of you through the trees, I have no need to see you in order to find

you again. Something of you, I know not how, remains for me in the air through which you have passed, — on the grass whereon you have been seated. When I come near you, you delight all my senses. The azure of the sky is less charming than the blue of your eyes, and the song of the amadavid bird less soft than the sound of your voice. If I only touch you with the tip of my finger, my whole frame trembles with pleasure. Do you remember the day when we crossed over the great stones of the river of the Three Breasts? I was very tired before we reached the bank: but as soon as I had taken you in my arms, I seemed to have wings like a bird. Tell me by what charm you have thus enchanted me? Is it by your wisdom? Our mothers have more than either of us. Is it by your caresses? They embrace me much oftener than you. I think it must be by your goodness. I shall never forget how you walked bare-footed to the Black River, to ask pardon for the poor runaway slave. Here, my beloved, take this flowering branch of a lemon tree, which I have gathered in the forest: you will let it remain at night near your bed. Eat this honey-comb too, which I have taken for you from the top of a rock. But first lean on my bosom, and I shall be refreshed.'

"Virginia would answer him, — 'Oh, my dear brother, the rays of the sun in the morning on the tops of the rocks give me less joy than the sight of you. I love my mother, — I love yours; but when they call you their son, I love them a thousand times more. When they caress you, I feel it more sensibly than when I am caressed myself. You ask me what makes you love me. Why, all creatures that are brought up together love one another. Look at our birds: reared up in the same nests, they love each other as we do; they are always together like us. Hark! how they call and answer from one tree to another. So when the echoes bring to my ears the air which you play on your flute on the top of the mountain, I repeat the words at the bottom of the valley. You are dear to me more especially since the day when you wanted to fight the master of the slave for me. Since that time how often have I said to myself, "Ah, my brother has a good heart; but for him, I should have died of terror." I pray to God every day for my mother and for yours; for you, and for our poor servants: but when I pronounce your name, my devotion seems to increase; — I ask so earnestly of God that no harm may befall you! Why do you go so far and climb so high, to seek fruits

and flowers for me. Have we not enough in our garden already! How much you are fatigued, — you look so warm!' — and with her little white handkerchief she would wipe the damps from his face, and then imprint a tender kiss on his forehead.

"For sometime past, however, Virginia had felt her heart agitated by new sensations. Her beautiful blue eyes lost their lustre, her cheek its freshness, and her frame was overpowered with a universal languor. Serenity no longer sat upon her brow, nor smiles played upon her lips. She would become all at once gay without cause for joy, and melancholy without any subject for grief. She fled her innocent amusements, her gentle toils, and even the society of her beloved family; wandering about the most unfrequented parts of the plantations, and seeking everywhere the rest which she could nowhere find. Sometimes, at the sight of Paul, she advanced sportively to meet him; but, when about to accost him, was overcome by a sudden confusion; her pale cheeks were covered with blushes, and her eyes no longer dared to meet those of her brother. Paul said to her, — 'The rocks are covered with verdure, our birds begin to sing when you approach, everything around you is gay, and you only are unhappy.' He then endeavored to soothe her by his embraces; but she turned away her head, and fled, trembling, towards her mother. The caresses of her brother excited too much emotion in her agitated heart, and she sought, in the arms of her mother, refuge from herself. Paul, unused to the secret windings of the female heart, vexed himself in vain in endeavoring to comprehend the meaning of these new and strange caprices. Misfortunes seldom come alone, and a serious calamity now impended over these families.

"One of those summers, which sometimes desolate the countries situated between the tropics, now began to spread its ravages over this island. It was near the end of December, when the sun, in Capricorn, darts over the Mauritius, during the space of three weeks, its vertical fires. The southeast wind, which prevails throughout almost the whole year, no longer blew. Vast columns of dust arose from the highways, and hung suspended in the air; the ground was everywhere broken into clefts; the grass was burnt up; hot exhalations issued from the sides of the mountains, and their rivulets, for the most part, became dry. No refreshing cloud ever arose from the sea: fiery vapors, only, during the day, ascended

from the plains, and appeared, at sunset, like the reflection of a vast conflagration. Night brought no coolness to the heated atmosphere; and the red moon, rising in the misty horizon, appeared of supernatural magnitude. The drooping cattle, on the sides of the hills, stretching out their necks towards heaven, and panting for breath, made the valleys re-echo with their melancholy lowings: even the Caffre by whom they were led threw himself upon the earth, in search of some cooling moisture; but his hopes were vain; the scorching sun had penetrated the whole soil, and the stifling atmosphere everywhere resounded with the buzzing noise of insects, seeking to allay their thirst with the blood of men and of animals.

"During this sultry season, Virginia's restlessness and disquietude were much increased. One night in particular, being unable to sleep, she arose from her bed, sat down, and returned to rest again; but could find in no attitude either slumber or repose. At length she bent her way, by the light of the moon, towards her fountain, and gazed at its spring, which, notwithstanding the drought, still trickled in silver threads down the brown sides of the rock. She flung herself into the basin: its coolness reanimated her spirits, and a thousand soothing remembrances came to her mind. She recollected that in her infancy her mother and Margaret had amused themselves by bathing her with Paul in this very spot; that he afterwards, reserving this bath for her sole use, had hollowed out its bed, covered the bottom with sand, and sown aromatic herbs around its borders. She saw in the water, upon her naked arms and bosom, the reflection of the two cocoa trees which were planted at her own and her brother's birth, and which interwove above her head their green branches and young fruit. She thought of Paul's friendship, sweeter than the odor of the blossoms, purer than the waters of the fountain, stronger than the intertwining palm trees, and she sighed. Reflecting on the hour of the night, and the profound solitude, her imagination became disturbed. Suddenly she flew, affrighted, from those dangerous shades, and those waters which seemed to her hotter than the tropical sunbeam, and ran to her mother for refuge. More than once, wishing to reveal her sufferings, she pressed her mother's hand within her own; more than once she was ready to pronounce the name of Paul: but her oppressed heart left her lips no power of utterance, and, leaning her head on her mother's bosom, she bathed it with her tears.

"Madame de la Tour, though she easily discerned the source of her daughter's uneasiness, did not think proper to speak to her on the subject. 'My dear child,' said she, 'offer up your supplications to God, who disposes at His will of health and of life. He subjects you to trial now, in order to recompense you hereafter. Remember that we are only placed upon earth for the exercise of virtue.'

"The excessive heat in the meantime raised vast masses of vapor from the ocean, which hung over the island like an immense parasol, and gathered round the summits of the mountains. Long flakes of fire issued from time to time from these mist-embosomed peaks. The most awful thunder soon after re-echoed through the woods, the plains, and the valleys: the rains fell from the skies in cataracts; foaming torrents rushed down the sides of this mountain; the bottom of the valley became a sea, and the elevated platform on which the cottages were built, a little island. The accumulated waters, having no other outlet, rushed with violence through the narrow gorge which leads into the valley, tossing and roaring, and bearing along with them a mingled wreck of soil, trees, and rocks.

"The trembling families meantime addressed their prayers to God all together in the cottage of Madame de la Tour, the roof of which cracked fearfully from the force of the winds. So incessant and vivid were the lightnings, that although the doors and window shutters were securely fastened, every object without could be distinctly seen through the joints in the woodwork! Paul, followed by Domingo, went with intrepidity from one cottage to another, notwithstanding the fury of the tempest; here supporting a partition with a buttress, there driving in a stake; and only returning to the family to calm their fears, by the expression of a hope that the storm was passing away. Accordingly, in the evening the rain ceased, the trade-winds of the southeast pursued their ordinary course, the tempestuous clouds were driven away to the northward, and the setting sun appeared in the horizon.

"Virginia's first wish was to visit the spot called her Resting-place. Paul approached her with a timid air, and offered her the assistance of his arm: she accepted it with a smile, and they left the cottage together. The air was clear and fresh: white vapors arose from the ridges of the mountain, which was furrowed here and there by the courses of torrents, marked in foam, and now beginning to dry up on all sides. As for the

garden, it was completely torn to pieces by deep water-courses, the roots of most of the fruit trees were laid bare, and vast heaps of sand covered the borders of the meadows, and had choked up Virginia's bath. The two cocoa trees, however, were still erect, and still retained their freshness; but they were no longer surrounded by turf, or arbors, or birds, except a few amadavid birds, which, upon the points of the neighboring rocks, were lamenting, in plaintive notes, the loss of their young.

"At the sight of this general desolation, Virginia exclaimed to Paul, — 'You brought birds hither, and the hurricane has killed them. You planted this garden, and it is now destroyed. Everything then upon earth perishes, and it is only Heaven that is not subject to change.' — 'Why,' answered Paul, 'cannot I give you something that belongs to Heaven? but I have nothing of my own, even upon the earth.' Virginia with a blush replied, 'You have the picture of Saint Paul.' As soon as she had uttered the words, he flew in quest of it to his mother's cottage. This picture was a miniature of Paul the Hermit, which Margaret, who viewed it with feelings of great devotion, had worn at her neck while a girl, and which, after she became a mother, she had placed round her child's. It had even happened, that being, while pregnant, abandoned by all the world, and continually occupied in contemplating the image of this benevolent recluse, her offspring had contracted some resemblance to this revered object. She therefore bestowed upon him the name of Paul, giving him for his patron a saint who had passed his life far from mankind, by whom he had been first deceived, and then forsaken. Virginia, on receiving this little present from the hands of Paul, said to him, with emotion, — 'My dear brother, I will never part with this while I live; nor will I ever forget that you have given me the only thing you have in the world.' At this tone of friendship, — this unhoped-for return of familiarity and tenderness, Paul attempted to embrace her; but, light as a bird, she escaped him, and fled away, leaving him astonished, and unable to account for conduct so extraordinary."

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

("The Springtime of Youth")

From a Painting by P. A. Cot

LOUIS DE ROUVROI SAINT-SIMON.

Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroi, Duc de, a French statesman, soldier, and writer of memoirs; born at Versailles, January 15, 1675; died on his estate, La Ferté, near Paris, March 2, 1755. He entered the French army and distinguished himself during the siege of Namur in 1691, and in other campaigns, but resigned his commission in 1702. He became prominent at the French Court, opposed the Jesuits, and in 1704 proposed to end the Spanish war of succession by ceding land to Austria, and his suggestions were in a measure adopted as a basis for the treaty of Utrecht. After the death of Louis XIV. he became a member of the council, and aided the Duke of Orleans in obtaining the regency. He negotiated the marriage of the Infanta of Spain with Louis XV., and soon after his return from Madrid abandoned his relations with the government and retired to his estates. The "Memoirs" of Saint-Simon extend over a long period, and refer chiefly to the latter days of Louis XIV., and relate every trivial circumstance that occurred at Court during this period. The first edition was published in 1829–30, and made a great sensation. Many French editions of this work have been issued since.

A Paragon of Politeness.

(From the "Memoirs.")

The Duc de Coislin died about this time. I have related in its proper place an adventure that happened to him and his brother, the Chevalier de Coislin: now I will say something more of the duke. He was a very little man, of much humor and virtue, but of a politeness that was unendurable, and that passed all bounds, though not incompatible with dignity. He had been lieutenant-general in the army. Upon one occasion, after a battle in which he had taken part, one of the Rhingraves who had been made prisoner fell to his lot. The Duc de Coislin wished to give up to the other his bed, which consisted indeed of but a mattress. They complimented each other so much, the one pressing, the other refusing, that in the end they both slept

on the ground, leaving the mattress between them. The Rhingrave in due time came to Paris and called on the Duc de Coislin. When he was going, there was such a profusion of compliments, and the duke insisted so much on seeing him out, that the Rhingrave, as a last resource, ran out of the room and double-locked the door outside. M. de Coislin was not thus to be outdone. His apartments were only a few feet above the ground. He opened the window accordingly, leaped out into the court, and arrived thus at the entrance door before the Rhingrave, who thought the Devil must have carried him there. The Duc de Coislin, however, had managed to put his thumb out of joint by his leap. He called in Félix, chief surgeon of the King, who soon put the thumb to rights. Soon afterwards Félix made a call upon M. de Coislin to see how he was, and found that the cure was perfect. As he was about to leave, M. de Coislin must needs open the door for him. Félix, with a shower of bows, tried hard to prevent this; and while they were thus vying in politeness, each with a hand upon the door, the duke suddenly drew back; — he had put his thumb out of joint again, and Félix was obliged to attend to it on the spot! It may be imagined what laughter this story caused the King, and everybody else, when it became known.

There was no end to the outrageous civilities of M. de Coislin. On returning from Fontainebleau one day, we — that is, Madame de Saint-Simon and myself — encountered M. de Coislin and his son, M. de Metz, on foot upon the pavement of Ponterry, where their coach had broken down. We sent word, accordingly, that we should be glad to accommodate them in ours. But message followed message on both sides; and at last I was compelled to alight and to walk through the mud, begging them to mount into my coach. M. de Coislin, yielding to my prayers, consented to this: M. de Metz was furious with him for his compliments, and at last prevailed on him. When M. de Coislin had accepted my offer, and we had nothing more to do than to gain the coach, he began to capitulate, and to protest that he would not displace the two young ladies he saw seated in the vehicle. I told him that the two young ladies were chambermaids, who could well afford to wait until the other carriage was mended, and then continue their journey in that. But he would not hear of this; and at last, all that M. de Metz and I could do was to compromise the matter by agreeing to take one of the chambermaids with us. When we

arrived at the coach, they both descended, in order to allow us to mount. During the compliments that passed, — and they were not short, — I told the servant who held the coach-door open, to close it as soon as I was inside, and to order the coachman to drive on at once. This was done; but M. de Coislin immediately began to cry aloud that he would jump out if we did not stop for the young ladies: and he set himself to do so in such an odd manner that I had only time to catch hold of the belt of his breeches and hold him back; but he still, with his head hanging out of the window, exclaimed that he *would* leap out, and pulled against me. At this absurdity I called to the coachman to stop; the duke with difficulty recovered himself, and persisted that he would have thrown himself out. The chambermaid was ordered to mount, and mount she did, all covered with mud, which daubed us; and she nearly crushed M. de Metz and me in this carriage fit only for four.

M. de Coislin could not bear that at parting anybody should give him the "last touch:" a piece of sport, rarely cared for except in early youth, and out of which arises a chase by the person touched, in order to catch him by whom he has been touched. One evening when the court was at Nancy, and just as everybody was going to bed, M. de Longueville spoke a few words in private to two of his torch-bearers; and then touching the Duc de Coislin, said he had given him the last touch, and scampered away, the duke hotly pursuing him. Once a little in advance, M. de Longueville hid himself in a doorway, allowed M. de Coislin to pass on, and then went quietly home to bed. Meanwhile the duke, lighted by the torch-bearers, searched for M. de Longueville all over the town; but meeting with no success, was obliged to give up the chase, and went home all in a sweat. He was obliged of course to laugh a good deal at this joke, but he evidently did not like it overmuch.

With all his politeness, which was in no way put on, M. de Coislin could when he pleased show a great deal of firmness, and a resolution to maintain his proper dignity worthy of much praise. At Nancy, on this same occasion, the Duc de Créqui, not finding apartments provided for him to his taste on arriving in town, went in his brutal manner and seized upon those allotted to the Duc de Coislin. The latter, arriving a moment after, found his servants turned into the street, and soon learned who had sent them there. M. de Créqui had pre-

cedence of him in rank; he said not a word, therefore, but went to the apartments provided for the Maréchal de Créqui (brother of the duke), and serving him exactly as he himself had just been served, took up his quarters there. The Maréchal de Créqui arrived in his turn, learned what had occurred, and immediately seized upon the apartments of Cavoye, in order to teach him how to provide quarters in future so as to avoid all disputes.

On another occasion, M. de Coislin went to the Sorbonne to listen to a thesis sustained by the second son of M. de Bouillon. When persons of distinction gave these discourses, it was customary for the princes of the blood, and for many of the court, to go and hear them. M. de Coislin was at that time almost last in order of precedence among the dukes. When he took his seat, therefore, knowing that a number of them would probably arrive, he left several rows of vacant places in front of him, and sat himself down. Immediately afterward, Novion, Chief President of the Parliament, arrived and seated himself in front of M. de Coislin. Astonished at this act of madness, M. de Coislin said not a word, but took an arm-chair; and while Novion turned his head to speak to Cardinal de Bouillon, placed that arm-chair right in front of the Chief President, in such a manner that he was as it were imprisoned, and unable to stir. M. de Coislin then sat down. This was done so rapidly that nobody saw it until it was finished. When once it was observed, a great stir arose. Cardinal de Bouillon tried to intervene. M. de Coislin replied, that since the Chief President had forgotten his position he must be taught it; and would not budge. The other presidents were in a fright; and Novion, enraged by the offence put on him, knew not what to do. It was in vain that Cardinal de Bouillon on one side, and his brother on the other, tried to persuade M. de Coislin to give way. He would not listen to them. They sent a message to him to say that somebody wanted to see him at the door on most important business. But this had no effect. "There is no business so important," replied M. de Coislin, "as that of teaching M. le Premier Président what he owes me; and nothing will make me go from this place unless M. le Président, whom you see behind me, goes away first."

At last M. le Prince was sent for; and he with much persuasion endeavored to induce M. de Coislin to release the Chief President from his prison. But for some time M. de Coislin

would listen as little to M. le Prince as he had listened to the others, and threatened to keep Novion thus shut up during all the thesis. At length he consented to set the Chief President free, but only on condition that he left the building immediately; that M. le Prince should guarantee this; and that no "juggling tricks" (that was the term he made use of) should be played off to defeat the agreement. M. le Prince at once gave his word that everything should be as he required; and M. de Coislin then rose, moved away his arm-chair, and said to the Chief President, "Go away, sir! go away, sir!" Novion did on the instant go away, in the utmost confusion, and jumped into his coach. M. de Coislin thereupon took back his chair to its former position, and composed himself to listen again.

On every side M. de Coislin was praised for the firmness he had shown. The princes of the blood called upon him the same evening, and complimented him for the course he had adopted; and so many other visitors came during the evening that his house was quite full until a late hour. On the morrow the King also praised him for his conduct, and severely blamed the Chief President. Nay more: he commanded the latter to go to M. de Coislin, at his house, and beg pardon of him. It is easy to comprehend the shame and despair of Novion at being ordered to take so humiliating a step, especially after what had already happened to him. He prevailed upon M. de Coislin, through the mediation of friends, to spare him this pain; and M. de Coislin had the generosity to do so. He agreed therefore that when Novion called upon him he would pretend to be out, and this was done. The King, when he heard of it, praised very highly the forbearance of the duke.

He was not an old man when he died; but was eaten up with the gout, which he sometimes had in his eyes, in his nose, and in his tongue. When in this state, his room was filled with the best company. He was very generally liked, was truth itself in his dealings and his words, and was one of my friends, as he had been the friend of my father before me.

A Modern Harpy.

(From the "Memoirs.")

The Princesse d'Harcourt was a sort of personage whom it is good to make known, in order better to lay bare a court which did not scruple to receive such as she. She had once

been beautiful and gay; but though not old, all her grace and beauty had vanished. The rose had become an ugly thorn. At the time I speak of she was a tall, fat creature, mightily brisk in her movements, with a complexion like milk-porridge; great, ugly, thick lips, and hair like tow, always sticking out and hanging down in disorder, like all the rest of her fittings-out. Dirty, slatternly, always intriguing, pretending, enterprising, quarrelling, — always low as the grass or high as the rainbow, according to the person with whom she had to deal, — she was a blonde Fury, nay more, a Harpy: she had all the effrontery of one, and the deceit and violence; all the avarice and the audacity: moreover, all the gluttony, and all the promptitude to relieve herself from the effects thereof; so that she drove out of their wits those at whose house she dined; was often a victim of her confidence; and was many a time sent to the Devil by the servants of M. du Maine and M. le Grand. She was never in the least embarrassed, however, tucked up her petticoats and went her way; then returned, saying she had been unwell. People were accustomed to it.

Whenever money was to be made by scheming and bribery, she was there to make it. At play she always cheated, and if found out stormed and raged; but pocketed what she had won. People looked upon her as they would have looked upon a fish-fag, and did not like to commit themselves by quarrelling with her. At the end of every game she used to say that she gave whatever might have been unfairly gained to those who had gained it, and hoped that others would do likewise. For she was very devout by profession, and thought by so doing to put her conscience in safety; because, she used to add, in play there is always some mistake. She went to church always, and constantly took the sacrament, very often after having played until four o'clock in the morning.

One day when there was a grand fête at Fontainebleau, Madame la Maréchale de Villeroy persuaded her out of malice to sit down and play, instead of going to evening prayers. She resisted some time, saying that Madame de Maintenon was going: but the Maréchale laughed at her for believing that her patron could see who was and who was not at the chapel; so down they sat to play. When the prayers were over, Madame de Maintenon, by the merest accident — for she scarcely ever visited any one — went to the apartments of the Maréchale de Villeroy. The door was flung back, and she was announced. This was a thunderbolt for the Princesse d'Harcourt. "I am ruined," cried she, unable to restrain herself: "she will see me playing, and I

ought to have been at chapel!" Down fell the cards from her hands, and down fell she all abroad in her chair. The Maréchale laughed most heartily at so complete an adventure. Madame de Maintenon entered slowly, and found the princess in this state, with five or six persons. The Maréchale de Villeroy, who was full of wit, began to say that whilst doing her a great honor, Madame was the cause of great disorder; and showed her the Princesse d'Harcourt in her state of discomfiture. Madame de Maintenon smiled with majestic kindness, and addressing the Princesse d'Harcourt, "Is this the way," said she, "that you go to prayers?" Thereupon the princess flew out of her half-faint into a sort of fury: said that this was the kind of trick that was played off upon her; that no doubt the Maréchale knew that Madame de Maintenon was coming, and for that reason had persecuted her to play. "Persecuted!" exclaimed the Maréchale: "I thought I could not receive you better than by proposing a game; it is true you were for a moment troubled at missing the chapel, but your tastes carried the day. — This, madame, is my whole crime," continued she, addressing Madame de Maintenon. Upon this, everybody laughed louder than before. Madame de Maintenon, in order to stop the quarrel, commanded them both to continue their game; and they continued accordingly, the Princesse d'Harcourt, still grumbling, quite beside herself, blinded with fury, so as to commit fresh mistakes every minute. So ridiculous an adventure diverted the court for several days; for this beautiful princess was equally feared, hated, and despised.

Monseigneur le Duc and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne continually played off pranks upon her. They put, one day, crackers all along the avenue of the château at Marly, that led to the Perspective where she lodged. She was horribly afraid of everything. The duke and duchess bribed two porters to be ready to take her into the mischief. When she was right in the middle of the avenue the crackers began to go off, and she to cry aloud for mercy; the chairmen set her down and ran for it. There she was, then, struggling in her chair furiously enough to upset it, and yelling like a demon. At this the company, which had gathered at the door of the château to see the fun, ran to her assistance, in order to have the pleasure of enjoying the scene more fully. Thereupon she set to abusing everybody right and left, commencing with Monseigneur and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne. At another time M. de Bourgogne put a cracker under her chair in the *salon*, where she was playing at piquet.

As he was about to set fire to this cracker, some charitable soul warned him that it would maim her, and he desisted.

Sometimes they used to send about twenty Swiss guards, with drums, into her chamber, who roused her from her first sleep by their horrid din. Another time — and these scenes were always at Marly — they waited until very late for her to go to bed and sleep. She lodged not far from the post of the Captain of the Guards, who was at that time the Maréchal de Lorges. It had snowed very hard, and had frozen. Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne and her suite gathered snow from the terrace, which is on a level with their lodgings; and in order to be better supplied, waked up to assist them the Maréchal's people, who did not let them want for ammunition. Then with a false key and lights, they gently slipped into the chamber of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and suddenly drawing the curtains of her bed, pelted her amain with snowballs. The filthy creature, waking up with a start, bruised and stifled in snow, with which even her ears were filled, with dishevelled hair, yelling at the top of her voice, and wriggling like an eel, without knowing where to hide, formed a spectacle that diverted people more than half an hour; so that at last the nymph swam in her bed, from which the water flowed everywhere, slushing all the chamber. It was enough to make one die of laughter. On the morrow she sulked, and was more than ever laughed at for her pains.

Her fits of sulkiness came over her either when the tricks played were too violent, or when M. le Grand abused her. He thought, very properly, that a person who bore the name of Lorraine should not put herself so much on the footing of a buffoon: and as he was a rough speaker, he sometimes said the most abominable things to her at table; upon which the princess would burst out crying, and then, being enraged, would sulk. The Duchesse de Bourgogne used then to pretend to sulk too; but the other did not hold out long, and came crawling back to her, crying, begging pardon for having sulked, and praying that she might not cease to be a source of amusement! After some time the duchess would allow herself to be melted, and the princess was more villanously treated than ever; for the Duchesse de Bourgogne had her own way in everything: neither the King nor Madame de Maintenon found fault with what she did, so that the Princesse d'Harcourt had no resource; she did not even dare to complain of those who aided in tormenting her: yet it would not have been prudent in any one to make her an enemy.

The Princesse d'Harcourt paid her servants so badly that they concocted a return. One fine day they drew up on the Pont Neuf; the coachmen and footmen got down, and came and spoke to her at the door in language she was not used to hear. Her ladies and chambermaid got down and went away, leaving her to shift as she might. Upon this she set herself to harangue the blackguards who collected, and was only too happy to find a man who mounted upon the seat and drove her home. Another time, Madame de Saint-Simon, returning from Versailles, overtook her walking in full dress in the street, and with her train under her arms. Madame de Saint-Simon stopped, offered her assistance, and found she had been again left by her servants on the Pont Neuf. It was volume second of that story; and even when she came back she found her house deserted, every one having gone away at once by agreement. She was very violent with her servants, beat them, and changed them every day.

Upon one occasion, she took into her service a strong and robust chambermaid, to whom, from the first day of her arrival, she gave many slaps and boxes on the ear. The chambermaid said nothing, but after submitting to this treatment for five or six days, conferred with the other servants; and one morning, while in her mistress's room, locked the door without being perceived, said something to bring down punishment upon her, and at the first box on the ear she received, flew upon the Princesse d'Harcourt, gave her no end of thumps and slaps, knocked her down, kicked her, mauled her from her head to her feet, and when she was tired of this exercise, left her on the ground, all torn and dishevelled, howling like a devil. The chambermaid then quitted the room, double-locked the door on the outside, gained the staircase, and fled the house.

Every day the princess was fighting, or mixed up in some adventures. Her neighbors at Marly said they could not sleep for the riot she made at night; and I remember that after one of these scenes, everybody went to see the room of the Duchesse de Villeroy and that of Madame d'Espinoy, who had put their beds in the middle of their room, and who related their night vigils to every one.

Such was this favorite of Madame de Maintenon; so insolent and so insupportable to every one, but who had favors and preferences for those who brought her over, and who had raised so many young men, amassed wealth for them, and made herself feared even by the prince and minister.

SALLUST.

Sallust (Caius Crispus Sallustius), a Roman historian; born at Amiturnum in the Sabine territory in 86 B. C.; died at Rome in 34 B. C. He went to Rome, where he rose to be Quæstor and Tribune of the People. In the civil war he espoused the side of Cæsar, and in 45 B. C. was made Governor of Numidia. He then devoted himself to the composition of his historical works, the "Bellum Catilinarium," describing the conspiracy of Catiline, and the "Bellum Jugurthinum," narrating the five years' war between the Romans and Jugurtha, King of Numidia. He also wrote a work, now lost, relating the events between the death of Sulla (78 B. C.) and the year 66 B. C. of Cicero's prætorship.

Catiline and his Plot.

(From the "History of Catiline's Conspiracy.")

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable; he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

Such was the character of Catiline, who, after Sylla's usurpation, was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design by his poverty and the consciousness of his crimes: both which

evils he had heightened by the practices above mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the State, thoroughly debased by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. . . .

In so great and corrupted a city, Catiline had always about him — what was no difficult matter to find in Rome — bands of profligate and flagitious wretches, like guards to his person. For all those who were abandoned to gluttony and voluptuousness, and had exhausted their fortunes by gaming, feasting, and licentiousness; all who were overwhelmed with debts (contracted to purchase pardon for their crimes); all parricides and sacrilegious persons from all quarters [such as were already convicted criminals, or feared conviction]; nay, farther, all who lived by perjury or by shedding the blood of citizens; lastly, all whom wickedness, indigence, or a guilty conscience disquieted, — were united to Catiline in the firmest bonds of friendship and intimacy. Or if any person of blameless character became familiar with him, then by daily conversation, and the snares that were laid to corrupt him, he too soon resembled, and even equalled, the rest. But what Catiline chiefly courted was the intimacy of young men: their minds, being soft and pliable, were easily ensnared. Some of these he provided with mistresses; bought horses and dogs for others: gratifying the favorite passion of each; — in a word, he spared no expense, not even his own honor, to engage them heartily in his interests. Some there were, I know, who thought that the youth who frequented Catiline's house were guilty of licentiousness; but this rumor, I apprehend, was more owing to other reasons than that there was any clear evidence of the fact.

As for Catiline himself, he had, when very young, been guilty of many atrocious crimes, in open contempt of all law and order: afterward he conceived a passion for Aurelia Orestilla, — one who had nothing but her beauty to recommend her; and because she scrupled to marry him, on account of his having a son who was arrived at years of maturity, it is believed as a certain fact that he destroyed that son, and made his house desolate, to open a way for so infamous an alliance. And this indeed appears to me to have been the principal cause that pushed him to the execution of the conspiracy: for his guilty soul, at enmity with gods and men, could find no rest; so violently was his mind torn and distracted by a consciousness of guilt. Accordingly, his countenance was pale, his eyes ghastly,

his pace one while quick, another slow; and indeed in all his looks there was an air of distraction.

As for the youth whom he had corrupted in the manner above related, they were trained up to wickedness by various methods: he taught them to be false witnesses, to forge deeds, to throw off all regard to truth, to squander their fortunes, and to slight dangers; and after he had stripped them of all reputation and shame, he pushed them on to crimes still more heinous; and even when no provocation was given, it was their practice to ensnare and murder those who had never injured them, as well as those who had. For he chose to be cruel and mischievous without any cause, rather than that the hands and spirits of his associates should lose their vigor for want of employment.

Confiding in these friends and accomplices, Catiline formed a design to seize the government: he found an additional encouragement from the number of those who were oppressed with debts throughout the State, and the disposition of Sylla's soldiers, who, having squandered away what they had lately acquired, and calling to remembrance their former conquests and depredations, longed for a civil war. Besides, there was no army in Italy; Pompey was carrying on a war in the remotest parts of the earth; he himself was in great hopes of obtaining the consulship; the Senate seemed careless of the public; and all things were quiet: a conjuncture of circumstances extremely favorable to his designs.

Catiline's Address to his Soldiers before the Battle of Pistoria.

(From the "History of Catiline's Conspiracy.")

When Catiline saw himself enclosed by the mountains and two hostile armies, and knew that his designs had miscarried in the city, and that there was neither hope of escaping nor of receiving any succor, — he thought his best way, in such a situation, was to try the fortune of a battle; and determined to engage Antonius as soon as possible. Accordingly, assembling his troops, he thus addressed them: —

"I have learned by experience, fellow-soldiers, that words cannot inspire courage, nor a general's speech render a spiritless army brave and intrepid. Every man displays in battle just so much courage as nature or habit has given him, and no more. It is to no purpose to exhort him whom neither glory nor dan-

ger can animate: his fear deprives him of his hearing. I have assembled you, fellow-soldiers, to instruct you in a few particulars, and to lay before you the grounds of my final resolution.

"You all know what a dreadful calamity Lentulus, by his slow and spiritless conduct, has brought on himself and us; and how I have been prevented from marching into Gaul, by waiting for reinforcements from Rome. In what posture our affairs now are, you all see.

"Two armies — one from Rome, another from Gaul — obstruct our advance. Want of provisions and other necessaries will not allow us to stay longer here, were we ever so desirous of doing it. To whatever place you think of marching, you yourselves must open a passage with your swords. I conjure you then to summon up all your courage; to act like men resolute and undaunted; to remember, when you engage, that you carry in your hands riches, honor, and glory, — nay, even your liberty and your country. If we overcome, all will be safe; we shall have plenty of provisions; the corporate towns and colonies will be all ready to receive us. But if we fail through fear, the very reverse will be our fate; nor will any place or friend protect those whom arms could not. Let me add to this, my fellow-soldiers, that we have different motives to animate us from what the opposing army has. We fight for our country, for our liberty, for our lives; they, for no interest of their own, but only to support the power of a few. Let this consideration, then, engage you to fall on them the more courageously, remembering your former bravery.

"We might indeed have passed our remaining days, with the utmost infamy, in banishment; some of you too might have lived at Rome, depending for your subsistence on others, after having lost your own estates. But such a condition appearing equally disgraceful and intolerable to men of spirit, you resolved on the present course. If you repent of the step, remember that even to secure a retreat, the firmest valor is still indispensable. Peace must be procured by victory alone, not by a grovelling cowardice. To hope for security in flight, when you have turned away from the enemy the arms which serve to defend you, is the height of madness. In battle, the most cowardly are always in most danger: courage is a wall of defence. When I consider your characters, fellow-soldiers, and reflect on your past achievements, I have great hopes of victory: your spirit, your age, your virtue encourage me; and our necessity too, which even inspires

cowards with bravery, — for the narrowness of our position will prevent the enemy's numbers from surrounding us. But should fortune envy your valor, be sure you fall not without taking due vengeance on the foe: suffer not yourselves to be captured and slaughtered like cattle; but fight rather like men, and leave our opponents a bloody and mournful victory."

A Numidian Defeat.

(From the "History of the War against Jugurtha.")

In that part of Numidia which on the partition of the kingdom fell to the share of Adherbal, was a river called Muthul, flowing from the south; parallel to which, at the distance of about twenty miles, was a mountain of equal length, desert and uncultivated. Between this mountain and the river, almost at an equal distance from each, rose a hill of prodigious height, covered with olives, myrtles, and other trees, such as grow in a dry and sandy soil; the intermediate plain was uninhabitable for want of water, — those parts only excepted which bordered on the river, in which were many groves, and abundance of cattle.

Jugurtha took possession of this hill, which flanked the Romans in their march to the river, extending his front as far as possible; and giving the command of the elephants and part of the infantry to Bomilcar, with orders how to act, he posted himself with all the horse and the choicest of the foot nearer the mountain. Then he rode round the several squadrons and battalions, conjuring them "to summon up their former bravery, and mindful of their late victory, to defend themselves and their country from Roman avarice. They were to engage with those whom they had already vanquished, and forced to pass under the yoke; and who had only changed their general, but not their character. As for himself, he had done all that was incumbent on a general: had secured to them the advantages of the ground, which they were well acquainted with, and to which the enemy were strangers; and had taken care not to expose them to an unequal contest with an enemy superior in number or skill: they should therefore, when the signal was given, fall vigorously on the Romans; that day would either crown their former toils and victories, or be a prelude to the most grievous calamities." Besides addressing himself singly to such as he had rewarded with honors or money for their gallant behavior, he reminded

them of his liberality, and proposed them to others as patterns for their imitation. In a word, he appealed to all, in a manner suited to the disposition and character of each; and by promises, threatenings, and entreaties, labored to excite their courage.

In the mean time Metellus, descending from the mountain with his army, without any knowledge of the enemy's motions, discovered them on the hill. At first he was doubtful what to think of so strange an appearance; for the Numidian horse and foot were posted among the bushes, by reason of the lowness of which they were neither altogether covered nor yet entirely discernible. The rugged nature of the place, united to the artifice with which the whole was conducted, gave ample room for suspicion: but soon finding that it was an ambush, the general halted his army, and altering the disposition of it, made the flank next the enemy thrice as strong as before, distributed the slingers and archers among the infantry, placed all the cavalry in the wings; and animating them by a short speech suitable to the occasion, he advanced in this order towards the plain.

Observing the Numidians to keep their ground, without offering to quit their station, and fearing that from the heat of the season and the scarcity of water his army would be distressed by thirst, Metellus ordered his lieutenant Rutilius, with the light-armed cohorts and a detachment of horse, to proceed towards the river, and secure a place to encamp on; judging that the enemy would, by frequent skirmishes and attacks on his flank, endeavor to retard his march, and to harass his men by means of thirst and fatigue, as they could entertain no hope of success in battle. He then advanced slowly, as his circumstances and situation allowed him, in the same order as he had descended from the mountain; posting Marius in the centre, and marching himself in the left wing, at the head of the cavalry, which was now become the front.

Jugurtha, when he saw that the Roman rear extended beyond his first rank, detached two thousand foot to take possession of that part of the mountain from which Metellus had descended, that it might not serve the Romans for a place of security if they were routed; and then, giving the signal, suddenly fell on them.

Some of the Numidians made great slaughter in our rear, while others charged us on the right and left; they advanced furiously, fought vigorously, and everywhere broke our ranks. Even those of our men who opposed them with the greatest

firmness and resolution were baffled by their disorderly manner of fighting: finding themselves wounded from a distance, and unable to return the blow or come to a close engagement; for the Numidian cavalry, according to the instructions they had received from Jugurtha, when any of the Roman troops advanced against them, immediately fled, not in close order or in a body, but dispersed as widely as possible. Though they could not by these means discourage us from the pursuit, yet being superior in number, they charged us either in flank or rear: and when it appeared more convenient to fly to the hill than the plain, the Numidian horses, being accustomed to it, made their way more easily through the thickets; while the Roman trooper, unaccustomed to such rough and difficult places, was unable to follow them.

The whole field presented a distressing spectacle, full of doubt and perplexity and wild disorder: some flying, others pursuing; all separated from their fellows; no standard followed; no ranks preserved; every one standing on his own defence, and repulsing his adversary wherever he was attacked; arms and darts, horses and men, enemies and fellow-citizens, blended together in wild confusion. In this scene of distraction, all order was at an end: chance ruled supreme, and guided the tumult; so that though the day was already far spent, the issue of the contest was still uncertain.

At length, both sides being oppressed with fatigue and the heat of the day, Metellus, perceiving the Numidian vigor abate, rallied his men by degrees, restored their ranks, and posted four legionary cohorts against the enemy's foot; a great part of which had, through weariness, retired to the rising grounds for repose. At the same time he entreated and exhorted his men not to lose their courage, nor suffer a flying enemy to be victorious; adding that they had no intrenchment or stronghold to which they could retire, but that all their hopes were in their arms and valor.

Nor was Jugurtha in the mean time inactive, but appeared on horseback, animated his men, renewed the battle, and at the head of a select body made every possible effort: supported his men where they were pressed; charged the Romans vigorously where they seemed to waver; and where they stood firm, annoyed them with darts from a distance.

Thus did the two generals contend for glory: both officers of consummate ability, but differently situated, and as un-

equally supported. Metellus had brave men, but a bad situation; Jugurtha had every other advantage but that of soldiers. At last the Romans — considering that no place of refuge was left them, that the enemy avoided every attempt to bring them to a regular engagement, and that night was fast approaching — advanced up the hill, according to orders and made themselves masters of it.

The Numidians, having lost this post, were routed and put to flight, but few of them slain: their own swiftness, and the nature of the country — with which our men were unacquainted — saving most of them.

In the mean time Bomilcar, — to whom Jugurtha, as already stated, had given the command of the elephants and part of the infantry, — when he saw that Rutilius had passed him, drew down his men slowly into the plain; where without interruption he ranged them in order of battle, as the exigency required, while the lieutenant was marching in great haste to the river: nor did he neglect to watch the notions and to learn the designs of the Romans. On receiving intelligence that Rutilius was encamped and appeared to consider himself in a state of security, Bomilcar — perceiving that the noise of the battle in which Jugurtha was engaged still increased, and fearing lest the lieutenant should return to reinforce the consul — resolved to obstruct his passage; and extending the front of his line, — which before, distrustful of the steadiness of his troops, he had formed close and compact, — in this order advanced to the camp of Rutilius.

The Romans on a sudden perceived a vast cloud of dust, which at first they conjectured to be raised by the wind sweeping over an arid and sandy surface; for the country was covered on all sides with copsewood, which obstructed their view of the Numidians: but observing the cloud to move with regularity, and approach nearer and nearer as the Numidians marched forward, they perceived the cause of the phenomenon; and flying to their arms, drew up before the camp according to orders. When the enemy came up, a tremendous shout was raised on both sides, and they rushed with fury to the onset.

The Numidians maintained the contest as long as their elephants could be of any service to them: but when they saw them entangled among the branches of the trees and surrounded by the Romans, they betook themselves to flight; and throwing away their arms, escaped, most of them unhurt, — partly

by the advantage of the hill, and partly by favor of the night. Four elephants were taken; the rest, forty in number, were all slain.

The Romans, however much exhausted by their march, by fortifying their camp, and by the late unexpected encounter, were flushed with success; and as Metellus tarried beyond their expectation, they advanced resolutely in order of battle to meet him: for such was the subtlety of the Numidians as to leave no room for inactivity or remissness. When the heads of the two friendly columns approached each other in the darkness of the night, the noise on both sides occasioned mutual apprehensions of an approaching enemy; and this mistake had well-nigh produced the most fatal consequences, had not some horsemen despatched by both parties discovered the true cause of it. Mutual congratulations quickly succeeded to apprehension: the soldiers joyfully called to one another by name, recounting their late exploits, and every one extolling his own gallant behavior; for such is the nature of human affairs, that when victory is obtained, cowards may boast, while defeat casts reproach even on the brave.

Metellus continued four days in the same camp: administered relief to the wounded; conferred the usual military rewards on such as had distinguished themselves in the late engagements; commended the whole army, which he assembled with that view; returned them his public thanks; and exhorted them "to act with equal courage in what further remained, which was but little. They had already fought sufficiently for victory: their future labors would be only to enrich themselves by the spoils of conquest."

GEORGE SAND.

Sand, George, pseudonym of Armantine Lucile Aurore (Dupin) Dudevant, a French novelist; born in Paris, July 5, 1804; died at Nohant, June 8, 1876. In her thirteenth year she was sent to a convent boarding-school at Paris, where she became very devout and wished to take the veil. She afterwards became an enthusiastic student of Locke, Aristotle, Leibnitz, and Rousseau. At eighteen she married Casimire Dudevant, a retired officer. Husband and wife were unsuited to each other, and in 1831 an amicable separation took place. After many rebuffs she became a contributor to "Figaro." Her first novel, "Rose et Blanche," was written in conjunction with Jules Sandeau. In 1834 she set out for Italy, and for more than a year she remained at Venice. She returned to France in 1835, and the next year obtained a legal separation from her husband. The editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" refusing to publish her novel, "Horace," on account of its socialistic tendency, she broke off her connection with that periodical, and in conjunction with Leroux and Viardot established "La Revue Contemporaine," in which appeared "Consuelo" and its sequel "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt." During the Franco-Prussian war, Mme. Dudevant went along the French lines as far as she was permitted to go, taking notes which were afterward embodied in the "Journal d'un Voyageur pendant la Guerre" (1871). Madame Dudevant was the author of about sixty novels, twenty plays, and many minor works. At different times she contributed political articles to various newspapers. During the last years of her life, she wrote several delightful tales for her grandchildren. A volume of these, "Contes d'une Grand' mère," was published after her death. She published nearly a hundred volumes among which the most important are the following: — "Indiana" (1831?); "Mauprat" (1836); "Consuelo" (1842); "The Countess of Rudolstadt" (1843); "The Miller of Angibault" (1845); "The Devil's Pool" (1846); "The Little Fadette" (1849); "The Master Ringers" (1853); "Story of My Life" (1854). She also wrote a number of dramatic works.

The Convent of the English Augustines.

(From "The Story of My Life.")

This convent was one of the three or four British communities established in Paris during Cromwell's ascendency. . . .

It is the only one now in existence, its house having endured the various revolutions without suffering greatly. Its traditions say that Henriette of France, the daughter of our Henry IV. and wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, had often come to pray in our chapel with her son James II. All our nuns were English, Scotch or Irish. Two-thirds of the boarding pupils and lodgers, as well as some of the priests who came to officiate, belonged to these nations. During certain hours of the day the whole school was forbidden to speak a word of French, which was the best means for learning English rapidly. Naturally our nuns hardly ever spoke anything else to us. They retained the habits of their country; drank tea three times a day, allowing those among us who were good to take it with them.

The cloister and the church were paved with long tombstones, beneath which were the venerated bones of those Catholics of Old England who had died in exile, and been buried by favor in this inviolable sanctuary. There were English epitaphs and pious inscriptions everywhere on tombs and walls. Large old portraits of English princes and prelates hung in the Superior's room and in her private parlor. The beautiful and amorous Mary Stuart, reputed a saint by our chaste nuns, shone there like a star. In short, everything in that house was English, both of the past and of the present; and when within its gates, one seemed to have crossed the Channel. All this was a "nine days' wonder" to me, the Berri peasant.

My grandmother on presenting me could not forego the little vanity of saying that I was very well informed for my age, and that it would be a waste of time to put me in a class with young children. The school was divided into two sections: a junior and a senior class. By my age I belonged to the juniors, where there were about thirty boarding pupils between six and fourteen years old. By my reading, and the ideas it had developed, I belonged to a third class that would have had to be created for me and two or three others; but I had not been trained to work methodically, and did not know a word of English. I understood a great deal about history, and even philosophy; but

CONVENT OF THE ENGLISH AUGUSTINES

(Paris, in George Sand's time)

I was very ignorant, or at least very uncertain, about the order of epochs and events. I might have been able to talk about everything with the professors, and perhaps have seen a little clearer and a little further than those who directed us; but the merest college fag would have greatly puzzled me on facts, and I could not have passed a regular examination on any subject whatever. I felt this perfectly; and was much relieved to hear the Superior say that as I had not yet been confirmed, I should have to enter the junior class.

We were cloistered in the full sense of the word. We went out twice a month only, and never spent a night out except at New-Year's. There were vacations, but I had none; as my grandmother said she preferred not to interrupt my studies, so as to have me at the convent a shorter time. She left Paris a few weeks after our separation, and did not come back for a year; then went away for another year. She had demanded that my mother was not to ask to take me out. My cousins the Villeneuves offered me their home for all holidays, and wrote to my grandmother for her permission. I wrote too, and begged her not to grant it; and had the courage to tell her, that not going out with mother, I ought not and did not wish to go out with any one. I trembled lest she should not listen to me; and though I felt the need and the wish to enjoy these outings, I made up my mind to pretend illness if my cousins came to fetch me armed with a permit. This time my grandmother approved my action; and instead of finding fault, praised my feeling in a way I found rather exaggerated. I had done nothing but my duty; yet it made me spend two whole years behind bars.

We had mass in our chapel, received visits in the parlor, took our private lessons there; the professor being on one side of the grating while we were on the other. All the convent windows towards the street had not only gratings, but immovable linen screens besides. It was really a prison, but a prison with a large garden and plenty of company. I must confess that I never felt the rigors of captivity for an instant; and that the minute precautions taken to keep us locked up and prevent us from getting a glimpse of the outer world, often made me laugh. This care was the only stimulant we had to long for freedom; for there was not one of us who would ever have dreamt of crossing her mother's threshold unattended; yet almost every girl at the convent watched for the opening of the cloister door, or peeped furtively through the slits in the linen screens. To

outwit supervision, go down into the court three or four steps, see a cab pass by, was the dream and the ambition of forty or fifty wild and mischievous girls, who the very next day would go about Paris without in the least enjoying it; because once outside the convent inclosure, stepping on the pavement and looking at people were no longer forbidden fruit. . . .

My first feeling on entering the junior school-room was a painful one. Thirty girls were crowded into a room neither large nor high enough for the number. Its walls were covered with ugly yolk-of-egg-colored paper, the ceiling was stained and cracked, the benches, tables, and stools were all dirty, the stove was ugly and smoky, and the smell of coal was mixed with that coming from the near poultry-yard: the plaster crucifix was common, the flooring broken, and we were to spend two-thirds of the day here, three-quarters of it in winter, — and it was winter just then.

I do not know of anything more unpleasant than the custom followed in educational arrangements of making school-rooms the saddest and most forlorn of places: under the pretence that children would spoil the furniture and ruin the ornaments, people take away everything that would stimulate their imagination. They pretend that pictures and decorations, even the patterns on the wall-paper, would make them inattentive. Why are churches and chapels decorated with paintings and statues, if not to elevate the soul and revive its languor by the sight of venerated objects? Children, we are told, have dirty and clumsy habits. They spill ink over everything, and love to destroy. Surely they do not bring these tastes and habits from their homes, where they are taught to respect whatever is beautiful or useful; and as soon as they are old enough to think, they never dream of doing the mischief that becomes so attractive at school only because there is a sort of revenge on the neglect and parsimony practised upon them. The better they are housed, the more careful they would be. They would think twice before soiling a carpet or breaking a frame. Those ugly bare walls in which you shut them up soon become an object of horror; and they would knock them down if they could. You want them to work like machines, and make their minds run on by the hour, free from all personal consciousness and untouched by all that makes up life and the renewal of intellectual life. That is both false and impossible. The studying child has all the needs of a creating artist. He must breathe pure air; his body must be

at ease; he must have things to look at, and be able to change his thoughts at will by enjoying form and color. Nature is a continual spectacle for him. By shutting him up in a bare, sad, unwholesome room, you suffocate his heart and brain as well as his body. I should like everything around a city child to be cheerful, from its cradle. The country child has the sky, trees, plants, and sun. The other is too often stunted both physically and morally by the squalor of a poor home, the bad taste of a rich one, or the absence of all taste in the middle-class home.

Why are Italians born, as it were, with a feeling for the beautiful? Why does a Veronese mason, a Venetian tradesman, a peasant of the Roman Campagna, love to look at fine monuments? Why do they understand good pictures and music, while our proletarians, more intelligent in other respects, and our middle class, though educated with more care, love what is false, vulgar — even ugly — in art, unless a special training corrects their instincts? It is because we live amidst what is ugly and vulgar; because our parents have no taste, and we hand down the traditional bad taste to our children. It would be so easy to surround childhood with things at once noble, agreeable, and instructive. . . .

"You shall be initiated this evening."

I waited for night and supper very impatiently. Recreation time began as soon as we left the refectory. In summer the two classes went to the garden. In winter each class went to its own room: the seniors to their fine and spacious study; we to our forlorn quarters, where there was no room to play, and where our teacher forced us to "amuse" ourselves quietly, — that is, not at all. Leaving the refectory always made a momentary confusion, and I admired the way the "devils" of the two classes managed to create the slight disorder under whose favor one could easily escape. The cloister had but one little lamp to light it: this left the other three galleries in semi-darkness. Instead of walking straight ahead towards the juniors' room, you stepped to the left, let the flock pass on, and you were free. I did so, and found myself in the dark with my friend Mary and the other "devils" she had told me would be there. . . . They were all armed, some with logs, others with tongs. I had nothing, but was bold enough to go to the school-room, get a poker, and return to my accomplices without being noticed.

Then they initiated me into the great secret, and we started on our expedition.

The great secret was the traditional legend of the convent: a dream handed down from generation to generation, and from "devil" to "devil," for about two centuries; a romantic fiction which may have had some foundation of truth at the beginning, but now rested merely on the needs of our imagination. Its object was to *deliver the victim.* There was a prisoner, some said several prisoners, shut up some somewhere in an impenetrable retreat: either a cell hidden and bricked up in the thickness of the walls, or in a dungeon under the vaults of the immense sub-basements extending beneath the monastery as well as under a great part of the Saint-Victor district. There were indeed magnificent cellars there, — a real subterranean city, whose limits we never found, — and they had many mysterious outlets at different points within the vast area of the inclosure. We were told that at a great distance off, these cellars joined the excavations running under the greater part of Paris and the surrounding country as far as Vincennes. They said that by following our convent cellars you could reach the Catacombs, the quarries, the Baths of Julian, and what not. These vaults were the key to a world of darkness, terrors, mysteries: an immense abyss dug beneath our feet, closed by iron gates, and whose exploration was as perilous as the descent into hell of Æneas or Dante. For this reason it was absolutely imperative to get there, in spite of the insurmountable difficulties of the enterprise, and the terrible punishments the discovery of our secret would provoke.

Entering these subterranean domains was one of those unhoped for strokes of good luck that occurred once, or at most twice, in the life of a "devil," after years of perseverance and mental effort. It was of no use thinking of getting in by the main door. That door was at the bottom of a wide staircase next to the kitchens, which were cellars too; and here the lay sisters congregated.

But we were sure that the vaults could be reached by a thousand other ways, even by the roof. According to us, every nailed-up door, every dark corner under a staircase, every hollow-sounding wall, might communicate mysteriously with the subterranean region; and we looked for that communication most earnestly up to the very attic.

I had read Mrs. Radcliffe's "Castle of the Pyrenees" at Nohant, with terror and delight. My companions had many another Scotch and Irish legend in their heads, all fit to set one's hair on end. The convent too had innumerable stories of

its own lamentable events, — about ghosts, dungeons, inexplicable apparitions, and mysterious noises. All this, and the thought of finally discovering the tremendous secret of the *victim*, so kindled our imaginations that we were sure we heard sighs and groans start from under the stones, or breathe through the cracks of doors and walls.

We started off, my companions for the hundredth, I for the first time, in search of that elusive captive, — languishing no one knew where, but certainly somewhere, and whom perhaps we were called to discover. She must have been very old, considering how long she had been sought in vain! She might have been over two hundred years old, but we did not mind that! We sought her, called her, thought of her incessantly, and never despaired.

That evening I was led into the oldest and most broken-up part of the buildings, — perhaps the most exciting locality for our exploration. We selected a little passage with wooden railings overlooking an empty space without any known outlet. A staircase with banisters led to this unknown region, but an oaken door forbade access to the stairs. We had to get around the obstacle by passing from the railing to the banisters, and walk down the outside of the worm-eaten balusters. There was a dark void below us whose depth we could not fathom. We had only a little twisted taper (a "rat"), and that hardly let us see more than the first steps of the mysterious staircase.

We were at the bottom in a moment; and with more joy than disappointment found that we were directly under the passage, in a square space without any opening. Not a door nor window, nor any explicable purpose for this sort of closed vestibule. Why was there a staircase leading into a blind space? Why was there a strong padlocked door shutting off the staircase?

The little taper was divided into several lengths, and each one began examining for herself. The staircase was made of wood. A secret spring in one of the steps must lead to a passage, another staircase, or a hidden trap. While some explored the staircase, and tried to force its old planks apart, others groped along the wall in search of a knob, a crack, a ring, or any of the thousand contrivances mentioned in the chronicles of old manors as moving a stone, turning a panel, or opening an entrance into unknown regions.

Alas, there was nothing! The wall was smooth and plas-

tered. The pavement sounded dull; not a stone was loose, and the staircase hid no spring. One of us looked further. She declared that in the extreme corner under the staircase the wall had a hollow sound; we struck it, and found it true. "It's here!" we all exclaimed. "There's a walled-up passage in there, but that passage leads to the awful dungeon. That is the way down to the sepulchre holding the living victims." We glued our ears to the wall, heard nothing; still the discoverer maintained that she could hear confused groans and clanking chains. What was to be done?

"Why, it's quite plain," said Mary: "we must pull the wall down. All of us together can surely make a hole in it."

Nothing seemed easier to us; and we all went to work, — some trying to knock it down with their logs, others scraping it with their shovels and tongs, — never thinking that by worrying those poor shaky walls, we risked tumbling the building down on our heads. Fortunately we could not do much harm, because the noise made by the logs would have attracted some one.

We had to be satisfied with pushing and scratching. Yet we had managed to make quite a noticeable hole in the plaster, lime, and stones, when the bell rang for prayers. We had just time to repeat our perilous escalade, put out our lights, separate, and grope our way back to the school-rooms. We put off the continuation of the enterprise till the next day, and appointed the same place of meeting. Those who got there first were not to wait for those who might be detained by punishment or unusual surveillance. Each one was to do her best to scoop out the wall. It would be just so much done towards the next day's work. There was no chance of any one's noticing it, as no one ever went down into that blind hall-way given over to mice and spiders.

We dusted each other off, regained the cloister, slipped into our respective class-rooms, and were ready to kneel at prayers with the others. I forget whether we were noticed and punished that evening. It happened so often that no single event of the kind has any special date in the great number. Still we could often carry on our work with impunity.

The search for the great secret and the dungeon lasted the whole winter I spent in the junior class. The wall was perceptibly damaged, but we were stopped by reaching wooden girders. We looked elsewhere, ransacked twenty different places, never having the least success, yet never losing hope.

One day we thought we would look for some mansard window which might be, so to speak, the upper key to the so ardently desired subterranean world. There were many such windows, whose purpose we ignored. There was a little room in the attic where we practised on one of the thirty pianos scattered through the establishment. We had an hour for this practice every day, and very few of us cared for it. As I always loved music, I liked to practise. But I was becoming more of an artist in romance than music; for what more beautiful poem could there be than the romance in action we were pursuing with our joint imaginations, courage, and palpitating emotions?

In this way the piano hour became the daily hour for adventures, without detriment, however, to the evening ones. We appointed meetings in one of these straggling rooms, and from there would go to the "I don't know where" or the "As you please" of fancy.

From the attic where I was supposed to be playing scales, I could see a labyrinth of roofs, sheds, lofts, and slopes, all covered with moss-grown tiles and decorated with broken chimneys, offering a vast field for new explorations. So on to the roof we went. It was not hard to jump out of the window. Six feet below us there was a gutter joining two gables. It was more imprudent than difficult to scale these gables, meet others, jump from slope to slope, and run about like cats; and danger, far from restraining, only seemed to stimulate us.

There was something exceedingly foolish, but at the same time heroic, in this mania of *seeking the victim*; foolish, because we had to suppose that the nuns, whose gentleness and kindness we worshipped, were practising horrible tortures upon some one; heroic, because we risked our lives every day to deliver an imaginary creature, who was the object of our most generous thoughts and most chivalrous undertakings.

We had been out about an hour, spying into the garden, looking down on a great part of the courts and buildings, and carefully hiding behind chimneys whenever we saw a black-veiled nun, who might have raised her head and seen us in the clouds, when we asked ourselves how we should get back. The arrangement of the roofs had allowed us to step or jump down. Going up was not so easy. I think it would have been impossible without a ladder. We scarcely knew where we were. At last we recognized a parlor-boarder's window, — Sidonie Macdonald's, the celebrated general's daughter. It could be reached

by a final jump, but would be more dangerous than the others. I jumped too hurriedly, and caught my heel in a flat sky-light, through which I should have fallen thirty feet into a hall near the junior's room, if by chance my awkwardness had not made me swerve. I got off with two badly flayed knees, but did not give them a second thought. My heel had broken into a part of the sash of that deuced window, and smashed half a dozen panes, which dropped with a frightful crash quite near the kitchen entrance. A great noise arose at once among the lay sisters, and through the opening I had just made, we could hear Sister Theresa's loud voice screaming, "Cats!" and accusing Whisky — Mother Alippe's big tom-cat — of fighting with all his fellows, and breaking all the windows in the house. But Sister Mary defended the cat's morals, and Sister Helen was sure that a chimney had fallen on the roof. This discussion started the nervous giggle that nothing can stop in little girls. We heard the sisters on the stairs, we should be caught in the very act of walking on the roofs, and still we could not stir to find refuge. Then I discovered that one of my shoes was gone, — that it had dropped through the broken sash into the kitchen hall. Though my knees were bleeding, my laughter was so uncontrollable that I could not say a word, but merely showed my unshod foot, and explained what had happened by dumb show. A new explosion of laughter followed, although the alarm had been given and the lay sisters were near.

We were soon reassured. Being sheltered and hidden by overhanging roofs, we could hardly be discovered without getting up to the broken window by a ladder, or following the road we had taken. And that was something we could safely challenge any of the nuns to do. So when we had recognized the advantage of our position, we began to me-ouw Homerically, so that Whisky and his family might be accused and convicted in our stead. Then we made for the window of Sidonie, who did not welcome us. The poor child was practising on the piano, and paying no attention to the feline howls vaguely striking her ear. She was delicate and nervous, very gentle, and quite incapable of understanding what pleasure we could find in roaming over roofs. As she sat playing, her back was turned to the window; and when we burst into it in a bunch, she screamed aloud. We lost little time in quieting her. Her cries would attract the nuns; so we sprang into the room and scampered to the door, while she stood trembling and staring, seeing all this

strange procession flit by without understanding it or recognizing any one of us, so terrified was she. In a moment we had all dispersed: one went to the upper room whence we had started, and played the piano with might and main; another took a roundabout way to the school-room. As for me, I had to find my shoe, and secure that piece of evidence, if I still had the time. I managed to avoid the lay sisters, and to find the kitchen entry free. *Audaces fortuna juvat*, said I to myself, thinking of the aphorisms Deschartres had taught me. And indeed I found the lucky shoe, where it had fallen in a dark corner and not been seen. Whisky alone was accursed. My knees hurt me very much for a few days, but I did not brag of them; and the explorations did not slacken.

I needed all this romantic excitement to bear up against the convent regulations, which went very much against me. We were fed well enough, yet that is a thing I have always cared least for; but we suffered most cruelly from the cold, and that year the winter was very severe. The rules for rising and retiring were as harmful as they were disagreeable to me. I have always loved to sit up late, and not to rise early. At Nohant I had done as I pleased — read or written in my room at night, and not been compelled to confront the morning cold. My circulation is sluggish, and the word "cool-blooded" describes both my physical and my mental organization. A "devil" among the "devils" of the convent, I never lost my wits, and did the wildest things in a solemn way that always delighted my accomplices; but the cold really paralyzed me, especially during the first half of the day. The dormitory was in the mansard roof, and so icy that I could not go to sleep, but sadly heard every hour of the night strike. At six o'clock two servants came and waked us pitilessly. It has always seemed a melancholy thing to me to rise and dress by lamplight. We had to wash in water whose icy crust we had to break, and *then* it could not be washed with. We had chilblains, and our feet bled in our tight shoes. We went to mass by candle-light, and shivered on the benches or dozed on our knees, in the attitude of piety. At seven o'clock we breakfasted on a piece of bread and cup of tea. At last, on reaching the school-room, we could see a little light dawn in the sky, and a bit of fire in the stove. I never thawed until about noon; I had frightful colds, and sharp pains in all my limbs, and suffered from them fifteen years later.

But Mary could not bear complaining; being as strong as a

boy, she made pitiless fun of all who were not stoical. She taught me to be pitiless toward myself. I deserved some credit for this, for I suffered more than any one else; and the Paris climate was killing me already. Sallow, apathetic, and silent, I seemed the calmest and most submissive of persons when in the school-room. I never *answered back:* anger was foreign to my nature, and I do not remember having an attack of it during the three years I spent in the convent. Thanks to this disposition, I was always loved, even at the time of my worst impishness, by my most disagreeable companions and the most exacting teachers and nuns. The Superior told my grandmother that I was "still waters." Paris had frozen the fever of movement I had had at Nohant. Yet this did not prevent me from climbing over roofs in the month of December, or spending whole evenings bare-headed in the garden in the middle of winter: for we hunted "the great secret" in the garden too; and when the doors were closed, we got down there by the windows. And that was because we lived by our brain at those times, and I never noticed then that I was dragging about a sick body.

Lélia.

"The prophets are crying in the desert to-day, and no voice answers, for the world is indifferent and deaf; it lies down and stops its ears so as to die in peace. A few scattered groups of weak votaries vainly try to rekindle a spark of virtue. As the last remnants of man's moral power, they will float for a moment about the abyss, then go and join the other wrecks at the bottom of that shoreless sea which will swallow up the world."

"O Lélia, why do you thus despair of those sublime men who aspire to bring virtue back to our iron age? Even if I were as doubtful of their success as you are, I would not say so I should fear to commit an impious crime."

"I admire those men," said Lélia, "and would like to be the least among them. But what will those shepherds bearing a star on their brows be able to do before the huge monster of the Apocalypse — before the immense and terrible figure outlined in the foreground of all the prophets' pictures? That woman, as pale and beautiful as vice, — that great harlot of nations, decked with the wealth of the East, and bestriding a hydra belching forth rivers of poison on all human pathways, — is Civilization; is humanity demoralized by luxury and science;

is the torrent of venom which will swallow up all virtue, all hope of regeneration."

"O Lélia!" exclaimed the poet, struck by superstition, "are not you that terrible and unhappy phantom? How many times this fear has taken possession of my dreams! How many times you have appeared to me as the type of the unspeakable agony to which the spirit of inquiry has driven man! With your beauty and your sadness, your weariness and your skepticism, do you not personify the excess of sorrow produced by the abuse of thought? Have you not given up, and as it were prostituted, that moral power, so highly developed by what art, poetry, and science have done for it, to every new impression and error? Instead of clinging faithfully and prudently to the simple creed of your fathers, and to the instinctive indifference God has implanted in man for his peace and preservation; instead of confining yourself to a pious life free from vain show, you have abandoned yourself to all the seductions of ambitious philosophy. You have cast yourself into the torrent of civilization rising to destroy, and which by dashing along too swiftly has ruined the scarcely laid foundations of the future. And because you have delayed the work of centuries for a few days, you think you have shattered the hour-glass of Eternity. There is much pride in this grief, Lélia! But God will make this billow of stormy centuries, that for him are but a drop in the ocean, float by. The devouring hydra will perish for lack of food; and from its world-covering corpse a new race will issue, stronger and more patient than the old."

"You see far into the future, Sténio. You personify Nature for me, and are her unspotted child. You have not yet blunted your faculties: you believe yourself immortal because you feel yourself young and like that untilled valley now blooming in pride and beauty, — never dreaming that in a single day the plowshare and the hundred-handed monster called industry can tear its bosom to rob it of its treasures; you are growing up full of trust and presumption, not foreseeing your coming life, which will drag you down under the weight of its errors, disfigure you with the false colors of its promises. Wait, wait a few years, and you too will say, 'All is passing away!'"

"No, all is not passing away!" said Sténio. "Look at the sun, and the earth, and the beautiful sky, and these green hills; and even that ice, winter's fragile edifice which has withstood the rays of summer for centuries. Even so man's frail power

will prevail! What matters the fall of a few generations? Do you weep for so slight a thing, Lélia? Do you deem it possible a single idea can die in the universe? Will not that imperishable inheritance be found intact in the dust of our extinct races, just as the inspirations of art and the discoveries of science arise alive each day from the ashes of Pompeii or the tombs of Memphis? Oh, what a great and striking proof of intellectual immortality! Deep mysteries had been lost in the night of time; the world had forgotten its age, and thinking itself still young, was alarmed at feeling itself so old. It said as you do, Lélia: 'I am about to end, for I am growing weak, and I was born but a few days ago! How few I shall need for dying, since so few were needed for living!' But one day human corpses were exhumed from the bosom of Egypt — Egypt that had lived out its period of civilization, and has just lived its period of barbarism! Egypt, where the ancient light, lost so long, is being rekindled, and a rested and rejuvenated Egypt may perhaps soon come and establish herself upon the extinguished torch of our own. Egypt, the living image of her mummies sleeping under the dust of ages, and now awaking to the broad daylight of science in order to reveal the age of the old world to the new! Is this not solemn and terrible, Lélia? Within the dried-up entrails of a human corpse, the inquisitive glance of our century discovered the papyrus, that mysterious and sacred monument of man's eternal power, — the still dark but incontrovertible witness of the imposing duration of creation. Our eager hand unrolls those perfumed bandages, those frail and indissoluble shrouds at which destruction stopped short. These bandages that once enfolded a corpse, these manuscripts that have rested under fleshless ribs in the place once occupied perhaps by a soul, are human thought; expressed in the science of signs, and transmitted by the help of an art we had lost, but have found again in the sepulchres of the East, — the art of preserving the remains of the dead from the outrages of corruption, — the greatest power in the universe. O Lélia, deny the youth of the world if you can, when you see it stop in artless ignorance before the lessons of the past, and begin to live on the forgotten ruins of an unknown world."

"*Knowledge* is not *power*," replied Lélia. "Learning over again is not progress; seeing is not living. Who will give us back the power to act, and above all, the art of enjoying and retaining? We have gone too far forward now to retreat. What was merely repose for eclipsed civilizations will be death

for our tired-out one; the rejuvenated nations of the East will come and intoxicate themselves with the poison we have poured on our soil. The bold barbarian drinkers may perhaps prolong the orgy of luxury a few hours into the night of time; but the venom we shall bequeath them will promptly be mortal for them, as it was for us, and all will drop back into blackness. . . . In fact, Sténio, do you not see that the sun is withdrawing from us? Is not the earth, wearied in its journey, noticeably drifting towards darkness and chaos? Is your blood so young and ardent as not to feel the touch of that chill spread like a pall over this planet abandoned to Fate, the most powerful of the gods? Oh, the cold! that penetrating pain driving sharp needles into every pore. That cursed breath that withers flowers and burns them like fire; that pain at once physical and mental, which invades both soul and body, penetrates to the depths of thought, and paralyzes mind as well as blood! Cold — the sinister demon who grazes the universe with his damp wing, and breathes pestilence on bewildered nations! Cold, tarnishing everything, unrolling its gray and nebulous veil over the sky's rich tints, the waters' reflections, the hearts of flowers, and the cheeks of maidens! Cold, that casts its white winding-sheet over fields and woods and lakes, even over the fur and feathers of animals? Cold, that discolors all in the material as well as in the intellectual world; not only the coats of bears and hares on the shores of Archangel, but the very pleasures of man and the character of his habits in the spots it approaches! You surely see that everything is being civilized; that is to say, growing cold. The bronzed nations of the torrid zone are beginning to open their timid and suspicious hands to the snares of our skill; lions and tigers are being tamed, and come from the desert to amuse the peoples of the north. Animals which had never been able to grow accustomed to our climate, now leave their warm sun without dying, to live in domesticity among us, and even forget the proud and bitter sorrow which used to kill them when enslaved. It is because blood is congealing and growing poorer everywhere, while instinct grows and develops. The soul rises and leaves the earth, no longer sufficient for her needs, to steal the fire of Prometheus from heaven again: but, lost in darkness, it stops in its flight and falls; for God, seeing its presumption, stretches forth his hand and deprives it of the sun."

A Revelation.

(From "Consuelo.")

. . . . . .

Consuelo, now an orphan, continued to ply her needle and study music, as well to procure means for the present as to prepare for her union with Anzoleto. During two years he continued to visit her in her garret, without experiencing any passion for her, or being able to feel it for others, so much did the charm of being with her seem preferable to all other things.

Without fully appreciating the lofty faculties of his companion, he could see that her attainments and capabilities were superior to those of any of the singers at San Samuel, or even to those of Corilla herself. To his habitual affection were now added the hope, and almost the conviction, that a community of interests would render their future existence at once brilliant and profitable. Consuelo thought little of the future; foresight was not among her good qualities. She would have cultivated music without any other end in view than that of fulfilling her vocation; and the community of interest which the practise of that art was to realize between her and her friend had no other meaning to her than that of an association of happiness and affection. It was therefore without apprising her of it, that he conceived the hope of realizing their dreams; and learning that Zustiniani had decided on replacing Corilla, Anzoleto, sagaciously divining the wishes of his patron, had made the proposal which has already been mentioned.

But Consuelo's ugliness — this strange, unexpected, and invincible drawback, if the count indeed were not deceived — had struck terror and consternation to his soul. So he retraced his steps to the Corte Minelli, stopping every instant to recall to his mind, in a new point of view, the likeness of his friend, and to repeat again and again, "Not pretty? — ugly? — frightful?"

. . . . . .

"Why do you stare at me so?" said Consuelo, seeing him enter her apartment, and fix a steady gaze upon her, without uttering a word. "One would think you had never seen me before."

"It is true, Consuelo," he replied; "I have never seen you."

"Are you crazy?" continued she; "I know not what you mean."

"Ah, Heavens! I fear I am," exclaimed Anzoleto. "I have a dark, hideous spot in my brain, which prevents me from seeing you."

"Holy Virgin! you are ill, my friend!"

"No, dear girl; calm yourself, and let me endeavor to see clearly. Tell me, Consuelo, do you think me handsome?"

"Surely I do, since I love you."

"But if you did not love me, what would you think of me then?"

"How can I know?"

"But when you look at other men, do you know whether they are handsome or ugly?"

"Yes; but I find you handsomer than the handsomest."

"Is it because I am so or because you love me?"

"Both one and the other, I think. Everybody calls you handsome, and you know that you are so. But why do you ask?"

"I wish to know if you would love me were I frightful?"

"I should not be aware of it, perhaps."

"Do you believe, then, that it is possible to love one who is ugly?"

"Why not, since you love me?"

"Are you ugly, then, Consuelo? Tell me truly — are you indeed ugly?"

"They have always told me so — do you not see it?"

"No; in truth, I see no such thing."

"In that case, I am handsome enough, and am well satisfied."

"Hold there, Consuelo. When you look at me so sweetly, so lovingly, so naturally, I think you prettier far than Corilla; but I want to know if it be an illusion of my imagination or reality. I know the expression of your countenance; I know that it is good, and that it pleases me. When I am angry it calms me; when sorrowful it cheers me; when I am cast down it revives me. But your features, Consuelo, I cannot tell if they are ugly or not."

"But I ask you once more, what does it concern you?"

"I must know; tell me therefore, if it be possible for a handsome man to love an ugly woman."

"You loved my poor mother, who was no better than a spectre, and I loved her so dearly!"

"And did you think her ugly?"

"No; did you?"

"I thought nothing about it. But to love with passion, Consuelo — for, in truth, I love you passionately, do I not? I cannot live without you — cannot quit you. Is not that love, Consuelo?"

"Could it be anything else?"

"Could it be friendship?"

"Yes, it might, indeed, be friendship —"

Here the much surprised Consuelo paused and looked attentively at Anzoleto, while he, falling into a melancholy reverie, asked himself for the first time whether it was love or friendship which he felt for Consuelo; or whether the moderation and propriety of his demeanor were the result of respect or indifference. For the first time he looked at the young girl with the eyes of a youth; analyzed, not without difficulty, her face, her form, her eyes — all the details, in fine, of which he had had hitherto but a confused ideal in his mind. For the first time Consuelo was embarrassed by the demeanor of her friend. She blushed, her heart beat with violence, and she turned aside her head, unable to support Anzoleto's gaze. At last, as he preserved a silence which she did not care to break, a feeling of anguish took possession of her heart, tears rolled down her cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, I see it plainly," said she; "you have come to tell me that you will no longer have me for your friend."

"No, no; I did not say that — I did not say that!" exclaimed Anzoleto, terrified by the tears which he caused her to shed for the first time; and, restored to all his brotherly feeling, he folded Consuelo in his arms. But as she turned her head aside, he kissed, in place of her calm, cool cheek, a glowing shoulder, ill-concealed by a handkerchief of black lace.

"I know not well what ails me," exclaimed Consuelo, tearing herself from his arms; "I think I am ill; I feel as if I were going to die."

"You must not die," said Anzoleto, following and supporting her in his arms; "you are fair, Consuelo — yes, you are fair!"

In truth, she was then very fair. Anzoleto never inquired how, but he could not help repeating it, for his heart felt it warmly.

"But," said Consuelo, pale and agitated, "why do you insist so on finding me pretty to-day?"

"Would you not wish to be so, dear Consuelo?"

"Yes, for you!"

"And for others too?"

"It concerns me not."

"But if it influenced our future prospects?" Here Anzoleto, seeing the uneasiness which he caused his betrothed, told her candidly all that had occurred between the count and himself. And when he came to repeat the expressions, anything but flattering, which Zustiniani had employed when speaking of her, the good Consuelo, now perfectly tranquil, could not restrain a violent burst of laughter, drying at the same time her tear-stained eyes.

"Well?" said Anzoleto, surprised at this total absence of vanity, "do you take it so coolly? Ah! Consuelo, I can see that you are a little coquette. You know very well that you are not ugly."

"Listen," said she, smiling; "since you are so serious about trifles, I find I must satisfy you a little. I never was a coquette, and not being handsome, do not wish to seem ridiculous. But as to being ugly, I am no longer so."

"Indeed! Who has told you?"

"First it was my mother, who was never uneasy about my ugliness. I heard her often say that she was far less passable than I in her infancy, and yet when she was twenty she was the handsomest girl in Burgos. You know that when the people looked at her in the *cafés* where she sang, they said, 'This woman must have been once beautiful.' See, my good friend, beauty is fleeting; when its possessor is sunk in poverty it lasts for a moment and then is no more. I might become handsome — who knows? — if I was not to be too much exhausted, if I got sound rest, and did not suffer too much from hunger."

"Consuelo, we will never part. I shall soon be rich. You will then want for nothing, and can be pretty at your ease."

"Heaven grant it; but God's will be done!"

"But all this is nothing to the purpose; we must see if the count will find you handsome enough for the theatre."

"That hard-hearted count? Let us trust that he will not be too exacting."

"First and foremost then, you are not ugly?"

"No; I am not ugly. I heard the glass-blower over the

way there say not long ago to his wife, 'Do you know that little Consuelo is not so much amiss? She has a fine figure, and when she laughs she fills one's heart with joy; but when she sings, oh, how beautiful she is!'"

"And what did the glass-blower's wife say?"

"She said: 'What is it to you? Mind your business. What has a married man to do with young girls?'"

"Did she appear angry?"

"Oh, very angry."

"It is a good sign. She knew that her husband was not far wrong. Well, what more?"

"Why, the Countess Moncenigo, who gives out work and has always been kind to me, said last week to Dr. Ancillo, who was there when I called: 'Only look, doctor, how this *Zitella* has grown, how fair she is and how well made!'"

"And what did the doctor say?"

"'Very true, madam,' said he; '*per Bacco!* I should not have known her: she is one of those constitutions that become handsome when they gain a little fat. She will be a fine girl, you will see that.'"

"And what more?"

"Then the superior of Santa Chiara, for whom I work embroidery for the altars, said to one of the sisters: 'Does not Consuelo resemble Santa Cecilia? Every time that I pray before her image I cannot help thinking of this little one, and then I pray for her that she may never fall into sin and that she may never sing but for the church.'"

"And what said the sister?"

"The sister replied: 'It is true, mother — it is quite true.' As for myself, I hastened to the church and looked at their Cecilia, which is painted by a great master, and is very, very beautiful."

"And like you?"

"A little."

"And you never told me that?"

"I never thought of it."

"Dear Consuelo, you are beautiful then?"

"I do not think so; but I am not so ugly as they say. One thing is certain — they no longer call me ugly. Perhaps they think it would give me pain to hear it."

"Let me see, little Consuelo; look at me. First, you have the most beautiful eyes in the world."

"But my mouth is large," said Consuelo, laughing, and taking up a broken bit of looking-glass which served her as a *psyche*.

"It is not very small, indeed, but then what glorious teeth!" said Anzoleto; "they are as white as pearls, and when you smile you show them all."

"In that case you must say something that will make me laugh, when we are with the count."

"You have magnificent hair, Consuelo."

"Oh, yes; would you like to see it?" and she loosed the pins which fastened it, and her dark, shining locks fell in flowing masses to the floor.

"Your chest is broad, your waist small, your shoulders — ah, they are beautiful, Consuelo!"

"My feet," said Consuelo, turning the conversation, "are not so bad;" and she held up a little Andalusian foot, a beauty almost unknown in Venice.

"Your hand is beautiful, also," said Anzoleto, kissing for the first time that hand which he had hitherto clasped only in compassion. "Let me see your arms."

"But you have seen them a hundred times," said she, removing her long gloves.

"No; I have never seen them," said Anzoleto, whose admiration every moment increased, and he again relapsed into silence, gazing with beaming eyes on the young girl, in whom each moment he discovered new beauties.

All at once Consuelo, embarrassed by this display, endeavored to regain her former quiet enjoyment, and began to pace up and down the apartment, gesticulating and singing from time to time, in a somewhat exaggerated fashion, several passages from the lyric drama, just as if she were a performer on the stage.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Anzoleto, ravished with surprise at finding her capable of a display which she had not hitherto manifested.

"It is anything but magnificent," said Consuelo, reseating herself; "and I hope you only spoke in jest."

"It would be magnificent on the boards, at any rate. I assure you there would not be a gesture too much. Corilla would burst with jealousy, for it is just the way she gets on when they applaud her to the skies."

"My dear Anzoleto, I do not wish that Corilla should grow

jealous about any such nonsense; if the public were to applaud me merely because I knew how to ape her, I would never appear before them."

"You would do better then?"

"I hope so, or I should never attempt it."

"Very well; how would you manage?"

"I cannot say."

"Try."

"No; for all this is but a dream; and until they have decided whether I am ugly or not, we had better not plan any more fine projects. Perhaps we are a little mad just now, and after all, as the count has said, Consuelo may be frightful."

This last supposition caused Anzoleto to take his leave.

Porpora.

(From "Consuelo.")

At this period of his life, though almost unknown to biographers, Porpora, one of the best Italian composers of the eighteenth century, the pupil of Scarlatti, the master of Hasse, Farinelli, Cafariello, Mingotti, Salimbini, Hubert (surnamed the Porporino), of Gabrielli, of Monteni — in a word, the founder of the most celebrated school of his time — languished in obscurity at Venice, in a condition bordering on poverty and despair. Nevertheless, he had formerly been director of the conservatory of the *Aspedaletto* in the same city, and this period of his life had been even brilliant. He had there written and performed his best operas, his most beautiful cantatas, and his finest church music. Invited to Vienna in 1728, he had there after some effort gained the favor of the Emperor Charles VI. Patronized at the court of Saxony, where he gave lessons to the electoral princess, Porpora from that repaired to London, where he rivalled, for nine or ten years, the glory of Händel, the master of masters, whose star at that period had begun to pale. The genius of the latter, however, obtained the supremacy, and Porpora, wounded in pride and purse, had returned to Venice to resume the direction of another conservatory. He still composed operas, but found it difficult to get them represented. His last, although written in Venice, was brought out in London, where it had no success. His genius had incurred these serious assaults, against which fortune and glory might perhaps have sustained him; but the neglect and ingratitude of Hasse, Farinelli, and

Cafariello, broke his heart, soured his character, and poisoned his old age. He is known to have died miserable and neglected in his eightieth year at Naples.

At the period when Count Zustiniani, foreseeing and almost desiring the defection of Corilla, sought to replace her, Porpora was subject to violent fits of ill humor, not always without foundation; for if they preferred and sang at Venice the music of Jomilli, of Lotti, of Carissimi, of Gaspirini, and other excellent masters, they also adopted without discrimination the productions of Cocchi, of Buini, of Salvator Apollini, and other local composers, whose common and easy style served to flatter mediocrity. The operas of Hasse could not please a master justly dissatisfied. The worthy but unfortunate Porpora, therefore, closing his heart and ears alike to modern productions, sought to crush them under the glory and authority of the ancients. He judged too severely of the graceful compositions of Galuppi, and even the original fantasias of Chiozzetto, a favorite composer at Venice. In short, he would only speak of Martini, Durante, Monte Verde, and Palestrina; I do not know if even Marcello and Leo found favor in his eyes. It was therefore with reserve and dissatisfaction that he received the first overtures of Zustiniani concerning his poor pupil, whose good fortune and glory he nevertheless desired to promote; for he had too much experience not to be aware of her abilities and her deserts. But he shook his head at the idea of the profanation of a genius so pure, and so liberally nurtured on the sacred manna of the old masters, and replied, — "Take her, if it must be so — this spotless soul, this stainless intellect — cast her to the dogs, hand her over to the brutes, for such seems the destiny of genius at the period in which we live."

This dissatisfaction, at once grave and ludicrous, gave the count a lofty idea of the merit of the pupil from the high value which the severe master attached to it.

"So, so, my dear maestro," he exclaimed, "is that indeed your opinion? is this Consuelo a creature so extraordinary, so divine?"

"You shall hear her," said Porpora, with an air of resignation, while he murmured, "It is her destiny."

The count succeeded in raising the spirits of the master from their state of depression, and led him to expect a serious reform in the choice of operas. He promised to exclude inferior productions so soon as he should succeed in getting rid of Corilla,

to whose caprices he attributed their admission and success. He even dexterously gave him to understand that he would be very reserved as to Hasse; and declared that if Porpora would write an opera for Consuelo, the pupil would confer a double glory on her master in expressing his thoughts in a style which suited them, as well as realize a lyric triumph for San Samuel and for the count.

Porpora, fairly vanquished, began to thaw, and now secretly longed for the coming out of his pupil, as much as he had hitherto dreaded it from the fear that she would be the means of adding fresh lustre to the productions of his rivals. But as the count expressed some anxiety touching Consuelo's appearance, he refused to permit him to hear her in private and without preparation.

"I do not wish you to suppose," said he, in reply to the count's questions and entreaties, "that she is a beauty. A poorly dressed and timid girl, in presence of a nobleman and a judge — a child of the people, who has never been the object of the slightest attention — cannot dispense with some preparatory toilet. And besides, Consuelo is one whose expression genius ennobles in an extraordinary degree. She must be seen and heard at the same time. Leave it all to me; if you are not satisfied you may leave her alone, and I shall find out means of making her a good nun, who will be the glory of the school and the instructress of future pupils." Such in fact was the destiny which Porpora had planned for Consuelo.

When he saw his pupil again, he told her that she was to be heard and an opinion given of her by the count; but as she was uneasy on the score of her looks, he gave her to understand that she would not be seen — in short that she would sing behind the organ-screen, the count being merely present at the service in the church. He advised her, however, to dress with some attention to appearance, as she would have to be presented, and though the noble master was poor he gave her money for the purpose. Consuelo, frightened and agitated, busied for the first time in her life with attention to her person, hastened to see after her toilet and her voice. She tried the last, and found it so fresh, so brilliant, and so full, that Anzoleto, to whom she sung, more than once repeated with ecstasy, "Alas! why should they require more than that she knows how to sing?"

A Triumph.

(From "Consuelo.")

On the eve of the important day, Anzoleto found Consuelo's door closed and locked, and after having waited for a quarter of an hour on the stairs, he finally obtained permission to see his friend in her festal attire, the effect of which she wished to try before him. She had on a handsome flowered muslin dress, a lace handkerchief, and powder. She was so much altered, that Anzoleto was for some moments uncertain whether she had gained or lost by the change. The hesitation which Consuelo read in his eyes was as the stroke of a dagger to her heart.

"Ah!" said she, "I see very well that I do not please you. How can I hope to please a stranger, when he who loves me sees nothing agreeable in my appearance?"

"Wait a little," replied Anzoleto. "I like your elegant figure in those long stays, and the distinguished air which this lace give you. The large folds of your petticoat suit you to admiration, but I regret your long black hair. However, it is the fashion, and to-morrow you must be a lady."

"And why must I be a lady? For my part I hate this powder, which fades one, and makes even the most beautiful grow old before her time. I have an artificial air under all these furbelows; in short, I am not satisfied with myself, and I see you are not so either. Oh! by the by, I was at rehearsal this morning, and saw Clorinda, who also was trying on a new dress. She was so gay, so fearless, so handsome (oh! she must be happy — you need not look twice at her to be sure of her beauty), that I feel afraid of appearing beside her before the count."

"You may be easy; the count has seen her, and has heard her too."

"And did she sing badly?"

"As she always does."

"Ah, my friend, these rivalries spoil the disposition. A little while ago, if Clorinda, who is a good girl notwithstanding her vanity, had been spoken of unfavorably by a judge, I should have been sorry for her from the bottom of my heart; I should have shared her grief and humiliation; and now I find myself rejoicing at it! To strive, to envy, to seek to injure each other, and all that for a man whom we do not love, whom we do not even know! I feel very low-spirited, my dear love, and it seems to me as if I were as much frightened by the idea of succeeding

as by that of failing. It seems as if our happiness was coming to a close, and that to-morrow after the trial, whatever may be the result, I shall return to this poor apartment a different person from what I have hitherto lived in it."

Two large tears rolled down Consuelo's cheeks.

"What! are you going to cry now?" said Anzoleto. "Do you think of what you are doing? You will dim your eyes and swell your eyelids. Your eyes, Consuelo! do not spoil your eyes, which are the most beautiful feature in your face."

"Or rather the least ugly," said she, wiping away her tears. "Come, when we give ourselves up to the world we have no longer any right to weep."

Her friend tried to console her, but she was exceedingly dejected all the rest of the day; and in the evening, as soon as she was alone, she carefully brushed out the powder, combed and smoothed her ebon hair, tried on a little dress of black silk, still fresh and well preserved, which she usually wore on Sundays, and recovered some portion of her confidence on once more recognizing herself in her mirror. Then she prayed fervently and thought of her mother, until, melted to tears, she cried herself to sleep. When Anzoleto came to seek her the next day in order to conduct her to the church, he found her seated before her spinet, dressed as for a holyday, and practising her trial piece. "What!" cried he, "your hair not dressed! not yet ready! It is almost the hour. What are you thinking of, Consuelo?"

"My friend," answered she resolutely, "my hair is dressed, I am ready, I am tranquil. I wish to go as I am. Those fine robes do not suit me. You like my black hair better than if it were covered with powder. This waist does not impede my breathing. Do not endeavor to change my resolution; I have made up my mind. I have prayed to God to direct me, and my mother to watch over my conduct. God has directed me to be modest and simple. My mother has visited me in my dreams, and she said what she has always said to me: 'Try to sing well —Providence will do the rest.' I saw her take my fine dress, my laces and my ribbons, and arrange them in the wardrobe; and then she put my black frock and my mantilla of muslin on the chair at the side of my bed. As soon as I awoke I put past my costume as she had done in the dream, and I put on the black frock and mantilla which you see. I feel more courage since I have renounced the idea of pleasing by means which I do not know how to use. Now, hear my voice; everything depends on that, you know." She sounded a note.

"Just Heavens! we are lost," cried Anzoleto; "your voice is husky and your eyes are red. You have been weeping yesterday evening, Consuelo; here 's a fine business! I tell you we are lost; you are foolish to dress yourself in mourning on a holyday — it brings bad luck and makes you ugly. Now quick! quick! put on your beautiful dress, while I go and buy you some rouge. You are as pale as a spectre."

This gave rise to a lively discussion between them. Anzoleto was a little rude. The poor girl's mind was again agitated, and her tears flowed afresh. Anzoleto was irritated still more, and in the midst of their debate the hour struck — the fatal hour (a quarter before two), just time enough to run to the church and reach it out of breath. Anzoleto cursed and swore. Consuelo, pale and trembling as a star of the morning which mirrors itself in the bosom of the lagoons, looked for the last time into her little broken mirror; then turning, she threw herself impetuously into Anzoleto's arms. "Oh, my friend," cried she, "do not scold me — do not curse me. On the contrary, press me to your heart, and drive from my cheek this deathlike paleness. May your kiss be as the fire from the altar upon the lips of Isaiah, and may God not punish us for having doubted his assistance."

Then she hastily threw her mantilla over her head, took the music in her hand, and dragging her dispirited lover after her, ran toward the church of the Mendicanti, where the crowd had already assembled to hear the magnificent music of Porpora. Anzoleto, more dead than alive, proceeded to join the count, who had appointed to meet him in his gallery; and Consuelo mounted to the organ loft, where the choir was already arranged, and the professor seated before his desk. Consuelo did not know that the gallery of the count was so situated as to command a full view of the organ loft, that he already had his eyes fixed upon her, and did not lose one of her movements.

But he could not as yet distinguish her features, for she knelt on arriving, hid her face in her hands, and began to pray with fervent devotion. "My God," said she, in the depths of her heart, "thou knowest that I do not ask Thee to raise me above my rivals in order to abase them. Thou knowest that I do not wish to give myself to the world and to profane arts, in order to abandon Thy love, and to lose myself in the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride does not swell my soul, and that it is in order to live with him whom my mother permitted me to love,

never to separate myself from him, to insure his enjoyment and happiness, that I ask Thee to sustain me, and to ennoble my voice and my thoughts when I shall sing Thy praise!"

When the first sound of the orchestra called Consuelo to her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvellous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions which seek, and as it were exact, applause. There was something about her, solemn, mysterious, and elevated — at once lofty and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter!" said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who? — Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes — Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual — nothing more and nothing less — and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birthplace, where he had gained renown as composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy toward Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent "*I cieli immensi narrano*" by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani — forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals — forgetting even Anzoleto — she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful! what conception so elevated!

I cieli immensi narrano
Del grandi Iddio la gloria
Il firmamento lucido
All' universo annunzia
Quanto sieno mirabili
Della sua destra le opere.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed: "By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecilia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling knees barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy.

It required all the respect due to the locality, to prevent the numerous *dilettanti* in the crowd from bursting into applause as if they had been in the theatre. The count would not wait till the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal sufferings of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting, frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, oh my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond with your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid finger of the dying man; then rising she cast a look upon Anzoleto which seemed to say, "Ungrateful one, you knew not what I was!"

SAPPHO.

Sappho, a Greek poetess who flourished about 600 B. C. Little is known of her life. She was a native of Eresos or of Mitylene, on the island of Lesbos, was left a widow at an early age, became noted for her unquestionable genius, and finally took up her residence on the island of Sicily. Sappho tried many styles of verse, even epics, but was especially famous for her lyrics, and was often designated as "the tenth Muse." She was also styled "the Poetess," just as Homer was styled "the Poet." Of her poems none are now extant, excepting a few which have been preserved by being quoted by others. These "Remains" consist of a "Hymn to Aphrodite" or Venus; part of an amatory poem cited by Longinus in his treatise on the Sublime, and a few fragments gathered in the "Greek Anthology." All told, not more than two hundred lines composed by Sappho are now extant. She is reputed to have originated a peculiar Greek metre, which goes by her name, and has frequently been imitated in English verse.

To Aphrodite.

Thou of the throne of many changing hues,
  Immortal Venus, artful child of Jove, —
Forsake me not, O Queen, I pray! nor bruise
    My heart with pain of love.

But hither come, if e'er from other home
  Thine ear hath heard mine oft-repeated calls;
If thou hast yoked thy golden car and come,
    Leaving thy father's halls;

If ever fair, fleet sparrows hastened forth,
  And swift on wheeling pinions bore thee nigher,
From heights of heaven above the darkened earth,
    Down through the middle fire.

Ah, swift they came; then, Blessèd One, didst thou
  With countenance immortal smile on me,
And ask me what it was that ailed me now,
    And why I called on thee;

SAPPHO

And what I most desired should come to pass,
To still my soul inspired: "Whom dost thou long
To have Persuasion lead to thine embrace?
Who, Sappho, does thee wrong?

"For if she flee, she quickly shall pursue;
If gifts she take not, gifts she yet shall bring;
And if she love not, love shall thrill her through,
Though strongly combating."

Then come to me even now, and set me free
From sore disquiet; and that for which I sigh
With fervent spirit, bring to pass for me:
Thyself be mine ally!

To the Beloved.

I hold him as the gods above,
The man who sits before thy feet,
And, near thee, hears thee whisper sweet,
And brighten with the smiles of love.

Thou smiledst: like a timid bird
My heart cowered fluttering in its place.
I saw thee but a moment's space,
And yet I could not frame a word.

My tongue was broken; 'neath my skin
A subtle flame shot over me;
And with my eyes I could not see;
My ears were filling with whirling din.

And then I feel the cold sweat pour,
Through all my frame a trembling pass;
My face is paler than the grass:
To die would seem but little more.

EPES SARGENT.

Sargent, Epes, an American journalist, critic, and miscellaneous writer; born at Gloucester, Mass., September 27, 1813; died at Roxbury, Mass., December 31, 1880. He wrote several dramas: "The Bride of Genoa" (1836); "Velasco" (1837); "Change Makes Change," and "The Priestess." Among his other works are: "Wealth and Worth" (1840); "Fleetwood," a novel (1845); "Songs of the Sea, and other Poems" (1847); "Arctic Adventure by Sea and Land" (1857); "Peculiar" (1863); "The Woman Who Dared," and "Planchette," a work relating to Spiritualism (1869). His series of school-books is well known to the American schoolboy, and consists of several sets of Speakers, Readers and Spelling-books. The "Standard Speaker" is probably the most popular work of the kind in the country. Mr. Sargent also wrote a "Life of Henry Clay," and a "Memoir of Benjamin Franklin." Among Mr. Sargent's strictly original works are several well-known songs, of which may be mentioned "A Life on the Ocean Wave;" "The Calm;" "The Gale;" "Tropical Weather."

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

A life on the ocean wave,
  A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters wave,
  And the winds their revels keep:
Like an eagle caged I pine,
  On this dull unchanging shore:
Oh! give me the flashing brine,
  The spray and the tempest's roar.

Once more on the deck I stand
  Of my own swift-gliding craft:
Let sail! farewell to the land!
  The gale follows far abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam
  Like an ocean-bird set free —
Like the ocean-bird, our home
  We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We 'll say, Let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

WEBSTER.

NIGHT of the Tomb! He has entered thy portal;
Silence of Death! He is wrapped in thy shade;
All of the gifted and great that was mortal,
In the earth where the ocean-mist weepeth, is laid.

Lips, whence the voice that held Senates proceeded,
Form, lending argument aspect august,
Brow, like the arch that a nation's weight needed,
Eyes, well unfathomed of thought — all are dust.

Night of the Tomb! Through thy darkness is shining
A light since the Star in the East never dim;
No joy's exultation, no sorrow's repining,
Could hide it in life or life's ending from him.

Silence of Death! There were voices from heaven,
That pierced to the quick ear of Faith through the gloom:
The rod and the staff he asked for were given,
And he followed the Saviour's own path to the tomb.

Beyond it, above in an atmosphere finer,
Lo, infinite ranges of being to fill!
In that land of the spirit, that region diviner,
He liveth, he loveth, he laboreth still.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

Savage, Minot Judson, an American clergyman; born at Norridgewock, Maine, June 10, 1841. He was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary in 1864, and was for some years pastor of a Congregational church at Hannibal, Missouri. He became a Unitarian in 1874, and from 1874 to 1896 was pastor of the Church of the Unity in Boston. Since the latter year he has been pastor of the Church of the Messiah in New York City. He has long been known as an extremely radical thinker. His sermons from 1879 to 1896 have been collected in seventeen volumes entitled "Unity Pulpit." His other works include "Christianity the Science of Manhood" (1873); "Light on the Clouds" (1876); "The Religion of Evolution" (1876); "Bluffton: a Story of To-Day" (1878); "Life Questions" (1879); "The Morals of Evolution" (1880); "Talks about Jesus" (1880); "Belief in God" (1881); "Poems" (1882); "Beliefs about Man" (1882); "Beliefs about the Bible" (1883); "The Modern Sphinx" (1883); "Man, Woman, and Child" (1884); "The Religious Life" (1885); "Social Problems" (1886); "These Degenerate Days" (1887); "My Creed" (1887); "Religious Reconstruction;" "Psychics" (1893); "Religion for To-Day" (1897.)

A Defence of Unitarianism.

(From a Sermon Delivered in the Church of the Messiah, New York, in November, 1897.)

"What do you give in place of what you take away?" This question is proposed to Unitarians over and over again. It is looked upon as an unanswerable criticism. We are supposed to be people who tear down but do not build; people who take away the dear hopes and traditional faiths of the past and leave the world desolate, without God, without hope. I propose to try to make clear what it is that the world has lost as the result of the advance of modern knowledge, and what, if anything, it has gained.

It is modern knowledge, increasing knowledge, larger, clearer light, that takes away old beliefs. But if these old beliefs are not true, it simply means that we are discovering what is true — that is, having a clearer view and vision of God's ways and methods of governing the world.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, in a review article published not long before his death, said frankly this which I am saying now, and which I had said a good many times before Mr. Beecher's article was written — that no belief at all is infinitely, unspeakably better than those horrible beliefs which have dominated and darkened the world. I would rather believe in no God than in a bad God, such as He has been painted, and if I had my choice of the future, what would it be?

I have, I trust, just over there, father, mother, two brothers, numberless dear ones, and I hope to see them with a hope dearer than any other which I cherish; but if I were standing on the threshold of Heaven itself, and these loved ones were beckoning me to come in, and I had the choice between an eternity of felicity in their presence and eternal sleep, I would take the sleep rather than take this endless joy at the cost of the unceasing and unrelieved torment of the meanest soul that ever lived.

Now let me raise the question as to what has been taken away. I have taken nothing away. Unitarianism has taken nothing away, but the advance of modern knowledge, the larger, clearer revelation of God has taken away no end of things. What are they? In the first place, the old universe is taken away. That is, that little, tiny, playhouse affair, not so large as our solar system, which, in the first chapter of Genesis, God is reported to have made — as a carpenter working from the outside makes a house — inside of six days. That little universe — that is, the story of creation as told in the early chapters of Genesis — is absolutely gone. I shall tell you pretty soon what has taken the place of it.

Secondly, the God of the Old Testament and the God of most of the creeds has been taken away. That God who was jealous, who was partial, who was angry, who built a little world, and called it good, and then inside of a few days saw it slip out of His control into the hands of the devil, either because He could not help it or did not wish to; who watched this world develop for a little while and then, because it did

not go as He wanted it to, had to drown it and start over again; the God who in the Old Testament told the people that slavery was right, provided they did not enslave the members of their own nation, but only those outside of it; the God who indorsed polygamy, telling a man that he was at liberty to have just as many wives as he wanted and could obtain, and that he was free to dispose of them by simply giving them a little notice and telling them to quit; the God who indorsed hypocrisy and lying on the part of His people; the God who sent a little light on one little people along one edge of the Mediterranean, and left all the rest of the world in darkness; the God who is to damn all of these people who were left in darkness because they did not know that of which they never had any chance to hear; the God who is to cast all His enemies into the pit, trampling them down, as Jonathan Edwards describes so horribly to us, in His hate forever and ever. This God has been taken away.

In the third place, the story of Eden, the creation of man, and then immediately the fall of man, and the resulting doctrine of total depravity — this has been taken away. Then the old theory of the Bible has been taken away — that theory which makes it a book without error or flaw, and makes us under the highest obligation to receive all its teachings as the veritable word of God, though they seem to us hideous, blasphemous, immoral, degrading or not — this is gone.

Prof. Goldwin Smith, in an article published within a year, treats the belief, the continued holding to this old theory about the Bible, under the head of "Christianity's Millstone." He writes from the point of view of the old belief, but he says if Christianity is going to be saved this millstone must be taken off from about its neck and allowed to sink into the sea.

If we hold that theory, What? Why, then we must still believe that in order to help on the slaughter of His enemies on the part of a barbarian general God stopped the whole machinery of the universe for hours until He got through with His killing. We must believe the literal story of Jonah's being swallowed by the whale. We must believe no end of incredibilities, and then, if we dare to read with our eyes open, we must believe immoral things, cruel things, about man and about God; things which this civilization would not think of were it not for the power of tradition, which hallows that which used to be believed in the past. This conception about the Bible, then, is gone.

Then, in the next place, the blood of atonement is gone. What does that mean to the world? It means that the Eternal Father either will not or cannot receive back to His heart His own erring, mistaken, wandering children unless the only begotten Son of God is slaughtered, and we, as the old, awful hymn has it, are plunged beneath this ocean of blood! Revolting, terrible, if you stop to think of it for one reasoning moment, that God cannot forgive unless He takes agony out of somebody equal to that from which He releases His own children! That, though embodied still in all the creeds, has been taken away; it is gone, like a long, hideous dream of darkness.

Belief in the devil has been taken away. What does that mean? It means that Christendom has held and taught for nearly two thousand years that God is not really King of the Universe; that he holds only a divided power, and that here thousands and thousands of years go by, and the devil controls the destiny of this world, and ruins right and left millions and millions of human souls, and that God either cannot help it or does not wish to, one of the two. This belief is taken away.

And then, lastly, that which I have touched on by implication already, the belief in endless punishment, is taken away. Are you sorry? Does anybody wish something put in the place of this? The belief that all those, except the elect — church members — those who have been through a special process called conversion, these, including all the millions on millions outside of Christendom, and from the beginning until to-day, have gone down to the flame that is never quenched, the worm that never dies, to linger on in useless torture forever and ever! — simply a monument of what is monstrously called the judgment of God. This is gone.

Is there anything of value taken away? In the place of the little, petty universe of Hebrew dreams what have we now? This magnificent revelation of the Copernican students; a universe infinite in its reach and in its grandeur, a universe fit at last to be the home of an infinite God; a universe grand enough to clothe Him and express Him, to manifest and reveal Him; a universe boundless; a universe that has grown through the ages and is growing still, and is to unfold more and more of the Divine beauty and glory for evermore. Is there any loss in this exchange?

Now, as to God. What is our God to-day? The heart, the

life, the soul of this infinite universe; justice that means justice; power that means power; love that surpasses all our imagination of love. A God who is eternal goodness. A God not off somewhere in the heavens, to whom we must send a messenger; a God who knows better what we need than we know ourselves, and is more ready to give to us than fathers are to give good gifts to their children. Is there any loss here?

In the third place, the new man that has come into modern thought. Not the broken fragments of a perfect Adam, not a man so equipped intellectually that, as they have been telling us for centuries, it was impossible for him to find the truth, or to know it when he did find it. Not this kind of man, but a man who has been on the planet hundreds of thousands of years; who has been learning by experience, who has been animal, who has been cruel, but who at every step has been trying to find the right, has been becoming a little truer and better; a being who has evolved all that is sweetest and finest in the history of the world, who has made no end of mistakes, who has committed no end of crimes, but who has learned through these processes, and at last has given us some specimens of what is possible by way of development in Abraham and Moses and Elijah, and David and Isaiah, and a long line of prophets and seers of the Old Testament time, not perfect, but magnificent types of actual men.

In my old days, when I preached in the orthodox church, if I thought of Jesus at all I was obliged to think of Him as somehow a second God, who stood between me and the first one, and through whom I hoped for deliverance from the law and the justice of the first. I had to think of Him as a part of a scheme that seemed to me unjust and cruel, involving the torture of some and the loss of most of the race. But now I think of Jesus and His cross as the most natural, and, at the same time, the divinest thing in the history of man. Jesus reveals to me to-day the humanness of God and the divineness of man. And He takes His place in the long line of the world's redeemers, those who have wrought atonement. How? Through faithfulness even unto death.

There is faith and there is faithfulness, and He shares this with thousands of others. There are thousands of men who have suffered more than Jesus did dying for His own truth; thousands of martyrs who, with His name on their lips, have

gone through greater torture than He did. All these, whoever has been faithful, whoever has suffered for the right, whoever has been true, have helped to work out the atonement, the reconciliation of the world with God, showing the beauty of truth, and bringing men into that admiration of it that helps them to come into accord with the divine life.

Then, one more point. Instead of the wail of the damned that is never, through all eternity, for one moment hushed in silence, we place the song of the redeemed, an eternal hope for every child born of the race. We do not believe it is possible for a human soul ultimately to be lost. Why? Because we believe in God. God either can save all souls, or He cannot. If He can and will not, then He is not God. If He would, and cannot, then He is not God. Let us reverently say it. He is under an infinite obligation to His own self, to His own righteousness, to His own truth, His own power, His own love, His own character, to see to it that all souls, some time, are reconciled to Him.

Mystery.

O why are darkness and thick cloud
Wrapped close for ever round the throne of God?
Why is our pathway still in mystery trod?
None answers, though we call aloud.

The seedlet of the rose,
While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom,
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
A dead aurelian crust:
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the port of Spain
Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
Moved toward the setting day,
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
Of how he 'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make aught of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
Let God be e'er so nigh,
Yet howsoe'er He love us,
And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

'T is not that God loves mystery:
The things beyond us we can never know,
Until up to their lofty height we grow,
And finite grasps infinity.

The Age of Gold.

The God that to the fathers
Revealed His holy will
Has not the world forsaken, —
He 's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning,
That broadens into day.

'T was but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the Kingdom,
The better time to be:
To-day, we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old;
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE.

Savage, Philip Henry, an American poet, son of Rev. Minot Savage, was born at North Brookfield, Massachusetts, February 11, 1868. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating from there in 1893. Since 1896 he has been employed in the Boston Public Library. He has published "First Poems and Fragments" (1895); "Poems" (1898).

Silkweed.

Lighter than dandelion down,
  Or feathers from the white moth's wing,
Out of the gates of bramble-town
  The silkweed goes a-gypsying.

Too fair to fly in autumn's rout,
  All winter in the sheath it lay;
But now, when spring is pushing out,
  The zephyr calls, "Away! Away!"

Through mullein, bramble, brake, and fern,
  Up from their cradle-spring they fly,
Beyond the boundary wall to turn
  And voyage through the friendly sky.

Softly, as if instinct with thought,
  They float and drift, delay and turn;
And one avoids and one is caught
  Between an oak-leaf and a fern;

And one holds by an airy line
  The spider drew from tree to tree;
And if the web is light and fine,
  'T is not so light and fine as he!

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And one goes questing up the wall
  As if to find a door; and then,
As if he did not care at all,
  Goes over and adown the glen.

And all in airiest fashion fare
  Adventuring, as if, indeed,
'T were not so grave a thing to bear
  The burden of a seed!

Fagots.

In Autumn, as the year comes round
(The seasons fall without a sound),
  By slow and stealth an ashen hue
  Comes on the green, comes on the blue.

The sticks I burned beneath a larch
The first bright day of tawny March
  Gave out their heat and fell away
  Successive into rose and gray.

Thus covertly, and term by term,
Like as the year, I grow infirm;
  Thus spend my substance like the fire,
  And like the last cold ash expire.

October.

This cool white morning by the wall
  How welcome does the sunlight fall
  To the curled aster, with its blue
  Close-folded petals, out of view.
  They open shining to the sun,
  As if their year had just begun;
  Nor guess (prophetic in the blast),
  That this warm day may be the last

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

Saxe, John Godfrey, an American journalist and popular poet; born at Highgate, Vt., June 2, 1816; died at Albany, N. Y., March 31, 1887. He was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, became a lawyer, and practised successfully until 1850, when he became editor and proprietor of the "Burlington Sentinel." He conducted this journal until 1856, soon after which he came to New York, and entered upon lecturing and other literary work. He had in the meantime put forth several volumes of poems, mostly humorous or satirical. In 1872 he became editor of the "Albany Journal," and took up his residence in that city. Several collected editions of his works have appeared; they include "Progress," a satire (1846); "New Rape of the Lock" (1847); "The Proud Miss McBride" (1848); "The Money-King, and Other Poems" (1859); "The Flying Dutchman" (1862); "Clever Stories of Many Nations" (1864); "The Times, the Telegraph, and Other Poems" (1865); "The Masquerade" (1865); "Fables and Legends in Verse" (1872); "Leisure Day Rhymes" (1875).

Rhyme of the Rail.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different "stations" in the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly coming to the same.
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a constant level travelling together!

Gentleman in shorts, looming very tall;
Gentleman at large, talking very small;
Gentleman in tights, with a looseish mien;
Gentleman in gray, looking rather green.

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Gentleman quite old, asking for the news;
Gentleman in black, in a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis-à-vis;*
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me,
Asks about the distance, says it 's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her basket,
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale —
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

The Puzzled Census-Taker.

"Got any boys?" the Marshal said
To a lady from over the Rhine;
And the lady shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"[1]

"Got any girls?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"But some are dead?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again the lady shook her head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Husband of course?" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

[1] *Nein*, pronounced *nine*, is the German for "*No.*

"The devil you have!" the Marshal said
To the lady from over the Rhine;
And again she shook her flaxen head,
And civilly answered, "*Nein!*"

"Now what do you mean by shaking your head,
And always answering, '*Nine?*'"
"*Ich kann nicht Englisch!*" civilly said
The lady from over the Rhine.

I'm Growing Old.

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep,
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to moan and weep;
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold;
And yet, of late, I often sigh —
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All tell me in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in my eyes,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing — yes —
I'm growing old! . . .

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of her wings —
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

JOSEPH VICTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

Scheffel, Joseph Victor von, a prominent German novelist and poet; born at Karlsruhe, February 16, 1826; died there, April 9, 1886. He studied law and philology at Munich, Heidelberg, and Berlin (1843–47), was referendary at Säckingen (1848–53), and travelled in Italy (1852–53). In 1859 and 1860 he visited Thuringia, and from 1866 his home alternated between Karlsruhe and his estate at Radolfzell on the borders of Lake Constance. It was at Sorrento and the isle of Capri, in 1853, that he wrote "Der Trompeter von Säckingen," which was followed by his masterpiece, "Ekkehard" (1857). "Frau Aventiure," a somewhat similar work, appeared in 1863, and "Juniperus," romanesque studies on the Middle Ages, in 1866. A collection of poems of the time of the Minnesinger Heinrich von Ofterdingen and "Berg Psalmen" were issued in 1870. Other books were "Der Brautwillkomm auf Wartburg" (The Bride's Welcome), written for the Wartburg festival of 1873; some rural poems entitled "Waldeinsamkeit" (Woodland Solitude) (1880); "Der Heini von Steier," other verses (1883); and a novel, "Hugideo" (1884). After his death appeared "Fünf Dichtungen," and "Reisebilder" (1887), and in 1888 another volume entitled merely "Gedichte" (poems). While in Italy in 1852 he collected student songs and humorous poems, which he published the following year under the title "Gaudeamus."

Rejection and Flight.[1]

(From "Ekkehard.")

Ekkehard remained long sitting in the garden bower: then he rushed out into the darkness. He knew not whither his feet were carrying him.

In the morning he found himself on the top of the Hohenkrähen, which had stood silent and deserted since the forest woman's departure. The remains of the burnt hut lay in a confused heap. Where the living-room had once been, the Roman stone with the Mithras was still to be seen. Grass and ferns

[1] By permission of Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

grew over it, and a blindworm was stealthily creeping up on the old weather-beaten idol.

Ekkehard burst into a wild, scornful laugh.

"The chapel of St. Hadwig!" he cried, striking his breast with his clenched hand. "Thus it must be!"

He upset the old Roman stone, and then mounted the rocky crest of the hill. There he threw himself down and pressed his forehead against the cool ground, which had once been touched by Frau Hadwig's foot. There he remained for a long time. When the scorching rays of the midday sun fell upon him, he still lay there, and — slept.

Toward evening he came back to the Hohentwiel, hot and haggard, and with an unsteady gait. Blades of grass clung to the woollen texture of his cowl.

The people of the castle timidly stepped out of his way, as if before one on whose forehead ill-luck had set her seal. In other times they had been wont to come toward him to entreat his blessing.

The duchess had noticed his absence, but made no inquiries about him. He went up to his tower, and seized a parchment, as if he would read. It was Gunzo's attack upon him. "Willingly I would exhort you to aid him with healing medicine; but I fear, I sadly fear, that his disease is too deeply rooted," was what he read.

He laughed. The arched ceiling threw back an echo; he leaped to his feet as if he wanted to find out who had laughed at him. Then he went to the window, and looked down into the depths below. It was deep, deep down: a sudden giddiness came over him; he started back.

The small phial which the old Thieto had given him stood near his books. It made him melancholy. He thought of the blind old man! "The service of women is an evil thing for him who wishes to remain good," he had said when Ekkehard took leave.

He tore the seal off from the phial, and poured the Jordan water over his head and drenched his eyes. It was too late. Whole floods of holy water will not extinguish the inward fire, unless one plunges in never to rise again. . . . Yet a momentary feeling of quiet came over him.

"I will pray," said he. "It is a temptation."

He threw himself on his knees: but soon it seemed to him as if the pigeons were swarming round his head, as they did on

the day when he first entered the tower room; but now they had mocking faces, and wore a contemptuous look about their beaks.

He got up and slowly descended the winding staircase to the castle chapel. The altar below had been a witness of earnest devotions on many a happy day. The chapel was, as before, dark and silent. Six ponderous pillars, with square capitals adorned with leaf-work, supported the vault. A faint streak of daylight fell in through the narrow windows. The recesses of the niche where the altar stood were but faintly illuminated; the golden background of the mosaic picture of the Redeemer alone shone with a soft glitter. Greek artists had transplanted the forms of their church ornaments to the German rock. In a white flowing garment, with a gold-red aureole round his head, the Savior's emaciated figure stood there, with the fingers of the right hand extended in the act of blessing.

Ekkehard bowed before the altar steps; his forehead rested on the stone flags. Thus he remained, wrapt in prayer.

"O Thou who hast taken the sorrows of the world on thyself, send out one ray of thy grace on me unworthy."

He raised his head and gazed up, as if he expected the earnest figure to step down from the wall and hold out his hand to him.

"I am here at thy feet, like Peter, surrounded by tempest, and the waves will not bear me up! Save me, O Lord! save me as thou didst him when thou didst walk over the raging billows, extending thy hand to him and saying, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?'"

But no sign was given him.

Ekkehard's brain was giving way.

There was a rustling through the chapel like that of a woman's garments. He heard nothing.

Frau Hadwig had come down under the impulse of a strange mood. Since she had begun to bear a grudge against the monk, the image of her late husband recurred oftener to her mind. Naturally, as the one receded into the background, the other must come forward again. The later reading of Virgil had also been responsible for this, as there had been said so much about the memory of Sichæus.

The following day was the anniversary of Herr Burkhard's death. With his lance and shield by his side, the old duke lay buried in the chapel. His tomb at the right of the altar was

covered by a rough stone slab. The eternal lamp burned dimly over it. A sarcophagus of gray sandstone stood near it, resting on small clumsy pillars with Ionic capitals; and these again rested on grotesque stone animals. This stone coffin Frau Hadwig had had made for herself. Every year, on the anniversary of the duke's death, she had it carried up and filled with corn and fruits, which were distributed among the poor, — the means of living coming from the resting-place of the dead. It was a pious ancient custom.

To-day it was her purpose to pray on her husband's grave. The duskiness of the place concealed Ekkehard's kneeling figure. She did not see him.

Suddenly she was startled from her devotions. A laugh, subdued yet piercing, struck her ear. She knew the voice. Ekkehard had risen and recited the following words of the Psalms: —

> "Hide me under the shadow of thy wings,
> From the wicked that oppress me,
> From my deadly enemies who compass me about.
> With their mouth they speak proudly."

He spoke it in an ominous tone. It was no more the voice of prayer.

Frau Hadwig bent down beside the sarcophagus: she would gladly have placed another on it to hide her from Ekkehard's view. She no longer cared to be alone with him. Her heart beat calmly now.

He went to the door.

Then suddenly he turned back. The everlasting lamp was softly swinging to and fro over Frau Hadwig's head. Ekkehard's eye pierced the twilight. . . . With one bound, — quicker than that which in later days St. Bernard made through the cathedral at Speier when the Madonna had beckoned to him, — he stood before the duchess. He gave her a long and penetrating look.

She rose to her feet, and seizing the edge of the stone sarcophagus with her right hand, she confronted him. The everlasting lamp over her head still gently swung to and fro on its silken cord.

"Blessed are the dead: prayers are offered for them," said Ekkehard, interrupting the silence.

Frau Hadwig made no reply.

"Will you pray for me also when I am dead?" continued

he. "Oh, you must not pray for me! Have a drinking-cup made out of my skull; and when you take another doorkeeper away from the monastery of St. Gallus, you must offer him the welcoming draught in it, — and give him my greeting! You may put your own lips to it also: it will not crack. But you must then wear the circlet with the rose in it."

"Ekkehard," said the duchess, "you are outrageous!"

He put his right hand to his forehead.

"Oh," said he, in a mournful voice, — "oh, yes! the Rhine is also outrageous. They stopped its course with giant rocks; but it gnawed through them, and now rushes and roars onward in foam and tumult and destruction! Bravo, thou free heart of youth! And God is outrageous also; for he has allowed the Rhine to be, and the Hohentwiel, and the Duchess of Suabia, and the tonsure on my head."

The duchess began to shiver. Such an outbreak of long-repressed feeling she had not expected. But it was too late: she remained indifferent.

"You are ill," said she.

"Ill?" asked he: "it is merely a requital. More than a year ago at Whitsuntide, when there was as yet no Hohentwiel for me, I carried the coffin of St. Gallus in solemn procession out of the cloister, and a woman threw herself on the ground before me. 'Get up,' cried I; but she remained prostrate in the dust. 'Walk over me with thy relic, priest, so that I may recover,' cried she; and my foot stepped over her. That woman was suffering from the heartache. Now it is reversed."

Tears interrupted his voice. He could not go on. Then he threw himself at Frau Hadwig's feet, and clasped the hem of her garment. The man was all of a tremble.

Frau Hadwig was touched, — touched against her will; as if from the hem of her garment, a feeling of unutterable woe thrilled up to her heart.

"Stand up," said she, "and think of other things. You still owe us a story. Overcome it!"

Then Ekkehard laughed through his tears.

"A story!" cried he; "oh, a story! But not told. Come, let us act the story! From the height of yonder tower one can see so far into the distance, and so deep into the valley below, — so sweet and deep and tempting. What right has the ducal castle to hold us back? No one who wishes to get down into the depth below need count more than three, and we flutter and

glide softly into the arms of death there. Then I should be no longer a monk; and I might wind my arms around you."

He struck Herr Burkhard's tombstone with his clenched hand.

"And he who sleeps here shall not prevent me! If he — the old man — comes, I will not let you go. And we will float up to the tower again, and sit where we sat before; and we will read Virgil to the end; and you must wear the rose in your circlet, as if nothing whatever had happened. We will keep the gate well locked against the duke, and we will laugh at all evil tongues; and folks will say, as they sit at their fire-places of a winter's evening: 'That is a pretty tale of the faithful Ekkehard, who slew the Emperor Ermanrich for hanging the Harlungen brothers, and who afterwards sat for many hundred years before Frau Venus's mountain, with his white staff in his hands, and meant to sit there until the Day of Judgment to warn off all pilgrims coming to the mountain. But at last he grew tired of this, and ran away, and became a monk at St. Gall; and he fell down an abyss and was killed; and he is sitting now beside a proud, pale woman, reading Virgil to her. And at midnight may be heard the words ring through the Hegau: "Thou commandest, O Queen, to renew the unspeakable sorrow." And then she will have to kiss him, whether she will or not; for death makes up for what life denies.'"

He had spoken with a wild, wandering look; and now his voice failed with low weeping. Frau Hadwig had stood immovably all this time. It was as if a gleam of pity shone in her cold eyes; she bent down her head.

"Ekkehard," said she, "you must not speak of death. This is madness. We live, you and I!"

He did not stir. Then she lightly laid her hand on his burning forehead. A wild thrill flashed through his brain. He sprang up.

"You are right!" cried he. "We live — you and I!"

A dizzy darkness clouded his eyes, he stepped forward, and winding his arms round her proud form, he fiercely pressed her to his heart; his kiss burned on her lips. Her protest died away unheard.

He raised her high up toward the altar, as if she were an offering he was about to make.

"Why dost thou hold out thy gold glittering fingers so quietly, instead of blessing us?" he cried out to the dark and solemn picture.

The duchess had started like a wounded deer. One moment, and all the passion of her hurt pride revolted within her. She pushed the frenzied man back with a strong hand, and tore herself out of his embrace.

He had one arm still round her waist, when the church door was suddenly opened, and a flaring streak of daylight broke through the darkness; they were no longer alone. Rudimann the cellarer, from Reichenau, stepped over the threshold; other figures became visible in the background of the court-yard.

The duchess had grown pale with shame and anger. A tress of her long dark hair had become loosened and was streaming down her back.

"I beg your pardon," said the man from the Reichenau, with grinning politeness. "My eyes have beheld nothing."

Then Frau Hadwig tore herself entirely free from Ekkehard's hold and cried out: —

"Yes, I say! Yes, yes, you have seen a madman, who has forgotten himself and God. I should be sorry for your eyes if they had beheld nothing, for I would have had them torn out!"

It was with an indescribably cold dignity that she pronounced these words.

Then Rudimann began to understand the strange scene.

"I had forgotten," said he scornfully, "that he who stands there is one of those to whom wise men have applied the words of St. Hieronymus, when he says: 'Their manners are more befitting dandies and bridegrooms than the elect of the Lord.'"

Ekkehard stood leaning against a pillar, with arms stretched out in the air, like Odysseus when he wanted to embrace his mother's shade. Rudimann's words roused him from his dreams.

"Who comes between her and me?" he cried threateningly.

But Rudimann, patting him on the shoulder with an insolent familiarity, said: —

"Calm yourself, my good friend: we have only come to deliver a note into your hands. St. Gallus can no longer allow the wisest of all his disciples to remain out in the capricious, malicious world. You are summoned home! — And don't forget the stick with which you are wont to ill-treat your confraters who like to snatch a kiss at vintage-time, you chaste moralist," he added in a low whisper.

Ekkehard stepped back. Wild longings, the pang of separation, burning passionate love, and the added insults, — all these

stormed up in him. He hastily advanced toward Frau Hadwig; but the chapel was already filling.

The abbot of Reichenau himself had come to have the pleasure of witnessing Ekkehard's departure. "It will be a difficult task to get him away," he had said to the cellarer. It was easy enough now. Monks and lay brothers came in after him.

"Sacrilege!" Rudimann called out to them. "He has laid his wanton hand on his mistress even before the altar!"

Then Ekkehard boiled over. To have the most sacred secret of his heart profaned by insolent coarseness, a pearl thrown before swine! He tore down the everlasting lamp, and swung the heavy vessel like a sling.

The light went out; a hollow groan was heard, — the cellarer lay with bleeding head on the stone flags. The lamp fell clattering beside him. A blow, fierce struggle, wild confusion — all was at an end with Ekkehard.

They had overpowered him; tearing off the girdle of his cowl, they bound him.

There he stood, the handsome youthful figure, now the very picture of woe, like the broken-winged eagle. He gave one mournful, troubled, appealing look at the duchess. She turned away.

"Do what you think right," she said to the abbot, and swept through the throng. . . .

It was a dreary, depressing evening. The duchess had locked herself up in her bow-windowed room, and refused admittance to every one.

Ekkehard had been hurried away into a dungeon by the abbot's men. In the same tower, in the airy upper story of which his chamber was situated, there was a damp, dark vault; fragments of old tombstones — deposited there long before when the castle chamber had been renovated — were scattered about in unsightly heaps. A bundle of straw had been thrown in for him, and a monk was sitting outside to guard the entrance.

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, ran up and down, wailing and wringing his hands. He could not understand the fate which had befallen his uncle. The servants were all putting their heads together, eagerly whispering and gossiping, as if the hundred-tongued Rumor had been sitting on the roof of the castle, spreading her falsehoods about.

"He tried to murder the duchess," said one.

"He has been practising the Devil's own arts with that big book of his," said another. "To-day is St. John's day, when the Devil has no power, and so he could not help him."

At the well in the court-yard stood Rudimann the cellarer, letting the clear water flow over his head. Ekkehard had given him a sharp cut; the blood obstinately and angrily trickled down into the water.

Praxedis came down looking pale and sad. She was the only soul who felt sincere pity for the prisoner. On seeing the cellarer, she ran into the garden, tore up a blue corn-flower with the roots, and brought it to him.

"Take that," said she, "and hold it in your right hand till it gets warm: that will stop the bleeding. Or shall I fetch you some linen to bind up the wound?"

He shook his head.

"It will stop of itself when the time comes," said he. "'Tis not the first time that I have been bled. Keep your corn-flowers for yourself."

But Praxedis was anxious to conciliate Ekkehard's enemy. She brought some linen: he allowed his wound to be dressed. Not a word of thanks did he proffer.

"Are you not going to let Ekkehard out to-day?" she asked.

"Today!" Rudimann repeated sneeringly. "Do you feel inclined to weave a garland for the standard-bearer of Antichrist, — the leading horse of Satan's car, whom you have petted and spoiled up here as if he were the darling son Benjamin? To-day! In a month ask again over there!"

He pointed toward the Helvetian mountains.

Praxedis was frightened. "What are you going to do with him?"

"What is right," replied Rudimann with a dark look. "Wantonness, deeds of violence, disobedience, haughtiness, sacrilege, blasphemy — there are scarcely names enough for all his nefarious acts; but thank God, there are yet means for their expiation!" He made a gesture with his hand like that of flogging. "Ah, yes, plenty of means of expiation, gentle mistress! We will write the catalogue of his sins on his skin."

"Have pity!" said Praxedis: "he is a sick man."

"For that very reason we are going to cure him. When he has been tied to the pillar, and half a dozen rods have been flogged to pieces on his bent back, then all his spleen and his devilries will vanish!"

"For God's sake!" exclaimed the Greek girl.

"Calm yourself: there are better things yet. A stray lamb must be delivered up to the fold it belongs to. There he will find good shepherds who will look after the rest. Sheep-shearing, little girl, sheep-shearing! There they will cut off his hair, which will make his head cooler; and if you feel inclined to make a pilgrimage to St. Gall a year hence, you will see on Sundays and holidays some one standing barefooted before the church door, and his head will be as bare as a stubble-field, and the penitential garb will become him very nicely. What do you think? The heathenish practices with Virgil are at an end now."

"He is innocent!" said Praxedis.

"Oh," said the cellarer sneeringly, "we shall never harm a single hair of innocence! He need only prove himself so by God's ordeal. If he takes the gold ring out of the kettle of boiling water with unburnt arm, our abbot himself will give him the blessing; and I will say that it was all a delusion of the Devil's own making when my eyes beheld his Holiness, Brother Ekkehard, clasping your mistress in his arms."

Praxedis wept.

"Cellarmaster, you are a wicked man!" she cried; and turned her back on him.

"Have you any further commands?" she asked, once more looking back.

"Yes, thou Greek insect! A jug of vinegar if you please. I want to lay my rods in it: the writing is clearer then, and does not fade away so soon. Never before have I flogged an interpreter of Virgil. He deserves particular attention."

Burkhard, the monastery pupil, was sitting under the linden-tree, still sobbing. Praxedis, as she passed, gave him a kiss. It was done to spite the cellarer.

She went up to the duchess, intending to prostrate herself and intercede for Ekkehard; but the door remained locked against her. Frau Hadwig was deeply irritated. If the monks of the Reichenau had not come in upon them, she might have pardoned Ekkehard's audacity, for she herself had indeed sowed the seeds of all that had grown to such portentous results; but now it had become a public scandal, it demanded punishment. The fear of evil tongues influences many an action.

The abbot had caused to be put into her hands the summons from St. Gall. St. Benedict's rules, said the letter, exacted not

only the outward forms of a monastic life, but also the actual conformity of body and soul to its discipline. Ekkehard was to return. Passages from Gunzo's diatribe were quoted against him.

It was all the same to her. What his fate would be in the hands of his antagonists, she knew quite well. Yet she was determined to do nothing for him.

Praxedis knocked at her door a second time, but it was not opened.

"O thou poor moth," said she sadly.

Ekkehard lay in his dungeon like one who had dreamt some wild dream. Four bare walls surrounded him; above there was a faint gleam of light. Often he trembled as if shivering with cold. After a while a melancholy smile of resignation began to hover round his lips, but it did not settle there; now and again he would clench his fists in a fit of fierce anger.

It is the same with the human mind as with the sea; though the tempest may have blown over for a long time, the billowing surge is even stronger and more impetuous than before; and some mighty chaotic breaker dashes wildly up and drives the sea-gulls away from the rocks.

But Ekkehard's heart was not yet broken. It was still too young for that. He began to reflect on his position. The view into the future was not very cheering. He knew the rules of his order, and monastic customs, and he knew that the men from Reichenau were his enemies.

With big strides he paced up and down the narrow room.

"Great God, whom we may invoke in the hour of affliction, how will all this end?"

He shut his eyes and threw himself on the bundle of straw. Confused visions passed before his soul, and he saw with his inward eye of the spirit how they would drag him out in the early morning. The abbot would be sitting on his high stone chair, holding the crosier as a sign that it was a court of judgment; and then they would read out a long bill of complaints against him. All this in the same court-yard in which he had once sprung out of the litter with such a jubilant heart, and in which he had preached his sermon against the Huns on that solemn Good Friday; and the men of the court would be gnashing their teeth against him!

"What shall I do?" thought he. "With my hand on my heart and my eyes raised toward heaven, I shall say, 'Ekkehard

is not guilty!' But the judges will say, 'Prove it!' The big copper kettle will be brought; the fire lighted beneath; the water will hiss and bubble up. The abbot draws off the golden ring from his finger. They push up the right sleeve of his habit; solemn penitential psalms resound. 'I conjure thee, spirit of the water, that the Devil quit thee, and that thou serve the Lord to make known the truth, like to the fiery furnace of the King of Babylon when he had the three men thrown into it!' — Thus the abbot addresses the boiling water; and 'Dip thy arm and fetch forth the ring,' says he to the accused. — Righteous God, what judgment will thy ordeal give?"

Wild doubts beset Ekkehard's soul. He believed in himself and his good cause, but his faith was less strong in the dreadful means by which priestcraft and church laws sought to arrive at God's decision.

In the library of his monastery there was a little book bearing the title, "Against the Inveterate Error of the Belief that through Fire, Water, or Single Combat, the Truth of God's Judgment can be Revealed."

This book he had once read; and he remembered it well. It was to prove that with these ordeals, which were an inheritance from the ancient heathen time, it was as the excellent Gottfried of Strassburg has expressed it in later days: —

"Der heilig Christ
Windschaffen wie ein Ärmel ist."[1]

"And if no miracle is performed?"

His thoughts were inclined to despondency and despair.

"With burnt arm and proclaimed guilty, condemned to be flogged, — while she perhaps would stand on the balcony looking on, as if it were done to an entire stranger! — Lord of heaven and earth, send down thy lightning!"

Yet hope does not entirely forsake even the most miserable.

Then again he imagined how, through all this shame and misery, a piercing "Stop!" would be heard: she comes rushing down with disheveled locks and in her rustling ducal mantle, and drives his tormentors away, as the Saviour drove out the usurers from the temple. And she presents him her hand and lips for the kiss of reconciliation.

Long and ardently his fantasy dwelt on that beautiful possibility; a breath of consolation came to him, he spoke in the

[1] "The good Lord is as much the sport of the wind as a sleeve."

words of the Preacher: "'As gold is purified from dross in the fire, so the heart of man is purified by sorrow.' We will wait and see what will happen."

He heard a slight noise in the antechamber of his dungeon. A stone jug was put down.

"You are to drink like a man," said a voice to the lay brother on guard; "for on St. John's night all sorts of unearthly visitors people the air and pass over our castle. So you must take care to keep your courage up. There's another jug for you too."

It was Praxedis who had brought the wine.

Ekkehard did not understand what she wanted. "Then she also is false," thought he. "God protect me!"

He closed his eyes and fell asleep. After a good while he was awakened. The wine had evidently been to the lay brother's taste: he was singing a song in praise of the four goldsmiths who once on a time had refused to make heathenish idols at Rome, and suffered martyrdom. With his heavy sandal-clad foot he was beating time on the stone flags. Ekkehard heard another jug of wine brought to the man. The singing became loud and uproarious. Then he held a soliloquy, in which he had much to say about Italy and good fare, and "Santa Agnese fuori le mura." Then he ceased talking. The prisoner could distinctly hear his snoring through the stone walls.

The castle was silent. It was about midnight. Ekkehard lay in a doze, when it seemed to him as if the bolts were softly drawn. He remained lying on his straw. A figure came in; a soft hand was laid on the slumberer's forehead. He jumped up.

"Hush!" whispered his visitor.

When all had gone to rest, Praxedis had kept awake. "The wicked cellarer shall not have the satisfaction of punishing our poor melancholy teacher," was her thought; and woman's cunning always finds ways and means to accomplish her schemes. Wrapping herself up in a gray cloak, she had stolen down. No special artifices were necessary: the lay brother was sleeping the sleep of the just. If he had been awake, the Greek girl would have frightened him by some ghost trickery. That was her plan.

"You must escape!" said she to Ekkehard. "They mean to do their worst to you."

"I know it," he replied sadly.

"Come, then."

He shook his head. "I prefer to endure it," said he.

"Don't be a fool," whispered Praxedis. "First you built your castle on the glittering rainbow; and now that it has all tumbled down, you will allow them to ill-treat you into the bargain? As if they had a right to flog you and drag you away! And you will let them have the pleasure of witnessing your humiliation? It would be a nice spectacle they would make of you! 'One does not see an honest man put to death every day,' said a man to me once in Constantinople, when I asked him why he was in such a hurry."

"Where should I go to?" asked Ekkehard.

"Neither to the Reichenau nor to your monastery," said Praxedis. "There is many a hiding-place left in the world."

She was getting impatient; and seizing Ekkehard by the hand, she dragged him on. "Come!" whispered she. He allowed himself to be led by her.

They glided past the sleeping watchman: now they stood in the court-yard; the fountain was splashing merrily. Ekkehard bent over the spout, and took a long draught of the cool water.

"All is over," said he. "And now away."

It was a stormy night. "You cannot go out by the doorway, — the bridge is drawn up," said Praxedis; "but you can get down between the rocks on the eastern side. Our shepherd boy has tried that path before."

They entered the little garden. A gust of wind went roaring through the branches of the maple-tree. Ekkehard scarcely knew what was happening to him.

He mounted the battlement. Steep and rugged fell the klinkstone precipices; a dark abyss yawned before him; black clouds were chasing each other across the dusky sky, — weird, uncouth shapes, as if two bears were pursuing a winged dragon. Soon the fantastic forms melted together; the wind whipped them onward toward the Bodensee, that glittered faintly in the distance. Indistinctly outlined lay the landscape.

"Blessings on your way!" said Praxedis.

Ekkehard sat motionless on the battlement; he still held the Greek girl's hand clasped in his. A mingled feeling of gratitude and melancholy surged through his storm-tossed brain. Then her cheek pressed against his, and a kiss trembled on his lips; he felt a pearly tear. Gently Praxedis drew away her hand.

"Don't forget," said she, "that you still owe us a story. May God lead your steps back again to this place some day, so that we may hear it from your own lips."

Ekkehard now let himself down. He waved his hand once more, then disappeared from her sight. The stillness of night was interrupted by a rattling and clattering down the cliff. The Greek girl peered down into the depths. A piece of rock had become loosened, and fell noisily down into the valley. Another followed somewhat slower; and on this Ekkehard was sitting, guiding it as a rider does his horse. So he went down the steep precipice into the blackness of the night.

Farewell!

She crossed herself and went back, smiling in spite of all her sadness. The lay brother was still fast asleep. As she crossed the court-yard, Praxedis spied a basket filled with ashes, which she seized; and softly stealing back to Ekkehard's dungeon, she poured out its contents in the middle of the room, as if this were all that was left of the prisoner's earthly remains.

"Why dost thou snore so heavily, most reverend brother?" she asked; and hurried away.

Song: Farewell.

(From "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen.")

This is the bitterness of life's long story, —
That ever near the rose the thorns are set;
Poor heart, that dwells at first in dreams of glory,
The parting comes, and eyes with tears are wet.
Ah, once I read thine eyes, thy spirit's prison,
And love and joy in their clear depths could see:
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Long had I borne with envy, hate, and sorrow,
Weary and worn, by many a tempest tried;
I dreamed of peace and of a bright to-morrow,
And lo! my pathway led me to thy side.
I longed within thine arms to rest; then, risen
In strength and gladness, give my life to thee:
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision;
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Winds whirl the leaves, the clouds are driven together,
Through wood and meadow beats a storm of rain:
To say farewell 't is just the fitting weather,
For like the sky, the world seems gray with pain.

FAREWELL TO SAKKINGEN

("The Trumpeter")

From a Painting by Robert Assmus

Yet good nor ill shall shake my heart's decision;
Thou slender maid, I still must dream of thee!
May God protect thee! 't was too fair a vision
May God protect thee! it was not to be.

Songs of Hiddigeigei, the Tom-Cat.

(From "The Trumpeter of Säkkingen.")

I.

By the storms of fierce temptation
Undisturbed I long have dwelt;
Yet e'en pattern stars of virtue
Unexpected pangs have felt.

Hotter than in youth's hot furnace,
Dreams of yore steal in apace;
And the Cat's winged yearnings journey,
Unrestrained, o'er Time and Space.

Naples, land of light and wonder,
Cup of nectar never dry!
To Sorrento I would hasten,
On its topmost roof to lie.

Greets me dark Vesuvius; greets me
The white sail upon the sea;
Birds of spring make sweetest concert
In the budding olive-tree.

Toward the loggia steals Carmela, —
Fairest of the feline race, —
And she softly pulls my whiskers,
And she gazes in my face;

And my paw she gently presses; —
Hark! I hear a growling noise:
Can it be the Bay's hoarse murmur,
Or Vesuvius's distant voice?

Nay, Vesuvius's voice is silent,
For to-day he takes his rest.
In the yard, destruction breathing,
Bays the dog of fiendish breast, —

Bays Francesco the Betrayer,
Worst of all his evil race;
And I see my dream dissolving,
Melting in the sky's embrace.

II.

Earth once was untroubled by man, they say:
Those days are over and fled,
When the forest primeval crackling lay
'Neath the mammoth's mighty tread.

Ye may search throughout all the land in vain
For the lion, the desert's own;
In sooth we are settled now, 't is plain,
In a truly temperate zone.

The palm is borne, in life and in verse,
By neither the Great nor the Few:
The world grows weaker and ever worse,
'T is the day of the Small and the New.

When we Cats are silenced, ariseth the Mouse,
But she too must pack and begone;
And the Infusoria's Royal House
Shall triumph, at last, alone.

III.

Near the close of his existence
Hiddigeigei stands and sighs;
Death draws nigh with fell insistence,
Ruthlessly to close his eyes.

Fain from out his wisdom's treasure
Counsels for his race he 'd draw,
That amid life's changeful measure
They might find some settled law.

Fain their path through life he 'd soften:
Rough it lies and strewn with stones;
E'en the old and wise may often
Stumble there, and break their bones.

Life with many brawls is cumbered,
Useless wounds and useless pain;
Cats both black and brave unnumbered
Have for naught been foully slain.

Ah, in vain our tales of sorrow!
Hark! I hear the laugh of youth.
Fools to-day and fools to-morrow,
Woe alone will teach them truth.

All in vain is history's teaching:
  Listen how they laugh again!
Hiddigeigei's lore and preaching
  Locked in silence must remain.

IV.

Soon life's thread must break and ravel;
  Weak this arm, once strong and brave;
In the scene of all my travail,
  In the granary, dig my grave.

Warlike glory there I won me;
  All the fight's fierce joy was mine:
Lay my shield and lance upon me,
  As the last of all my line.

Ay, the last! The children's merit
  Like their sires' can never grow:
Naught they know of strife of spirit;
  Upright are they, dull and slow,

Dull and meagre; stiffly, slowly,
  Move their minds, of force bereft;
Few indeed will keep as holy
  The bequest their sires have left.

Yet once more, in days far distant,
  When at rest I long have lain,
One fierce caterwaul insistent
  Through your ranks shall ring again:—

"Flee, ye fools, from worse than ruin!"
  Hark to Hiddigeigei's cry;
Hark, his wrathful ghostly mewing:—
  "Flee from mediocrity!"

EDMOND HENRI ADOLPHE SCHÉRER.

Schérer, Edmond Henri Adolphe, a French essayist and critic of celebrity; born at Paris, April 8, 1815; died at Versailles, March 16, 1889. He entered upon the course of the Faculty of Theology at Strasbourg, where celebrated professors were among the instructors. When his theological studies were over, he retired for several years, and published his first writings. Owing to the reputation thus achieved, he was elected in 1845 professor in the School of Liberal Theology at Geneva. The instruction he gave at that time had no small renown. But one of the fundamental doctrines of the School of Liberal Theology was faith in the full inspiration of the Bible. He soon declared himself unable to accept it, and spoke of resigning his chair. In his remarkable article, the "Crisis of the Faith," he protested against the abuse of authority in religious things, and affirmed the duty of personal examination, of unrestricted investigation, of religion founded on criticism. He first attracted general attention in 1860 with a volume entitled "Miscellanies of Religious Criticism," containing studies of Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Le P. Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, and others. He has also written "Criticism and Belief" (1850); "Letters to my Pastor" (1853); "Miscellanies of Religious Criticism" (1860); "Miscellanies of Religious History" (1864); etc.

The Eighteenth Century.

(From Review of "Woman in the Eighteenth Century," by the Goncourts.)

This volume on the woman of the eighteenth century is to be followed by three others, dealing with man, the State, and Paris at the same epoch. To say truth, however, the woman is already the man, she is already the State itself, she is the whole century. The most striking characteristic of the period under consideration is, that it personifies itself in its women. This the brothers Goncourt have recognized. "The soul of this time," say they in their somewhat exuberant style, "the centre of the world, the point whence everything radiates, the summit whence all descends, the image after which all things

are modelled, is woman. Woman in the eighteenth century is the principle that governs, the reason that directs, the voice that commands. She is the universal and inevitable cause, the origin of events, the source of things. Nothing escapes her, and she holds everything in her hand: the king and France, the will of the sovereign and the power of opinion. She rules at court, she is mistress at the fireside. The revolutions of alliances and systems, peace, war, letters, arts, the fashions of the eighteenth century as well as its destinies, — all these she carries in her robe, she bends them to her caprice or her passions. She causes degradations and promotions. No catastrophes, no scandals, no great strokes, that cannot be traced to her, in this century, that she fills up with prodigies, marvels, and adventures, in this history into which she works the surprises of a novel." The book of the brothers Goncourt furnishes proof of these assertions on every page. It sets forth on a small scale, but in a complete way, that epoch of which they have so truly said that it is the French century *par excellence*, and that all our roots are found in it. This volume puts a finger on its meanness, its greatness, its vices and its virtues. It is the vices that are the most conspicuous. The corruption of the eighteenth century has become proverbial. To tell the truth, this corruption is the result of an historical situation. What is meant by the France of the eighteenth century is a particular class of society, the polite and brilliant world. The theme of history has always gone on enlarging. In old times there was no history save that of conquerors and lawgivers. Later we have that of the courts and of the nobility. After the French Revolution, it is the nations and their destinies who occupy the first plane. In the eighteenth century the middle class has already raised and enriched itself, the distinction of ranks is levelled; there is more than one plebeian name among those that adorn the salons: nevertheless, society is still essentially aristocratic; it is chiefly composed of people who have nothing to do in the world save to enjoy their hereditary privileges. The misfortune of the French nobility has always been thus to constitute a dignity without functions. It formed not so much an organic part of the State as a class of society. Confined within the limits of a narrow caste, it had reduced life to a matter of elegant and agreeable relations.

Hence the French salon, and all those graces of conversation, all those refinements of mind and manners, that make up

its inimitable character. Hence at the same time, something artificial and unwholesome. Life does not easily forego a serious aim. It offers this eternal contradiction: that, tending to happiness, it nevertheless cannot adopt that as its special object without in that very act destroying the conditions of it.

These men, these women, who seemed to exist only for those things that appear most enviable, — grace and honor, love and intelligence, — these people had exhausted in themselves the sources of intelligence and love. This consummate epicurism defeated its own object. These virtues, limited to the virtues of good-fellowship, were manifestly insufficient to uphold society. This activity, in which duty, effort, sacrifice, had no place, consumed itself. Extinguish the soul, the conscience, as useless lights, and lo, all is utter darkness! The intellect was to have taken the place of everything; and the intellect has succeeded only in blighting everything, and in blighting itself before all. Only one demand was made of human destiny, — pleasure; and it was ennui that responded.

That incurable evil of ennui — the eighteenth century betrays it everywhere. That was its essential element, I had almost said its principle. This explains its agitations, its antipathies, its furtive sadnesses, the boldness of its vices. It floats about, finding no object worth its constancy. It undertakes everything, always to fall back into a profounder disenchantment. Each fruit it gnaws can only leave a more bitter taste of ashes. It shakes itself in the vain effort to realize that it is alive. It is sorrowful, sorrowful as death, and has not even the dignity of melancholy. It finds all things spectacular; it watches itself live, and that experiment has ceased to interest it. Lassitude, spiritual barrenness, prostration of all the vital forces, — this is all that came of it. Then a well-known phenomenon makes its appearance. Man never pauses: he goes on digging, he scoops out the very void; no longer believing anything, he yet seeks an unknown good that escapes him. Dissipation, even, pursues a fleeting dream. It demands of the senses what they can never yield. Irritated by its miscalculations, it invents subtleties. It seasons libertinism with every kind of infamy. It becomes savage. It takes pleasure in bringing suffering upon the creatures it annihilates. It enjoys the remorse, the shame, of its victims. Its vanity is occupied with compromising women, with breaking their hearts, with corrupting them if it can. Thus gallantry

is converted into a cynicism of immorality. Men make a boast of cruelty and of calculation in their cruelty. Good style advertises villany. But even this is not enough. Insatiable appetites will demand of crime a certain savor that vice has lost for them. "There is," as the brothers Goncourt truly say, — "there is an inexorable logic that compels the evil passions of humanity to go to the end of themselves, and to burst in a final and absolute horror. This logic assigned to the voluptuous immorality of the eighteenth century its monstrous coronation. The habit of cruelty had become too strong to remain in the head and not reach the senses. Man had played too long with the suffering heart of woman not to feel tempted to make her suffer more surely and more visibly. Why, after exhausting tortures for her soul, should he not try them upon her body? Why not seek grossly in her blood the delights her tears had given? The doctrine sprang up, it took shape: the whole century went over to it without knowing it; it was, in its last analysis, nothing more than the materialization of their appetites: and was it not inevitable that this last word should be said, that the erethism of ferocity should establish itself as a principle, as a revelation; and that at the end of this polished and courtly decadence, after all these approaches to the supreme torture of woman, M. de Sade, with the blood of the guillotines, should set up the Terror in Love?"

This then is the eighteenth century: a century brilliant rather than delicate, pleasure-loving without passion, whose void forever goes on emptying itself, whose blunted vices seek a stimulus in crime, whose frivolity becomes in the end almost tragical; a century of impotence and of decline, a society that is sinking and putrefying.

Let us not forget, however, that judgments made wholly from one point of view are like general ideas: they can never do more than furnish incomplete notions. Things can always be considered on two sides, the unfavorable and the favorable. The eighteenth century is like everything else: it has its right side as well as its wrong. I am sorry for those who see in it only matter for admiration: its feet slipped in the mire. I am sorry for those who do not speak of it without crossing themselves: the eighteenth century had its noble aspects, nay, its grand aspects.

And in the first place, the eighteenth century is charming. Opinions may differ as to the worth of the elegance, but that

its elegance was perfect cannot be denied. The inadequacy of the *comme il faut*, and of what is called good society, may be deplored; but there is no gainsaying that the epoch in question was the grand model of this good society. France became in those days its universal school, as it were its native country. It makes of fine manners a new ethics, composed of horror for what is common, the desire to find means of pleasing, the art of attention, of delicacy in beauty, of the refinements of language, of a conversation that does not commit itself to anything, of a discussion that never degenerates into a dispute, of a lightness that is in reality only moderation and grace. The good-breeding of the eighteenth century does not destroy egoism, but it dissimulates it. Nor does it in the least make up for the lost virtues, but it vouchsafes an image of them. It gives a rule for souls. It acquires the dignity of an institution. It is the religion of an epoch that has no other.

This is not all. One feels a breath of art passing over this century. If it does not create, still it adorns. If it does not seek the beautiful, it finds the charming. Its character is not grand, but it has a character.

It has set a seal upon all that it has produced: buildings, furniture, pictures. When, two or three years ago, an exhibition brought together the works of the principal painters of the French school in the eighteenth century, the canvases of Greuze, of Boucher, of Watteau, of Fragonard, of Chardin, great was the astonishment to find so much frankness under all that affectation, originality in that mannerism, vitality in that conventional school of art. We should never lose sight of one thing: the epoch under consideration had what was lacking in some other epochs, — in the Empire, for example, — an art and a literature. That is not enough to make a great century, but it can aid a century to make a figure in history.

But observe what still better characterizes French society before the Revolution. That society is animated with intellectual curiosity. It has the taste for letters, and in letters the taste for new things, for adventures. It devours voyages, history, philosophy. It is concerned about the Chinese and the Hindus; it desires to know what Rome was, and what England is; it studies popular institutions and the faculties of the human understanding. The ladies have great quartos on their dressing tables (that is the accepted size). Nothing discourages them. They read Raynal's "Philosophic History," Hume's

"Stuarts" [History of England], Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws." But it is with the sciences that they are most smitten. It is there that their trouble of mind is best diverted. Fontenelle discourses to them on the worlds, and Galiani on political economy. The new arts, the progress of industry, excite their enthusiasm. They wish to see all, to know all. They follow courses, they frequent laboratories, they assist at experiments, they discuss systems, they read memoirs. Run after these charming young women, — they go to the Jardin des Plantes to see a theriac put together; to the Abbé Mical to hear an automaton speak; to Rouelle to witness the volatilization of the diamond; to Réveillon, there to salute Pilâtre de Rozier, before an ascension. This morning they have paid a visit to the great cactus that only blossoms once in fifty years, this afternoon they will attend experiments upon inflammable air or upon electricity. Nothing even in medicine or anatomy is without attraction for their unfettered curiosity: the Countess de Voisenon prescribes for her friends; the Countess de Coigny is only eighteen, and she dissects!

This tendency to hyper-enthusiasm is a sign of mobility; and mobility is one of the distinguishing features of the eighteenth century. It has had a result that has not been fully noted. The eighteenth century had its crisis; or if you will, its conversion. A day came when it turned against itself. The change was perhaps not very profound, but it was very marked. From having the man of nature constantly preached to them, they wished to resemble him somewhat. The men gave up the French coat and ceased to carry the sword. The women laid down their hoops, they covered their bosoms, they substituted caps for towering head-dresses, low-heeled for high-heeled shoes, linen for brocade. Simplicity was pushed to pastoralism. Their dreams took the form of idyls. They had cottages, they played at keeping dairies, they made butter. But the true name of this new cult, whose prophet was Jean-Jacques, is sensibility. They talked now only of attraction, affinity, sympathy. It is the epoch of groups in bisque, symbols: hearts on fire, altars, doves. There are chains made of hair, bracelets with portraits. Madame de Blot wears upon her neck a miniature of the church where her brother is buried. Formerly beauty was piquant, now it aspires to be "touching." Its triumph is to "leave an emotion." The feelings should be *expansive*. Every woman is ambitious to love like Julie. Every mother will raise her son like Émile. And

since it is the Genevese philosopher who has revealed to the world the gospel of sensibility, upon him most of all will that gift be lavished with which he seems all at once to have endowed French society. His handwriting is kissed : things that belonged to him are converted into relics. " There is not a truly sympathetic woman living," exclaims the most virtuous of the beauties of those days, " who would not need an extraordinary virtue to keep her from consecrating her life to Rousseau, could she be certain of being passionately loved by him ! "

All this has the semblance of passion, but little depth. It would seem, in truth, that the eighteenth century was too frivolous ever to be truly moved. And nevertheless it has been moved, it has had a passion, perhaps the most noble of all — that of humanity. Pity, in the times that precede it, appears almost as foreign to polite society as the feeling for nature. Who, in the seventeenth century, was agitated if some some poor devil of a villager was crushed by the taxes, if a Protestant was condemned to his Majesty's galleys ? Who troubled himself about the treatment of the insane, about the régime of prisons, the barbarities of the rack and the wheel ? The eighteenth century, on the contrary, is seized with an immense compassion for all sufferings. It is kindled with generous ideas ; it desires tolerance, justice, equality. Its heroes are useful men, agriculturists, benefactors of the people. It embraces all the nations in its reforms. It rises to the conception of human solidarity. It makes itself a golden age where the philosopher's theories mingle with the reveries of the mere dreamer. Every one is caught by the glorious chimera. The author of " La Pucelle " has his hours of philanthropy. Turgot finds support in the salons. Madame de Genlis speaks like Madame Roland or Madame de Staël. Utopia, a Utopia at once rational as geometry and blind as enthusiasm, — the whole of the French Revolution is there already.

The eighteenth century has received the name of the philosophical century, and with good reason if an independent spirit of inquiry is the distinguishing feature of philosophy. It rejected everything in the nature of convention and tradition. It declared an implacable war on what is called prejudice. It desired truths that stand on their own legs. It sought in man, in the mere nature of things, the foundation of the true and the good. The doctrines of this epoch are not exalted, but they have that species of vigor that the absence of partiality gives. The problem of problems, for this century, is how to live ; and to the

solution of that problem it brings only natural methods. The men of those times, to use the expression of the brothers Goncourt, "keep themselves at the height of their own heart, without aid, by their own strength. Emancipated from all dogma and system of belief, they draw their lights from the recesses of their own hearts, and their powers from the same source." There are some who "afford in this superficial century the grand spectacle of a conscience at equilibrium in the void, a spectacle forgotten of humanity since the Antonines." The Countess de Boufflers, with whom M. Sainte-Beuve has lately made us acquainted, had maxims framed and hung in her chamber; among them might be read such words as the following: "In conduct, simplicity and sense. In methods, justice and generosity. In adversity, courage and self-respect. Sacrifice all for peace of mind. When an important duty is to be fulfilled, consider perils and death only as drawbacks, not as obstacles." See what thoughts made up the daily meditations of a woman of the world. Adversity was supported with cheerful courage. Old age was accepted without pride or effort, without surprise or consternation. One detached one's self little by little, composed one's self, conformed to the changed condition, extinguished one's self discreetly, quite simply, with decorum, and so to speak with spirit. Let us take care when we speak of the eighteenth century — let us take care not to forget the trials of the emigration and the prisons of the Terror!

I have spoken of the greatness and the debasement of the epoch that the brothers Goncourt set themselves to interpret. If there is some contradiction between the two halves of the picture, I am not far from thinking that this very contradiction might well be a proof of correctness. Human judgments are true only on the condition of perpetually putting the yes by the side of the no. The truth is, one can say of the eighteenth century what our authors somewhere say of the Duchess of Mirepoix: in default of esteem it inspires sympathy. The French century above all others, it has our defects and our qualities. Endowed with more intelligence than firmness, argumentative rather than philosophic, didactic rather than moral, it has given lessons rather than examples to the world, examples rather than models. It was not entirely fixed, either in good or in evil. However low it fell, it was far from making an utter failure. Carried to extremes, it showed its strength most of all in extremity. It is an assemblage of contradictions where all happens without precedent, and it is safest to take nothing in it too literally.

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich von, a German dramatist, lyric poet, and prose writer; born at Marbach, in the duchy of Würtemberg, November 10, 1759; died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. At the age of twenty-one he became a surgeon in the army. His drama, "The Robbers," was commenced at the age of nineteen, was acted in 1782, and was put upon the stage at Mannheim in 1782. In the autumn of 1783 he was invited by Dalberg to come to Mannheim, as poet to the theatre. While there he produced his translation of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," and several other works, and began the composition of "Don Carlos," which was not, however, completed until 1786. After eighteen months at Mannheim he took up his residence for a time at Dresden. In 1788 appeared the first and only volume of his "Revolt of the United Netherlands," bringing the history down to the entrance of the Duke of Alva into Brussels, in 1567. This work procured for Schiller the appointment of Professor of History at the University of Jena, whither he removed in 1789, and where he remained for about ten years. During this period he wrote his principal prose work, the "History of the Thirty Years' War." To this period also belong most of his lyrics and ballads, and several of his dramas, including the trilogy, "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolomini," and the "Death of Wallenstein." In 1799 he removed to Weimar, where the six remaining years of his life were mainly passed. "William Tell" — the last, and by many held to be the best of his tragedies — was produced in the last year of his life. Besides his dramas, ballads, lyrics, and historical works, the minor writings of Schiller are numerous. His principal dramas are "The Robbers," "The Conspiracy of Fiesco," "Cabal and Love," "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolomini," "The Death of Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell." The "Life" of Schiller has been written by several persons; the best in the English language are by Thomas Carlyle and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

To Laura.

Laura, above this world methinks I fly,
And feel the glow of some May-lighted sky,
When thy looks beam on mine!

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

From a Painting by G. Jaeger

And my soul drinks a more ethereal air,
When mine own shape I see reflected there
In those blue eyes of thine!

A lyre sound from the Paradise afar,
A harp note trembling from some gracious star,
Seems the wild ear to fill;
And my Muse feels the Golden Shepherd hours,
When from thy lips the silver music pours
Slow, as against its will.

I see the young Loves flutter on the wing —
Move the charmed trees, as when the Thracian's string
Wild life to forests gave;
Swifter the globe's swift circle seems to fly,
When in the whirling dance thou glidest by,
Light as a happy wave.

Thy looks, when there Love's smiles their gladness wreathe,
Could life itself to lips of marble breathe,
Lend rocks a pulse divine;
Reading thine eyes, my veriest life but seems
Made up and fashioned from my wildest dreams, —
Laura, sweet Laura, mine!

The Knight Toggenburg.

"Knight, a sister's quiet love
Gives my heart to thee!
Ask me not for other love,
For it paineth me!
Calmly couldst thou greet me now,
Calmly from me go;
Calmly ever, — why dost thou
Weep in silence so?"

Sadly — not a word he said —
To the heart she wrung,
Sadly clasped he once the maid,
On his steed he sprung!
"Up, my men of Switzerland!"
Up, awake the brave!
Forth they go — the Red-Cross band —
To the Saviour's grave!

High your deeds, and great your fame,
Heroes of the tomb!
Glancing through the carnage came
Many a dauntless plume.
Terror of the Moorish foe,
Toggenburg, thou art!
But thy heart is heavy!
Oh, heavy is thy heart!

Heavy was the load his breast
For a twelvemonth bore;
Never can his trouble rest!
And he left the shore.
Lo! a ship on Joppa's strand,
Breeze and billow fair, —
On to that belovèd land
Where she breathes the air!

Knocking at the castle gate
Was the pilgrim heard;
Woe the answer from the grate!
Woe the thunder-word!
"She thou seekest lives — a Nun!
To the world she died
When, with yester-morning's sun,
Heaven received a Bride!"

From that day his father's hall
Ne'er his home may be;
Helm and hauberk, steed and all,
Evermore left he!
Where his castle-crownèd height
Frowns the valley down,
Dwells unknown the hermit knight,
In a sackcloth gown.

Rude the hut he built him there,
Where his eyes may view
Wall and cloister glisten fair
Dusky lindens through.
There when dawn was in the skies,
Till the eve-star shone,
Sate he with mute wistful eyes,
Sate he there — alone!

Looking to the cloister still,
  Looking forth afar,
Looking to her lattice till
  Clinked the lattice bar.
Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
  Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
  Meekly towards the vale.

Then the watch of day was o'er;
  Then, consoled awhile,
Down he lay, to greet once more
  Morning's early smile.
Days and years are gone, and still
  Looks he forth afar.
Uncomplaining, hoping — till
  Clinks the lattice bar;

Till — a passing glimpse allowed —
  Paused her image pale,
Calm and angel-mild, and bowed
  Meekly towards the vale.
So upon that lonely spot
  Sate he, dead at last,
With the look where life was not,
  Towards the casement cast.

The Maiden's Lament.

The wind rocks the forest,
  The clouds gather o'er;
The maiden sits lonely
  Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with the gloomy night,
  And her eyes are dim with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
  And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
  The world can impart.
Thou Holy One, call now thy child from below;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow —
  I have lived and have loved." —

"In vain, oh how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!
Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanished love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear:
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanished love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's sorrows and tears.

The Maiden from Afar.

Within a vale each infant year,
When earliest larks first carol free,
To humble shepherds doth appear
A wondrous maiden fair to see.

Not born within that lowly place;
From whence she wandered, none could tell;
Her parting footsteps left no trace,
When once the maiden sighed farewell.

And blessèd was her presence there:
Each heart, expanding, grew more gay;
Yet something loftier still than fair
Kept man's familiar looks away.

From fairy gardens known to none
She brought mysterious fruits and flowers;
The products of a brighter sun,
Of nature more benign than ours.

With each, her gifts the maiden shared, —
To some the fruits, the flowers to some:
Alike the young, the aged, fared;
Each bore a blessing back to home.

Though every guest was welcome there,
Yet some the maiden held more dear;
And culled her rarest sweets whene'er
She saw two loving hearts draw near.

Worth of Women.

Honor to Woman! To her it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of Heaven!
All blessed, she linketh the Loves in their choir, —
In the veil of her Graces her beauty concealing,
She tends on each altar that's hallowed to Feeling,
And keeps ever living the fire!

From the bounds of Truth careering,
Man's strong spirit wildly sweeps,
With each hasty impulse veering,
Down to Passion's troubled deeps.
And his heart, contented never,
Greeds to grapple with the far,
Chasing his own dream forever
On through many a distant Star!

But Woman, with looks that can charm and enchain,
Lureth back at her beck that wild truant again
By the spell of her presence beguiled;
In the home of the Mother her modest abode,
And modest the manners by Nature bestowed
On Nature's most exquisite child.

Bruised and worn, but fiercely breasting,
Foe to foe, the angry strife, —
Man the Wild One, never resting,
Roams along the troubled life:
What he planneth, still pursuing;
Vainly as the hydra bleeds,
Crest the severed crest renewing,
Wish to withered wish succeeds.

But Woman at peace with all being reposes,
And seeks from the Moment to gather the roses,
Whose sweets to her culture belong.
Ah! richer than he, though his soul reigneth o'er
The mighty dominion of Genius and Lore,
And the infinite Circle of Song.

Strong and proud and self-depending,
Man's cold bosom beats alone:
Heart with heart divinely blending
In the love that Gods have known,

Soul's sweet interchange of feeling,
Melting tears, — he never knows;
Each hard sense the hard one steeling,
Arms against a world of foes.

Alive as the wind-harp, how lightly soever
If wooed by the Zephyr, to music will quiver,
Is Woman to Hope and to Fear;
Ah, tender one! still at the shadow of grieving,
How quiver the chords — how thy bosom is heaving;
How trembles thy glance through the tear!

Man's dominion, war and labor,
Might to right the Statute gave;
Laws are in the Scythian's sabre;
Where the Mede reigned, see the Slave!
Peace and Meekness grimly routing,
Prowls the War lust, rude and wild;
Eris rages, hoarsely shouting,
Where the vanished Graces smiled.

But Woman, the Soft One, persuasively prayeth;
Of the mild realm of manners the sceptre she swayeth;
She lulls, as she looks from above,
The Discord whose hell for its victims is gaping,
And blending awhile the forever-escaping,
Whispers Hate to the Image of Love.

Riddles.

I.

THE RAINBOW.

From pearls her lofty bridge she weaves,
A gray sea arching proudly over;
A moment's toil the work achieves,
And on the height behold her hover!

Beneath that arch securely go
The tallest barks that ride the seas;
No burthen e'er the bridge may know,
And as thou seek'st to near — it flees!

First with the floods it came, to fade
As rolled the waters from the land;
Say where that wondrous arch is made,
And whose the artist's plastic hand?

II.

THE MOON AND STARS.

O'er a spacious pasture go
  Sheep in thousands, silver-white;
As to-day we see them, so
  In the oldest grandsire's sight.

They drink, never waxing old,
  Life from an unfailing brook;
There's a shepherd to their fold,
  With a silver-hornèd crook.

From a gate of gold let out,
  Night by night he counts them over;
Wide the field they rove about,
  Never hath he lost a rover.

True the *Dog* that helps to lead them,
  One gay *Ram* in front we see:
What the flock, and who doth heed them,
  Sheep and shepherd, — tell to me?

The Power of Song.

A rain-flood from the mountain riven,
  It leaps in thunder forth to-day;
Before its rush the crags are driven,
  The oaks uprooted whirled away!
Awed — yet in awe all wildly gladdening —
  The startled wanderer halts below;
He hears the rock-born waters maddening,
  Nor wits the source from whence they go:
So, from their high, mysterious founts, along,
Stream on the silenced world the waves of song!

Knit with the threads of life forever,
  By those dread powers that weave the woof, —
Whose art the singer's spell can sever?
  Whose breast has mail to music proof?
Lo, to the bard a wand of wonder
  The herald of the gods has given;
He sinks the soul the death-realm under,
  Or lifts it breathless up to heaven, —
Half sport, half earnest, rocking its devotion
Upon the tremulous ladder of emotion.

As when in hours the least unclouded,
Portentous, strides upon the scene
Some fate before from wisdom shrouded,
And awes the startled souls of men, —
Before that stranger from *another*,
Behold how *this* world's great ones bow;
Mean joys their idle clamor smother,
The mask is vanished from the brow:
And from truth's sudden, solemn flag unfurled
Fly all the craven falsehoods of the world!

So Song — like Fate itself — is given
To scare the idler thoughts away,
To lift the earthly up to heaven,
To wake the spirit from the clay!
One with the gods the bard: before him
All things unclean and earthly fly;
Hushed are all meaner powers, and o'er him
The dark fate swoops unharming by:
And while the soother's magic measures flow,
Smoothed every wrinkle on the brows of woe!

Even as a child, that after pining
For the sweet absent mother, hears
Her voice, and round her neck entwining
Young arms, vents all its soul in tears:
So by harsh custom far estranged,
Along the glad and guileless track,
To childhood's happy home unchanged
The swift song wafts the wanderer back. —
Snatched from the cold and formal world, and prest
By the great mother to her glowing breast!

Hymn to Joy.

Spark from the fire that gods have fed —
Joy — thou elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One! thy holy shrine.
Strong custom rends us from each other,
Thy magic altogether brings;
And man in man but hails a brother,
Wherever rest thy gentle wings.

Chorus — Embrace, ye millions — let this kiss,
Brothers, embrace the earth below!
Yon starry worlds that shine on this,
One common Father know!

He who this lot from fate can grasp, —
Of one true friend the friend to be,
He who one faithful maid can clasp, —
Shall hold with us his jubilee;
Yes, each who but one single heart
In all the earth can claim his own!
Let him who cannot, stand apart,
And weep beyond the pale, alone!

Chorus — Homage to holy Sympathy,
Ye dwellers in our mighty ring;
Up to yon star pavilions — she
Leads to the Unknown King!

All being drinks the mother dew
Of joy from Nature's holy bosom;
And Vice and Worth alike pursue
Her steps that strew the blossom.
Joy in each link: to *us* the treasure
Of Wine and Love; beneath the sod,
The worm has instincts fraught with pleasure;
In heaven the Cherub looks on God!

Chorus — Why bow ye down — why down — ye millions?
O World, thy Maker's throne to see,
Look upward — search the star pavilions:
There must his mansion be!

Joy is the mainspring in the whole
Of endless Nature's calm rotation;
Joy moves the dazzling wheels that roll
In the great Timepiece of Creation;
Joy breathes on buds, and flowers they are;
Joy beckons — suns come forth from heaven;
Joy rolls the spheres in realms afar, —
Ne'er to thy glass, dim Wisdom, given!

Chorus — Joyous as suns careering gay
Along their paths on high,
March, brothers, march your dauntless way,
As chiefs to victory!

Joy from Truth's pure and lambent fires,
Smiles out upon the ardent seeker;
Joy leads to virtue man's desires,
And cheers as Suffering's step grows weaker.

High from the sunny slopes of Faith,
The gales her waving banners buoy;
And through the shattered vaults of Death,
Lo, 'mid the choral Angels — Joy!

Chorus — Bear this life, millions, bravely bear —
Bear this life for the better one!
See the stars! a life is there,
Where the reward is won.

Men like the Gods themselves may be,
Though men may not the Gods requite;
Go soothe the pangs of Misery,
Go share the gladness with delight.
Revenge and hatred both forgot,
Have naught but pardon for thy foe;
May sharp repentance grieve him not,
No curse one tear of ours bestow!

Chorus — Let all the world be peace and love,
Cancel thy debt-book with thy brother;
For God shall judge of *us* above,
As we shall judge each other!

Joy sparkles to us from the bowl:
Behold the juice whose golden color
To meekness melts the savage soul,
And gives Despair a hero's valor.
Up, brothers! Lo, we crown the cup!
Lo, the wine flashes to the brim!
Let the bright fount spring heavenward! Up!
To the Good Spirit this glass! *To him!*

Chorus — Praised by the ever-whirling ring
Of stars, and tuneful Seraphim, —
To the Good Spirit, the Father-King
In heaven! This glass to him!

Firm mind to bear what fate bestows;
Comfort to tears in sinless eyes;
Faith kept alike with friends and foes;
Man's oath eternal as the skies;
Manhood, — the thrones of Kings to girth,
Though bought by life or limb the prize;
Success to merit's honest worth;
Perdition to the brood of lies!

Chorus — Draw closer in the holy ring;
Swear by the wine-cup's golden river,
Swear by the stars, and by their King,
To keep this vow forever.

The Gods of Greece.

Ye in the age gone by,
Who ruled the world — a world how lovely then!
And guided still the steps of happy men
In the light-leading strings of careless joy!
Ah, flourished then your service of delight!
How different, oh how different, in the day
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,
O Venus Amathusia!

Then, through a veil of dreams
Woven by song, truth's youthful beauty glowed,
And life's redundant and rejoicing streams
Gave to the soulless, soul — where'er they flowed.
Man gifted Nature with divinity
To lift and link her to the breast of love;
All things betrayed to the initiate eye
The track of gods above!

Where lifeless — fixed afar —
A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,
Phœbus Apollo in his golden car
In silent glory swept the fields of heaven!
On yonder hill the Oread was adored;
In yonder tree the Dryad held her home;
And from her urn the gentle Naiad poured
The wavelet's silver foam.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed;
Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell;
Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,
And through those groves wailed the sweet Philomel,
The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —
Shed for Proserpina to Hades born;
And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill
Heard Cytherea mourn!

Heaven's shapes were charmed unto
The mortal race of old Deucalion:
Pyrrha's fair daughter humanly to woo,
Came down, in shepherd's guise, Latona's son;

Between men, heroes, gods, harmonious then,
Love wove sweet links and sympathies divine,
Blest Amathusia, — heroes, gods, and men,
Equals before thy shrine!

Not to that culture gay,
Stern self-denial or sharp penance wan!
Well might each heart be happy in that day,
For gods, the happy ones, were kin to man!
The beautiful alone the holy there!
No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race;
So that the chaste Camenæ favoring were,
And the subduing Grace!

A palace every shrine;
Your very sports heroic; — yours the crown
Of contests hallowed to a power divine,
As rushed the chariots thundering to renown.
Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,
Moved your melodious dance inspired; and fair
Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed
Sweet leaves round odorous hair!

The lively Thyrsus-swinger,
And the wild car the exulting panthers bore,
Announced the presence of the rapture-bringer;
Bounded the satyr and blithe faun before;
And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,
Hymned in their madding dance the glorious wine,
As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl
The ruddy host divine!

Before the bed of death
No ghastly spectre stood; but from the porch
Of life — the lip — one kiss inhaled the breath,
And the mute graceful genius lowered a torch.
The judgment balance of the realms below,
A judge himself of mortal lineage held;
The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe,
Were moved and music-spelled.

In the Elysian grove
The shades renewed the pleasures life held dear:
The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,
And rushed along the meads the charioteer;

There Linus poured the old accustomed strain;
Admetus there Alcestis still could greet; won
Orestes hath his faithful friend again,
His arrows Pœas's son.

More glorious then the meeds
That in their strife with labor nerved the brave,
To the great doer of renownèd deeds,
The Hebe and the heaven the Thunderer gave,
Before the rescued rescuer of the dead,
Bowed down the silent and immortal host;
And the twin stars their guiding lustre shed
On the bark tempest-tost!

Art thou, fair world, no more?
Return, thou virgin bloom on nature's face; —
Ah, only on the minstrel's magic shore,
Can we the footstep of sweet fable trace!
The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life;
Vainly we search the earth, of gods bereft;
Where once the warm and living shapes were rife,
Shadows alone are left!

Song of the Bell.

Fastened deep in firmest earth
Stands the mould of well-burnt clay,
Now we'll give the bell its birth.
Quick, my friends, without delay!
From the heated brow
Sweat must freely flow
If to your Master praise be given;
But the blessing comes from heaven. . . .

With splinters of the driest pine
Now feed the fire below,
Then the rising flame shall shine,
And the melting ore shall flow.
Boils the melting brass within,
Quickly add the tin,
That the thick, metallic mass
Rightly to the mould shall pass.

What with the aid of fire's dread power,
We in the dark, deep pit now hide,
Shall on some lofty, sacred tower
Tell of our skill, and form our pride;
And it shall last to days remote;
Shall thrill the ear of many a race;
Shall sound with sonorous, mournful note,
And call to pure devotion's grace.
Whatever to the sons of earth
Their changing destiny brings down,
To the deep, solemn clang gives birth
That rings from out the metal crown. . . .

Now we may begin to cast.
All is right and well prepared;
Yet, ere the anxious moment 's past,
A pious hope by all be shared.
Strike the stopper clear;
God preserve us here!
Sparkling to the rounded mould
It rushes hot, like liquid gold.
How useful is the power of flame
If human skill control and tame;
And much of all that man can boast,
Without that child of Heaven were lost.
But frightful is her changing mien
When bursting from her bonds, she 's seen
To quit the safe and quiet hearth,
And wander lawless o'er the earth.
Woe to those whom then she meets!
Against her fury who can stand?
Along the thickly peopled streets
She madly hurls her fearful brand.
Then the elements, with joy,
Man's best handiwork destroy.
From the clouds
Falls amain
The blessed rain:
From the clouds alike
Lightnings strike.
Ringing loud, the fearful knell
Sounds the bell;
Dark, blood-red
Are all the skies;
But no dawning light is spread.

What wild cries
From the street arise!
Smoke dims the eyes.
Thicker mounts the fiery glow
Along the street's extended row;
Fast as the fiercest winds can blow;
Bright, as with a furnace glare,
And scorching is the heated air,
Beams are falling, children crying,
Windows breaking, mothers flying,
Creatures many, crushed and dying;
All is uproar, hurry, flight;
And light as day the dreadful night.
Along the eager, living lane —
Though all in vain —
Speeds the bucket; the engine's power
Sends the artificial shower.
But see, the heavens threatening lower!
The winds rush roaring to the flame,
Cinders on the storehouse-frame
And the driest stores fall thick;
While kindling, blazing, mounting quick,
As though it would, at one fell sweep,
All that on earth is found
Scatter wide in ruin round.
Swells the flame to heaven's blue deep,
With giant size.
Hope now dies:
Man must yield to Heaven's decrees:
Submissive, yet appalled, he sees
His fairest works in ashes sleep. . . .

To the earth it 's now committed;
With success the mould is filled.
To skill and care alone 's permitted
A perfect work with love to build.
Is the casting right?
Is the mould yet tight?
Ah! while now with hope we wait
Mischance, perhaps, attends its fate.

To the dark lap of Mother Earth
We now confide what we have made;
As in earth, too, the seed is laid,
In hope the seasons will give birth
To fruits that soon may be displayed.

And yet more precious seed we sow
With sorrow in the world's wide field;
And hope, though in the grave laid low,
A flower of heavenly hue 't will yield.

Till the Bell is safely cold
May our heavy labors rest;
Free as the bird, by none controlled,
Each may do what pleases best.
With approaching night
Twinkling stars are bright.
Vespers call the boys to play;
The Master's toils end not with day.

Now break up the useless mould,
Its only purpose is fulfilled.
May our eyes, well pleased, behold
A work to prove us not unskilled.
Wield the hammer well
Till the frame shall yield!
That the Bell to light may rise,
The form in thousand fragments flies. . . .

God has given us joy to-night!
See, how like the golden grain
From the husk, all smooth and bright,
The shining metal now is ta'en.
From lip to well-formed rim,
Not a spot is dim:
E'en the motto, neatly raised,
Shows a skill may well be praised.

Around, around,
Companions all, take your ground,
And name the bell with joy profound!
Concordia is the word we've found
Most meet to express the harmonious sound
That calls to those in friendship bound.

Be this henceforth the destined end
To which the finished work we send
High over every meaner thing,
In the blue canopy of heaven,
Near to the thunder let it swing,
A neighbor to the stars be given.

Let its clear voice above proclaim,
  With brightest troops of distant suns,
The praise of our Creator's name,
  While round each circling season runs.
To solemn thoughts of heartfelt power
  Let its deep note full oft invite,
And tell, with every passing hour,
  Of hastening time's unceasing flight.
Still let it mark the course of fate;
  Its cold, unsympathizing voice
Attend on every changing state
  Of human passions, griefs, and joys.
And as the mighty sound it gives
  Dies gently on the listening ear,
We feel how quickly all that lives
  Must change, and fade, and disappear.

Now, lads, join your strength around!
  Lift the bell to upper air!
And in the kingdom wide of sound
  Once placed, we 'll leave it there.
    All together! heave!
    Its birthplace see it leave!—
Joy to all within its bound!
Peace its first, its latest sound!

Haste not — Rest not.

Without haste, without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom —
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not: Let no reckless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
Ponder well, and know the right;
Forward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not: Years cannot atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not: Time is sweeping by;
Do and dare before thou die.

Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer Time;
Glorious 't is to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not — rest not: Calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate;
Duty be thy polar guide;
Do the right, whate'er betide.
Haste not — rest not: Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

The Division of the Earth.

"Take the world!" Zeus exclaim'd from his throne in the skies
To the children of man — "take the world I now give;
It shall ever remain as your heirloom and prize.
So divide it as brothers, and happily live."

Then all who had hands sought their share to obtain,
The young and the agèd made haste to appear;
The husbandman seiz'd on the fruits of the plain,
The youth thro' the forest pursued the fleet deer.

The merchant took all that his warehouse could hold,
The abbot selected the last year's best wine,
The king barr'd the bridges, the highways controll'd,
And said, "Now remember, the tithes shall be mine!"

But when the division long settled had been,
The poet drew nigh from a far distant land;
But alas! not a remnant was now to be seen,
Each thing on the earth own'd a master's command.

"Alas! shall then I, of thy sons the most true —
Shall I, 'mongst them all, be forgotten alone?"
Thus loudly he cried in his anguish, and threw
Himself in despair before Jupiter's throne.

"If thou in the region of dreams didst delay,
Complain not of me," the Immortal replied;
"When the world was apportioned, where then wert thou, pray?"
"I was," said the poet, "I was by thy side!

"Mine eye was then fixed on thy features so bright,
Mine ear was entranced by thy harmony's power;
Oh, pardon the spirit that, aw'd by thy light,
All things of the earth could forget in that hour!"

"What to do?" Zeus exclaim'd — "for the world has been given;
The harvest, the market, the chase, are not free;
But if thou with me wilt abide in my heaven,
Whenever thou com'st 't will be open to thee!"

The Longing.

From this valley's lowly plain,
Where but chilly mists I see,
Could I but the pathway gain,
Oh, how happy I should be!
Lovely mountains greet mine eye,
Ever verdant, young and fair,
To the mountains I would fly
Had I wings to cleave the air.

In my ear sweet music rings,
Tones of Heaven's lulled repose;
Borne upon the zephyr's wings
Balmy odor round me flows.
Golden glows the fruit so fair,
Nodding on the dark green spray,
And the flowers blooming there
Winter marks not for his prey.

To the sun's eternal light
Ah, how sweet it were to flee!
And the air on yonder height
How refreshing must it be!
But a torrent bars my way,
Angrily its billows roll,
And the menace of its spray
With a shudder fills my soul.

Lo! a boat reels to and fro,
But, alas, the pilot fails!
Bold and fearless in it go!
Life breathes on its swelling sails.
Gods ne'er give a pledge to man.
Strong in faith, then, thou must dare;
Thee naught but a wonder can
To the Land of Wonders bear.

KARL WILHELM FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL.

Schlegel, Karl Wilhelm Friedrich, a German historian and critic; born at Hanover, March 10, 1772; died at Dresden, January 12, 1829. He studied at Göttingen and Leipsic, and in 1797 published "The Greeks and Romans," followed the next year by his "History of the Poetry of the Greeks and Romans." He afterward went to Jena, became a private teacher, lectured upon philosophy, and edited the "Athenæum." From Jena he went to Dresden, and thence to Paris, where he edited "Europa," a monthly journal, and studied Sanskrit and the languages of Southern Europe. In 1808 he became a Roman Catholic and went to Vienna. Here he lectured and wrote history, philosophy, and the history of literature. His works, other than historical, include "Lucinda," an early novel of questionable character; "Alarcos," a tragedy; and numerous "Essays" and "Poems." Most of his writings have been translated into English; among these are "Lectures on Modern History" (1811), translated by Purcell; "Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern" (1815), translated by Lockhart; "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and the Philosophy of Language" (1828), translated by Morrison; "Lectures on the Philosophy of History" (1829), translated by Robertson; "Æsthetic and Miscellaneous Works," translated by Millington.

Bacon and his Philosophy.

The sixteenth century was the age of ferment and of strife, and it was not until the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the rivival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the

schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction; intellectual culture — nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally — assumed new shape and complexion.

The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess, — namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope, while they rejected with cool contempt as fanaticism every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all: "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world are, most of all, stamped with the characteristics of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling, as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature which, during the eighteenth century, was transported from France to Germany, like some dark offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system.

The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure: "They held nature to constitute an image of Divinity,

whereas it is in conformity with truth, as well as Christianity, to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as His handiwork."

In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes — as may be seen from the general results attributed to it — no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to the Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions; but, in the literal sense of the Bible, that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork — if comprehended in all its profundity — will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relation of the sensible and supersensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word — Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other — to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity.

But a right appreciation of the difference between nature and God is the most important point, both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above; the reprehensible nature-worship of some, who do not distinguish between the Creator and His works — God and the world; or, on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between the opposite errors — that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature — is that involved in a sense of intimate connection, of our immeasurable superiority morally, and to a proper awe of those of

her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent awe, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them and the purpose they are designed to accomplish.

Spenser and Shakespeare.

(From "Lectures on the History of Literature.")

The chivalrous poem of Spenser, the "Fairy Queen," presents us with a complete view of the spirit of romance which yet lingered in England among the subjects of Elizabeth; that maiden queen who saw herself, with no ordinary delight, deified while yet alive by such playful fancies of mythology and the Muse. Spenser is a perfect master of the picturesque: in his lyrical pieces there breathes all the tenderness of the idyl, the very spirit of the Troubadours. Not only in the species and manner of his poetry, but even in his language, he bears the most striking resemblance to our old German poets of love and chivalry. The history of the English literature was indeed quite the reverse of ours. Chaucer is not unlike our poets of the sixteenth century; but Spenser is the near kinsman of the tender and melodious poets of our older time. In every language which is, like the English, the product of the blending of two different dialects, there must always be two ideals, according as the poet shall lean more to the one or the other of the elements whereof his language is composed. Of all the English poets the most Teutonic is Spenser; while Milton, on the contrary, has an evident partiality to the Latin part of the English tongue. The only unfortunate part of Spenser's poetry is its form. The allegory which he has selected and made the groundwork of his chief poem is not one of that lively kind which prevails in the elder chivalrous fictions, wherein the idea of a spiritual hero, and the mysteries of his higher vocation, are concealed under the likeness of external adventures and tangible events. It is only a dead allegory, a mere classification of all the virtues of an ethical system; in short, such a one that but for the proper names of the personages, we should never suspect any part of their history to contain "more than meets the ear."

The admiration with which Shakespeare regarded Spenser, and the care with which he imitated him in his lyrical and idyllic poems, are circumstances of themselves sufficient to make us study, with the liveliest interest, the poem of the "Fairy Queen."

It is in these minor pieces of Shakespeare that we are first introduced to a personal knowledge of the great poet and his feelings. When he wrote sonnets, it seems as if he had considered himself as more a poet than when he wrote plays: he was the manager of a theatre, and he viewed the drama as his business; on it he exerted all his intellect and power: but when he had feelings intense and secret to express, he had recourse to a form of writing with which his habits had rendered him less familiar. It is strange but delightful to scrutinize, in his short effusions, the character of Shakespeare. In them we see that he who stood like a magician about the world, penetrating with one glance into all the depths and mysteries and perplexities of human character, and having power to call up into open day the darkest workings of human passions, — that this great being was not deprived of any portion of his human sympathies by the elevation to which he was raised, but preserved amidst all his stern functions a heart overflowing with tenderness, purity, and love. His feelings are intense, profound, acute, almost to selfishness; but he expresses them so briefly and modestly as to form a strange contrast with most of those poets who write concerning themselves. For the right understanding of his dramatic works, these lyrics are of the greatest importance. They show us that in his dramas he very seldom speaks according to his own feelings or his own thoughts, but according to his knowledge. The world lay clear and distinct before his eyes, but between him and it there was a deep gulf fixed. He gives us a portrait of what he saw, without flattery or ornament, having the charm of unrivalled accuracy and truth. Were understanding, acuteness, and profoundness of thought (in so far as these are necessary for the characterizing of human life), to be considered as the first qualities of a poet, there is none worthy to be compared with Shakespeare. Other poets have endeavored to transport us, at least for a few moments, into another and an ideal condition of mankind. But Shakespeare is the master of reality; he sets before us, with a truth that is often painful, man in his degraded state, in this corruption which penetrates and contaminates all his being, all that he does and suffers, all the thoughts and aspirations of his fallen spirit. In this respect he may not unfrequently be said to be a satirical poet; and well indeed may the picture which he presents of human debasement, and the enigma of our being, be calculated to produce an effect far more deep and abiding than the whole body of splenetic and passionate

revilers whom we commonly call by the name of satiric poets. In the midst of all the bitterness of Shakespeare we perceive continual glimpses of thoughts and recollections more pure than satirists partake in: meditation on the original height and elevation of man; the peculiar tenderness and noble-minded sentiment of a poet. The dark world of his representation is illuminated with the most beautiful rays of patriotic inspiration, serene philanthropy, and glowing love.

But even the youthful glow of love appears in his Romeo as the mere inspiration of death; and is mingled with the same sceptical and melancholy views of life which in Hamlet give to all our being an appearance of more than natural discord and perplexity, and which in Lear carry sorrow and passion into the utmost misery of madness. This poet, who externally seems to be most calm and temperate, clear and lively; with whom intellect seems everywhere to preponderate; who, as we at first imagine, regards and represents everything almost with coldness, — is found, if we examine into the internal feelings of his spirit, to be above all others the most deeply sorrowful and tragic.

Shakespeare regarded the drama as entirely a thing for the people, and at first treated it throughout as such. He took the popular comedy as he found it; and whatever enlargements and improvements he introduced into the stage were all calculated and conceived according to the peculiar spirit of his predecessors and of the audience in London. Even in the earliest of his tragic attempts, he takes possession of the whole superstitions of the vulgar; and mingles in his poetry not only the gigantic greatness of their rude traditions, but also the fearful, the horrible, and the revolting. All these, again, are blended with such representations and views of human debasement as passed, or still pass, with common spectators for wit; but were connected in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy. He was not in knowledge, far less in art, such as since the time of Milton it has been usual to represent him. But I believe that the inmost feelings of his heart, the depths of his peculiar, concentrated, and solitary spirit, could be agitated only by the mournful voice of nature. The feeling by which he seems to have been most connected with ordinary men is that of nationality. He has represented the heroic and glorious period of English history, during the conquests in France, in a series of dramatic pieces which possess all the simplicity and liveliness

of the ancient chronicles, but approach in their ruling spirit of patriotism and glory to the most dignified and effective productions of the epic Muse.

In the works of Shakespeare a whole world is unfolded. He who has once comprehended this, and been penetrated with its spirit, will not easily allow the effect to be diminished by the form, or listen to the cavils of those who are incapable of understanding the import of what they would criticise. The form of Shakespeare's writings will rather appear to him good and excellent because in it his spirit is expressed and clothed, as it were, in a convenient garment. The poetry of Shakespeare is near of kin to the spirit of the Germans; and he is more felt and beloved by them than any other foreign — I had almost said than any vernacular — poet. Even in England, the understanding of Shakespeare is rendered considerably more difficult in consequence of the resemblance which many very inferior writers bear to him in those points which come most immediately before the eye. In Germany we admire Shakespeare and are free from this disadvantage; but we should beware of adopting either the form or the sentiment of this great poet's writings as the exclusive model of our own. They are indeed, in themselves, most highly poetical; but they are far from being the only poetical ones, and the dramatic art may attain perfection in many other ways besides the Shakespearean.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

Schneckenburger, Max, a German verse-writer, author of "The Watch on the Rhine;" born at Thalheim, February 17, 1819; died at Burgdorf, near Bern, May 3, 1849. In the Franco-Prussian war "The Watch on the Rhine" attained the rank of a national song and melody; and when the war was over, an annual pension of 3000 marks ($750) was settled on his surviving family, and also on the composer of the melody, Karl Wilhelm.

The Watch on the Rhine.

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel: —
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

Chorus.

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They 'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand, —
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

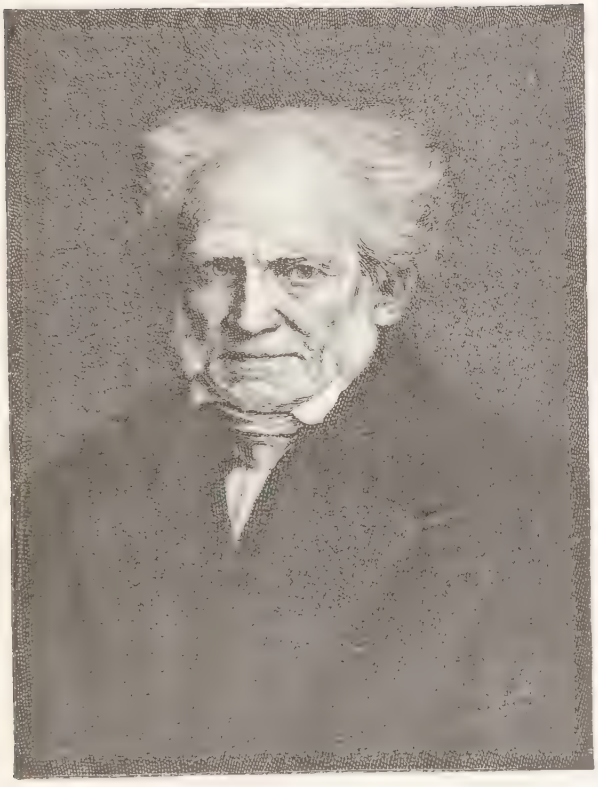
ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

Schopenhauer, Arthur, a celebrated German philosopher; born at Dantzic, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort, September 21, 1860. While a youth he spent some months at an English school; then studied at Göttingen and Berlin; resided awhile at Weimar. His first work was "On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" (1813). After travelling in Italy he returned to Berlin; then, about 1831, he took up his residence at Frankfort, where for his last thirty years he led the life of a gloomy recluse. His principal work, "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" (The World considered as Will and Idea) (1819), was written before he was thirty. He published nothing more for sixteen years, after which he wrote "The Will in Nature" (1836); "The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics" (1841); "Parerga and Paralipomena" (1851), a collection of his minor writings. His "MS. Remains," and his "Correspondence with Johann August Becker," appeared posthumously in 1883.

The Vanity of Life.

(From "The World as Will and Idea.")

As far as the life of the individual is concerned, every biography is the history of suffering; for every life is, as a rule, a continual series of great and small misfortunes, which each one conceals as much as possible because he knows that others can seldom feel sympathy or compassion, but almost always satisfaction at the sight of the woes from which they are themselves for the moment exempt. But perhaps at the end of life, if a man is sincere and in full possession of his faculties, he will never wish to have it to live over again; but rather than this, he will much prefer absolute annihilation. The essential content of the famous soliloquy in "Hamlet" is briefly this: Our state is so wretched that absolute annihilation would be decidedly preferable. If suicide really offered us this, — so that the alternative "to be or not to be," in the full sense of the word, was placed before us, — then it would be unconditionally to be chosen as "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But there



SCHOPENHAUER

is something in us which tells us that this is not the case; suicide is not the end; death is not absolute annihilation. In like manner, what was said by the Father of History has not since him been contradicted, — that no man has ever lived who has not wished more than once that he had not to live the following day. According to this, the brevity of life, which is so constantly lamented, may be the best quality it possesses.

If, finally, we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror: and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution, if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and finally allow him to glance into Ugolino's dungeon of starvation, — he too would understand at last the nature of this "best of possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials for his hell, but from this our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell of it. And when, on the other hand, he came to the task of describing heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him; for our world affords no materials at all for this. Therefore there remained nothing for him to do, but, instead of describing the joys of Paradise, to repeat to us the instruction given him there by his ancestor, by Beatrice, and by various saints.

But from this it is sufficiently clear what manner of world it is. Certainly human life, like all bad ware, is covered over with a false lustre. What suffers always conceals itself. On the other hand, whatever pomp or splendor any one can get, he openly makes a show of: and the more his inner contentment deserts him, the more he desires to exist as fortunate in the opinion of others, — to such an extent does folly go; and the opinion of others is a chief aim of the efforts of every one, although the utter nothingness of it is expressed in the fact that in almost all languages vanity, *vanitas*, originally signifies emptiness and nothingness. But under all this false show, the miseries of life can so increase — and this happens every day — that the death which hitherto has been feared above all things is eagerly seized upon. Indeed, if fate will show its whole malice, even this refuge is denied to the sufferer; and in the hands of enraged enemies, he may remain exposed to terrible and slow

tortures without remedy. In vain the sufferer then calls on his gods for help: he remains exposed to his fate without grace.

But this irremediableness is only the mirror of the invincible nature of his will, of which his person is the objectivity. As little as an external power can change or suppress this will, so little can a foreign power deliver it from the miseries which proceed from the life which is the phenomenal appearance of that will. In the principal matter, as in everything else, a man is always thrown back upon himself. In vain does he make to himself gods, in order to get from them by prayers and flattery what can only be accomplished by his own will-power. The Old Testament made the world and man the work of a god; but the New Testament saw that in order to teach that holiness, and salvation from the sorrows of this world, can only come from the world itself, it was necessary that this god should become man. It is and remains the will of man upon which everything depends for him. Fanatics, martyrs, saints of every faith and name, have voluntarily and gladly endured every torture, because in them the will to live had suppressed itself; and then even the slow destruction of its phenomenon was welcome to them. But I do not wish to anticipate the later exposition. For the rest, I cannot here avoid the statement that to me, optimism, when it is not merely the thoughtless talk of such as harbor nothing but words under their low foreheads, appears not merely as an absurd, but also as a really wicked way of thinking; as a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity. Let no one think that Christianity is favorable to optimism; for on the contrary, in the Gospels, "world" and "evil" are used as almost synonymous. . . .

All suffering, since it is a mortification and a call to resignation, has potentially a sanctifying power. This is the explanation of the fact that every great misfortune or deep pain inspires a certain awe. But the sufferer only really becomes an object of reverence, when, surveying the course of his life as a chain of sorrows, or mourning some great and incurable misfortune, he does not really look at the special combination of circumstances which has plunged his own life into suffering, nor stop at the single great misfortune that has befallen him: — for in so doing, his knowledge still follows the principle of sufficient reason, and clings to the particular phenomenon; he still wills life, only not under the conditions which have happened to him; — but only then, I say, is he truly worthy of reverence when he raises his

glance from the particular to the universal, when he regards his suffering as merely an example of the whole, and for him — since in a moral regard he partakes of genius — one case stands for a thousand; so that the whole of life, conceived as essentially suffering, brings him to resignation. Therefore it inspires reverence, when in Goethe's "Torquato Tasso" the princess speaks of how her own life and that of her relations has always been sad and joyless, and yet regards the matter from an entirely universal point of view.

A very noble character we always imagine with a certain trace of quiet sadness, which is anything but a constant fretfulness at daily annoyances (this would be an ignoble trait, and lead us to fear a bad disposition), but is a consciousness derived from knowledge of the vanity of all possessions, — of the suffering of all life, not merely of his own. But such knowledge may primarily be awakened by the personal experience of suffering, especially some one great sorrow; as a single unfulfilled wish brought Petrarch to that state of resigned sadness concerning the whole of life which appeals to us so pathetically in his works, — for the Daphne he pursued had to flee from his hands in order to leave him, instead of herself, the immortal laurel. When through some such great and irrevocable denial of fate the will is to some extent broken, almost nothing else is desired; and the character shows itself mild, just, noble, and resigned. Finally, when grief has no definite object, but extends itself over the whole of life, then it is to a certain extent a going into itself; a withdrawal, a gradual disappearance of the will, whose visible manifestation, the body, it imperceptibly but surely undermines, — so that a man feels a certain loosening of his bonds, a mild foretaste of that death which promises to be the abolition at once of the body and of the will. Therefore a secret pleasure accompanies this grief; and it is this, as I believe, which the most melancholy of all nations has called "the joy of grief." But here also lies the danger of *sentimentality*, both in life itself and in the representation of it in poetry; when a man is always mourning and lamenting without courageously rising to resignation. In this way we lose both earth and heaven, and retain merely a watery sentimentality. Only if suffering assumes the form of pure knowledge — and this, acting as a *quieter of the will*, brings about resignation — is it worthy of reverence.

In this regard, however, we feel a certain respect at the sight of every great sufferer, which is akin to the feeling excited by

virtue and nobility of character, and also seems like a reproach of our own happy condition. We cannot help regarding every sorrow — both our own and those of others — as at least a potential advance towards virtue and holiness; and on the contrary, pleasures and worldly satisfactions as a retrogression from them. This goes so far that every man who endures a great bodily or mental suffering, — indeed, every one who merely performs some physical labor which demands the greatest exertion, in the sweat of his brow and with evident exhaustion, yet with patience and without murmuring, — every such man, I say, if we consider him with close attention, appears to us like a sick man who tries a painful cure; and who willingly, and even with satisfaction, endures the suffering it causes him, because he knows that the more he suffers the more the cause of his disease is affected, and that therefore the present suffering is the measure of his cure.

According to what has been said, the denial of the will to live — which is just what is called absolute, entire resignation, or holiness — always proceeds from that quieter of the will which the knowledge of its inner conflict and essential vanity, expressing themselves in the suffering of all living things, becomes. The difference — which we have represented as two paths — consists in whether that knowledge is called up by suffering which is merely and purely *known*, and is freely appropriated by means of the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, or by suffering which is directly *felt* by a man himself. True salvation — deliverance from life and suffering — cannot even be imagined without complete denial of the will. Till then, every one is simply this will itself; whose manifestation is an ephemeral existence, a constantly vain and empty striving, and the world full of suffering we have represented, to which all irrevocably and in like manner belong. For we found above that life is always assured to the will to live; and its one real form is the present, from which they can never escape, since birth and death reign in the phenomenal world. The Indian mythus expresses this by saying "they are born again." The great ethical difference of character means this: that the bad man is infinitely far from the attainment of the knowledge from which the denial of the will proceeds, and therefore he is in truth *actually* exposed to all the miseries which appear in life as *possible;* for even the present fortunate condition of his personality is merely a phenomenon produced by the *principium*

individuationis, and a delusion of Maya, — the happy dream of a beggar. The sufferings which in the vehemence and ardor of his will he inflicts upon others are the measure of the suffering, the experience of which in his own person cannot break his will, and plainly lead it to the denial of itself. All true and pure love, on the other hand, and even all free justice, proceed from the penetration of the *principium individuationis*, which, if it appears with its full power, results in perfect sanctification and salvation, the phenomenon of which is the state of resignation described above, the unbroken peace which accompanies it, and the greatest delight in death.

If, however, it should be absolutely insisted upon that in some way or other a positive knowledge should be attained of that which philosophy can only express negatively as the denial of the will, there would be nothing for it but to refer to that state which all those who have attained to complete denial of the will have experienced, and which has been variously denoted by the names ecstasy, rapture, illumination, union with God, and so forth; a state, however, which cannot properly be called knowledge, because it has not the form of subject and object, and is moreover only attainable in one's own experience and cannot be further communicated.

We, however, who consistently occupy the standpoint of philosophy, must be satisfied here with negative knowledge, — content to have reached the utmost limit of the positive. We have recognized the inmost nature of the world as will, and all its phenomena as only the objectivity of will; and we have followed this objectivity from the unconscious working of obscure forces of nature up to the completely conscious action of man. Therefore we shall by no means evade the consequence, that with the free denial, the surrender of the will, all those phenomena are also abolished: that constant strain and effort, without end and without rest, at all the grades of objectivity in which and through which the world consists; the multifarious forms succeeding each other in graduation; the whole manifestation of the will; and finally also the universal forms of this manifestation, time and space, and also its last fundamental form, subject and object, — all are abolished. No will no idea — no world.

Before us there is certainly only nothingness. But that which resists this passing into nothing — our nature — is indeed just the will to live which we ourselves are, as it is our world. That we abhor annihilation so greatly, is simply another ex-

pression of the fact that we so strenuously will life, and are nothing but this will, and know nothing besides it. But if we turn our glance from our own needy and embarrassed condition to those who have overcome the world; in whom the will, having attained to perfect self-knowledge, found itself again in all, and then freely denied itself, and who then merely wait to see the last trace of it vanish with the body which it animates: then instead of the restless striving and effort, instead of the constant transition from wish to fruition and from joy to sorrow, instead of the never-satisfied and never-dying hope which constitutes the life of the man who wills, — we shall see that peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, the mere reflection of which in the countenance, as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing upon this state, beside which the misery and wretchedness of our own is brought out clearly by the contrast. Yet this is the only consideration which can afford us lasting consolation, when on the one hand we have recognized incurable suffering and endless misery as essential to the manifestation of will, the world: and on the other hand, see the world pass away with the abolition of will, and retain before us only empty nothingness. Thus, in this way, by contemplation of the life and conduct of saints, — whom it is certainly rarely granted us to meet with in our own experience, but who are brought before our eyes by their written history, and with the stamp of inner truth, by art, — we must banish the dark impression of that nothingness which we discern behind all virtue and holiness as their final goal, and which we fear as children fear the dark; we must not even evade it like the Indians, through myths and meaningless words, such as re-absorption in Brahma or the Nirvana of the Buddhists. Rather do we freely acknowledge that what remains after the entire abolition of will is, for all those who are still full of will, certainly nothing; but conversely, to those in whom the will has turned and has denied itself, this our world which is so real, with all its suns and Milky Ways, is nothing.

On Books and Reading.

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in

all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books; those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless: they do positive mischief. Nine-tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practiced by littérateurs, hack writers, and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading-strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing, — viz., *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated, — as Spindler, Bulwer-Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this, — always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely commonplace persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? And for this advantage they are content to know only by name the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers too are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read, — such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries who

o'ertop the rest of humanity, — those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison: they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running side by side, but little known to each other: the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry: its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow, and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by people who live *on* science or poetry: it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partisans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other permanent literature.

On Criticism.

The source of all pleasure and delight is the feeling of kinship. Even with the sense of beauty, it is unquestionably our own species in the animal world, and then again our own race, that appears to us the fairest. So too in intercourse with others: every man shows a decided preference for those who resemble him; and a blockhead will find the society of another blockhead incomparably more pleasant than that of any number of great minds put together. Every man must necessarily take his chief pleasure in his own work, because it is the mirror of his own mind, — the echo of his own thought; and next in order will come the work of people like him. That is to say, a dull, shallow, and perverse man, a dealer in mere words, will give his sincere and hearty applause only to that which is dull, shallow, perverse, or merely verbose: on the other hand, he will allow merit to the work of great minds only on the score of authority, — in other words, because he is ashamed to speak his opinion, for in reality they give him no pleasure at all; they do not appeal to him, — nay, they repel him: and he

will not confess this even to himself. The works of genius cannot be fully enjoyed except by those who are themselves of the privileged order. The first recognition of them, however, when they exist without authority to support them, demands considerable superiority of mind.

When the reader takes all this into consideration, he should be surprised, not that great work is so late in winning reputation, but that it wins it at all. And as a matter of fact, fame comes only by a slow and complex process. The stupid person is by degrees forced, and as it were tamed, into recognizing the superiority of one who stands immediately above him; this one in his turn bows before some one else; and so it goes on until the weight of the votes gradually prevails over their number: and this is just the condition of all genuine — in other words, deserved — fame. But until then, the greatest genius, even after he has passed his time of trial, stands like a king amidst a crowd of his own subjects who do not know him by sight, and therefore will not do his behests, unless indeed his chief ministers of State are in his train. For no subordinate official can be the direct recipient of the royal commands, as he knows only the signature of his immediate superior; and this is repeated all the way up into the highest ranks, where the under-secretary attests the minister's signature, and the minister that of the king. There are analogous stages to be passed before a genius can attain wide-spread fame. This is why his reputation most easily comes to a standstill at the very outset, — because the highest authorities, of whom there can be but few, are most frequently not to be found; but the further down he goes in the scale, the more numerous are those who take the word from above, so that his fame is no more arrested.

We must console ourselves for this state of things by reflecting that it is really fortunate that the greater number of men do not form a judgment on their own responsibility, but merely take it on authority. For what sort of criticism should we have on Plato and Kant, Homer, Shakespeare, and Goethe, if every man were to form his opinion by what he really has and enjoys of these writers, instead of being forced by authority to speak of them in a fit and proper way, however little he may really feel what he says? Unless something of this kind took place, it would be impossible for true merit, in any high sphere, to attain fame at all. At the same time, it is also fortunate that every man has just so much critical power of his own as

is necessary for recognizing the superiority of those who are placed immediately over him, and for following their lead. This means that the many come in the end to submit to the authority of the few; and there results that hierarchy of critical judgments, on which is based the possibility of a steady and eventually wide-spreading fame.

The lowest class in the community is quite impervious to the merits of a great genius; and for these people there is nothing left but the monument raised to him, which, by the impression it produces on their senses, awakens in them a dim idea of the man's greatness.

Literary journals should be a dam against the unconscionable scribbling of the age, and the ever-increasing deluge of bad and useless books. Their judgments should be uncorrupted, just, and rigorous; and every piece of bad work done by an incapable person, every device by which the empty head tries to come to the assistance of the empty purse, — that is to say, about nine-tenths of all existing books, — should be mercilessly scourged. Literary journals would then perform their duty; which is to keep down the craving for writing, and put a check upon the deception of the public, instead of furthering these evils by a miserable toleration which plays into the hands of author and publisher, and robs the reader of his time and his money.

If there were such a paper as I mean, every bad writer, every brainless compiler, every plagiarist from others' books, every hollow and incapable place-hunter, every sham philosopher, every vain and languishing poetaster, would shudder at the prospect of the pillory in which his bad work would inevitably have to stand soon after publication. This would paralyze his twitching fingers, to the true welfare of literature; in which what is bad is not only useless but positively pernicious. Now, most books are bad and ought to have remained unwritten. Consequently praise should be as rare as is now the case with blame; which is withheld under the influence of personal considerations, coupled with the maxim, "Accedas socius, laudes lauderis ut absens."

It is quite wrong to try to introduce into literature the same toleration as must necessarily prevail in society towards those stupid, brainless people who everywhere swarm in it. In literature such people are impudent intruders; and to disparage the bad is here duty towards the good, for he who thinks

nothing bad will think nothing good either. Politeness, which has its source in social relations, is in literature an alien and often injurious element; because it exacts that bad work shall be called good. In this way the very aim of science and art is directly frustrated.

This ideal journal could, to be sure, be written only by people who joined incorruptible honesty with rare knowledge and still rarer power of judgment: so that perhaps there could at the very most be one, and even hardly one, in the whole country; but there it would stand, like a just Areopagus, every member of which would have to be elected by all the others. Under the system that prevails at present, literary journals are carried on by a clique, and secretly perhaps also by booksellers for the good of the trade; and they are often nothing but coalitions of bad heads to prevent the good ones succeeding. As Goethe once remarked to me, nowhere is there so much dishonesty as in literature.

But above all, anonymity, that shield of all literary rascality, would have to disappear. It was introduced under the pretext of protecting the honest critic, who warned the public, against the resentment of the author and his friends. But where there is one case of this sort, there will be a hundred where it merely serves to take all responsibility from the man who cannot stand by what he has said; or possibly to conceal the shame of one who has been cowardly and base enough to recommend a book to the public for the purpose of putting money into his own pocket. Often enough it is only a cloak for covering the obscurity, incompetence, and insignificance of the critic. It is incredible what impudence these fellows will show, and what literary trickery they will venture to commit, as soon as they know they are safe under the shadow of anonymity. Let me recommend a general *Anticriticism*, a universal medicine or panacea, to put a stop to all anonymous reviewing, whether it praises the bad or blames the good: *Rascal, your name!* For a man to wrap himself up and draw his hat over his face, and then fall upon people who are walking about without any disguise, — this is not the part of a gentleman: it is the part of a scoundrel and a knave.

An anonymous review has no more authority than an anonymous letter; and one should be received with the same mistrust as the other. Or shall we take the name of the man who consents to preside over what is, in the strict sense of the word,

une société anonyme, as a guarantee for the veracity of his colleagues?

Even Rousseau, in the preface to the "Nouvelle Héloïse," declares, "Tout honnête homme doit avouer les livres qu'il publie;" which in plain language means that every honorable man ought to sign his articles, and that no one is honorable who does not do so. How much truer this is of polemical writing, which is the general character of reviews! Riemer was quite right in the opinion he gives in his "Reminiscences of Goethe:" "An overt enemy," he says, "an enemy who meets you face to face, is an honorable man, who will treat you fairly, and with whom you can come to terms and be reconciled: but an enemy who conceals himself is a base, cowardly scoundrel, who has not courage enough to avow his own judgment; it is not his opinion that he cares about, but only the secret pleasure of wreaking his anger without being found out or punished." This must also have been Goethe's opinion, as he was generally the source from which Riemer drew his observations. And indeed, Rousseau's maxim applies to every line that is printed. Would a man in a mask ever be allowed to harangue a mob, or speak in any assembly, and that too when he was going to attack others and overwhelm them with abuse?

Anonymity is the refuge for all literary and journalistic rascality. It is a practice which must be completely stopped. Every article, even in a newspaper, should be accompanied by the name of its author; and the editor should be made strictly responsible for the accuracy of the signature. The freedom of the press should be thus far restricted: so that what a man publicly proclaims through the far-sounding trumpet of the newspaper, he should be answerable for — at any rate with his honor, if he has any; and if he has none, let his name neutralize the effect of his words. And since even the most insignificant person is known in his own circle, the result of such a measure would be to put an end to two thirds of the newspaper lies, and to restrain the audacity of many a poisonous tongue.